

T H E
Agreeable Variety.

In Two P A R T S.

C O N T A I N I N G,

First, DISCOURSES, CHARACTERS,
and P O E M S, relating to the most
useful Subjects; and extracted from
many worthy A U T H O R S.

C O N S I S T I N G,

Secondly, Of LETTERS, POEMS,
&c. by several Private Persons; on
divers O C C A S I O N S.

Never before Printed.



L O N D O N:

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Temple; and C. KING, and B. BARKER, in *West-*
minster-Hall. MDCCXVII.



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THE
Agreeable Variety, &c.

PART I.

Dr. BARROW on Love to our
NEIGHBOUR.



O one does handle that which he loves, Rudely or Roughly, so as to endanger the Hurt, the Detriment, the Loss or Offence thereof: Wherefore the Language of Charity is soft and sweet; not wounding the Heart, nor grating on the Ear of any with whom we converse; its Car-
riage

riage is gentle, courteous, benign; bearing in it Marks of Affection and kind Respect; its Dealing is equal, moderate, fair, yielding no Occasion of Disgust, or Complaint, nor catching at, nor taking Advantages; not meting hard Measure; it does not foster any bad Passion or Humour, which may im-bitter or sour Conversation: If a Man be harsh, or surly in his Discourse, rugged or mean in his Language, hard and rigorous in his Dealing, it is a certain Argument of his defect in Charity. Charity, says *St. Paul*, behaves not it self unseemly; is not untoward, uncivil or clownish, in Word, in Carriage, or in Deed. It is in Truth, the most civilizing and most polishing Disposition that can be; nothing does render a Man so compleatly genteel, not in an affected or artificial Way, consisting in certain Postures, or Motions of the Body, dopping, cringing, &c. Nor in forms of Expressions, or modish Addresses, which Men learn like Parrots, and vent by Rote, usually not meaning any Thing by them, often with them disguising Fraud and Rancour; but in a real and natural Manner, suggested by good Judgment and hearty Affection. A charitable Man perhaps may not be guilty of Courtship, or may be unpractis'd in the Modes of Address; but he will not be deficient in the Substance of paying every one proper and due Respect: This indeed is true Courtesy, grounded on Reason, and proceeding from the Heart, which

which therefore is far more genuine, more solid, more steady than that which is built on Fashion, and issuing forth from Affectation; the which indeed does only ape or counterfeit the Deportment of Charity.

Dr. BARROW on the C R O S S.

IT is the willing Susception, and the peculiar Character of our Christianity, in Signification whereof it has been from most ancient Times a constant Usage to mark those who enter into it, with the Figure of it. The Cross, as the Instrument by which our Peace with God was wrought, as the Stage whereon our Lord did act the last Part of his marvellous Obedience, consummating our Redemption; as the Field wherein the Captain of our Salvation did atchieve his noble Victories, and erect his glorious Trophies over all the Enemies thereof; was well assum'd to be the Badge of our Profession, the Ensign of our Spiritual Warfare, the Pledge of our constant Adherence to our crucified Saviour, in relation to whom our chief Hope is grounded, our great Joy and sole Glory does consist; for God forbid, says *St. Paul*, that I should Glory, save in the Cross of *Christ*.

Dr. BARROW on JESTING.

JESTING, when not used upon improper Matter, in an unfit Manner, with excessive Measure, at undue Season, or to evil Purpose, may be allow'd. When Jestings is so handsomely and innocently used, as not to defile or discompose the Mind of the Speaker, not to wrong or harm the Hearer, not to derogate from any worthy Subject of Discourse, not to infringe Decency, to disturb Peace, to violate any of the grand Duties incumbent on us, (*viz.* Piety, Charity, Justice, and Sobriety,) it cannot be condemn'd.

Mr. COLLIER on DESPAIR.

DESPAIR makes a despicable Figure, and descends from a mean Original. 'Tis the Offspring of Fear, of Laziness, and Impatience; it argues a defect of Spirit and Resolution, and oftentimes of Honesty too. I would not Despair, unless I saw my Misfortune recorded in the Book of Fate, and sign'd and seal'd by Necessity.

Indeed, where the Act is unmanly, or the Expectation immoral, or contradictions to the Attributes of God; we ought to drop our Hopes, or rather never entertain them,
and

and therefore I would never hope to play the Fool or the Knave, or be Immoral, but when the Object is defensible and fair. I would not quit my Hold as long as it was within the Reach of Omnipotence. What then, must we hope without Means? Yes, Why not? When we cannot work them out with our own Industry: Pray what Means was there to make the World with? He that made second Causes, can as easily work without, as with them.

But is it not extravagant to expect a Miracle? Not at all; I believe we are assisted with many more Miracles than we are aware of. Let no Man therefore disquiet himself about the Future, nor quit a just Undertaking out of Despondency.

Mr TREBECK *on* AFFLICTION

THE Wisdom of God, sent Nimrods into the World even in the earliest Ages, to discipline his Servants timely to inure them to all Passive Virtues: And the *Canaanites* and the *Jebusites* were Politickly continued, to be Scourges on the Sides, and Thorns in the Eyes of his most distinguish'd Favourites. The Murder of *Abel*, the Captivity of *Abraham*, the Persecution of *Jacob*, the Distress of *Joseph*, the Affronts of *Moses*, the Tribulations of *David*,

the severe Tryals of *Job*, the torturous Saws and Harrows, the comfortless Den and Dungeon to which *Isaiah*, *Daniel* and *Jeremiah* were doom'd under the Old Testament; the Stoning of *St. Stephen*, the Bonds of *St. Paul*, the perilous Lives, and terrible Deaths of the Apostles, and others; nay, above all, the barbarous Indignities and bitter Agonies of *Christ*, the great Captain of Sufferings under the New Testament, were demonstrable Signs, and infallible Assurances that Diligence, Zeal, Integrity and Piety, neither the most faithful Services, nor most consummate Virtues, could exempt Men from Afflictions; And surely he who acts upon the most rational and prudential Grounds would never have ordain'd, or permitted these, did they not in Consequence redound to the general Good of Mankind, the Interest of Religion, and his own great Glory.

Dr BURNET *on* PROVIDENCE

BESIDES the ordinary Providence of God, there is doubtless an extraordinary Providence that does attend great Scenes and great Revolutions. It would be a Limitation of the Divine Power and Will, so to be bound up to second Causes, as never to use, upon occasion, an extraordinary Influence or Direction; but 'tis hard to separate and distinguish

distinguish an ordinary and extraordinary Providence in all Cases, and to mark just how far one goes, and where the other begins.

*Dr. BURNET on Interpretation of
the SCRIPTURES.*

THE general Rule of Interpretation of Scripture is this, that we are not to recede from the Letter, or the literal Sense, unless there be a Necessity from the subject Matter, such a Necessity, as makes a literal Interpretation absurd.

Dr. BURNET on Astronomy.

THE plain Truth is, the Planets are so many Earths, and our Earth is as much a Planet as the brightest of them ; 'tis carried about the Sun with the same common Stream, and shines with as much Lustre to them as they do to us ; neither can they do any more Harm to it, than it can do to them. 'Tis now well known, that the Planets and dark opake Bodies, are generally made up of Earth and Water, as our Globe is, and have no Force or Action, but that of reverberating the Light, which the Sun casts upon them. The blind superstitious Fear or Reve-

rence for the Stars, had its Original from the ancient Idolaters. They thought them Gods, and that they had Dominion over human Affairs. We do not indeed worship them as they did ; but some Men retain still the same Opinion of their Virtues ; of their Rule and Influence upon us, and our Affairs, which was the ground of their Worship. 'Tis full time now to sweep away those Cobwebs of Superstition, those Relicks of Paganism. I do not see how we are any more concern'd in the Postures of the Planets, than in the Postures of the Clouds ; and we may as well build an Art of Prediction or Divination upon the one as the other ; they must not know much of the Philosophy of the Heavens, or little consider it, that think the Fate of either single Persons, or of the whole Earth, can depend upon the Aspects or figur'd Dances of those Bodies.

Dr. BISS on Let us pray.

LET us not Dream like the Sluggard, not muse like the Worldling, nor gaze about like the Idle, nor talk like the Imperinent, nor laugh like the Insolent ; but let us seriously mind what we are about ; Let us pray.

Mr.

Mr. CREECH on Childrens Names.

GIVE your Children such Names as are proper and significant, at least not ridiculous. Chuse none for Sureties that are wicked or young, or have not received the Lord's Supper; for such as are scarce Christians themselves, are not fit to undertake for the Religious Education of a Child.

God's publick Ordinances can never be well perform'd in Private Houses; but 'twas either Pride, or Prophaneness, or Schism, that first taught the People to despise the Church of God.

On Childrens Duty to Parents.

CHILDREN are to obey all the lawful Commands of their Parents chearfully and diligently. They are not proper Judges of the Expediency of what is commanded; but if it be lawful and possible, they ought presently and willingly to do it. They ought to hearken to, and follow their Advice and Directions. *My Son hear the Instructions of thy Father; and forsake not the Law of thy Mother.* They ought to behave themselves humbly, respectfully and reverently before their Parents in Publick and in Private; as
kno-w

knowing that next under God, they owe to them both their Being and well Being. Lastly, they ought to be a Comfort and Assistance to them in their Old Age, or in any Time of Necessity, as always remembering that they can never requite them enough for all the Pain and Cost, and Care and Trouble, they have been at to bring them up in the World.

On Private Prayer.

LET it not be loud or noisy ; pray not in haste, but seriously and deliberately, with that Assurance of Faith, Intention of Mind, Affection of Heart, and yet Resignation to the Will of God, as becomes a true Worshipper in Spirit, and in Truth. And this is truly to pray by the Spirit, *viz.* Not to say that which first comes in our Mind, not to depend upon Invention or Memory for Words ; but to consider before-hand fit and proper Expressions, and to offer them up to God with Affection, Humility, and Faith.

On hearing the Word of God.

WHEN we read, or hear the Word of God read to us by others, properly speaking, it is God that speaks to us, and we ought

ought to pay the greatest Attention and Reverence to him when he does so; we shou'd receive much greater Benefit by it than we do, if we did so read and hear: And remember, that in all the Scripture there is not one real Contradiction; for tho' perhaps it may appear so to you at first Sight, yet, if diligently look'd into, one plain Place of it will serve to explain others that are difficult.

On bodily Worship in the Church.

TO kneel at Prayer, to stand up at the Creed, *Glory be to the Father*, &c. and all the other Orders of the Church, are so very proper and significant, decent and primitive, that no one ought to deny the Reasonableness and Lawfulness of them. In most other Churches Abroad, there are no Seats allow'd; no sitting permitted but to the Aged or Lame. Standing or Kneeling in truth, are the natural Postures of a body concern'd in the Actions of Praise and Prayer; however, you may sit at the Lessons, provided it does not incline you to Drowsiness or Neglect.

Bishop

Bishop HALL on DESIRE.

WE all take too much after the Wife of *Zebedee*; every one would have something, such perhaps as we are ashamed to utter. The Proud Man would have a certain Thing, Honour; the Covetous Man would have a certain Thing too, Wealth and Abundance; the Malicious would have a certain Thing, Revenge on his Enemies; the Epicure would have Pleasure and long Life; the Barren, Children; the Wanton, Beauty; each would be humour'd in his own Desire, tho' in Opposition both to God's Will, and his own Good.

Bishop TAYLOR on LITURGY.

IT is certain that some Liturgy or other is most necessary in Publick Addresses, that so we may imitate the perpetual Practice of all settled Churches since Christianity, or ever since *Moses's* Law, or the *Jewish* Church came to have a settled Foot, and any rest in the Land of *Canaan*; but that which is of special Concernment is this, that the Liturgy of the Church of *England* has Advantages so many, and so considerable, as not only to raise itself above the Devotions of other Churches, but to endear the Affections of

of

of good People to be in love with a Liturgy in general.

Archbishop *Cranmer* made an Offer, if the Queen would give him leave, to prove all that is contain'd in the Common Prayer Book to be conformable to that Order which our blessed Saviour Christ did both observe and command to be observ'd, and he also offer'd to join Issue upon this Point, that the Order of the Church of *England*, set out by the Authority of the innocent and godly Prince *Edward* the Sixth, in his High Court of Parliament, is the same which was used in the Church fifteen hundred Years past. Who shall dare to violate this Priestly Book, which so many Confessors have consign'd, and so many Martyrs have hallow'd with their Blood. How shall we call them Martyrs, if we deny their Faith; how shall we celebrate their Victory if we dislike their Cause; if we believe them to be crown'd, why shall we deny but that they strove lawfully; so that if they dying in Attestation of this Book, were Martyrs, why do we condemn the Book for which they dy'd.

There is no Part of Religion, as it is a distinct Vertue, and is to be exercised by inferior Acts and Forms of Worship, but is in the Offices of the Church of *England*.

*Of five Things that contributed to
the Progress and Encrease of
the Christian Church in the
three first Ages of it, from
Mr. ECHARD.*

FIRST, the real and intrinsic Excellency of Religion it self, which taught the most rational and noble and sublime Precepts. Secondly, the great Learning and Abilities of many of its Champions, who bravely defended it against domestick, as well as foreign Enemies. Thirdly, the indefatigable Zeal and Industry used in the Propagation of it; in which they thought no Hazzard too great, no Difficulty insuperable, no Nations too remote, to enlarge the Bounds of the Gospel. Fourthly, the incomparable Lives of its Professors, which caused both the Envy and Admiration of its Enemies. Fifthly, their unparallel'd Patience and inviolable Constancy under Sufferings, in which they became doubly Triumphant more than Conquerors, and as the *Roman* Emperors triumph'd over the World, they triumph'd over the Emperors, and incontestibly shew'd that they were guided and supported by an invincible and Omnipotent Power.

From

*From the Canons of the Church of
England.*

IT is to be noted, that those Persons which be in the direct Line Ascendant and Descendant, cannot Marry together, altho' they be never so far asunder in Degree.

It is also to be noted, that Consanguinity and Affinity (letting and dissolving Matrimony) is contracted as well in them and by them which be of Kindred by the one Side, as in an by them which be of Kindred by both Sides.

Dr. Lock says, He that is not used to submit his Will to others when he is Young, will scarce hearken or submit to his own Reason, when he is of an Age to make use of it.

A Learned Divine said, the Righteous are to appear at the Last Day, not to have their Follies exposed, but to have their Virtues proclaim'd.

Mr.

Mr NELSON on Friendship.

OUR Saviour has by his Example and Authority sanctified the Relation of Friendship, and those closer Bands of Amity, which natural Affection, or special Inclination, may form between particular Persons, without any Prejudice to a general Charity.

On a wise Man, from the Tatler.

A Wise Man will beat down his Passions, and let his Thoughts swell with magnificent Idea's of Providence. A Man wou'd be a most insupportable Monster, shou'd he have the Faults that are incident to his Years, Constitution, Profession, Family, Religion, Age, and Country, and yet every Man is in Danger of 'em all ; for this Reason, as I am an old Man, I take particular Care to avoid being Covetous, and telling long Stories ; as I am Cholerick, I forbear, not only Swearing, but all such Interjections of fretting, as Pugh ! Pish ! and the like : As I am a Lay-man, I resolve not to conceive an Aversion for a wise and a good Man, because his Coat is of a different Colour from mine : As I am descended from an Ancient Family, I never call a Man of Merit an Upstart : As a Protestant,

I do not suffer my Zeal to transport me so far as to name the Pope and the Devil together : As I am fallen into this degenerate Age, I guard my self particularly against the Folly I have been now speaking of ; and as I am an *Englishman*, I am very Cautious not to hate a Stranger, or despise a poor *Palatine*.

Sir FRANCIS BACON *on* Love
and Charity.

IF a Man's Mind be truly inflam'd with the Heat of Love and Charity, he shall be exalted to a great Degree of Perfection ; all other Human Excellencies which we admire, though they advance Nature, yet they are subject to Excess, only Charity admits no Excess ; we see the Angels, while they aspir'd to be like God in Power, prevaricated and fell ; so Man, while he aspir'd to be like God in Knowledge, digress'd and fell ; but by aspiring to a Similitude of God's Goodness and Love, neither Man nor Angel ever was endanger'd, nor shall ever be endanger'd.

On a right and good Mind.

A Right and good Mind should be found and free from Perturbations, beautiful, and grac'd with the Ornaments of true Decency ; strong to all Duties of Life, not Stupid, but retaining an active and lively Sense of Pleasure and honest Recreation ; but these four good Qualities seldom meet together ; many have strength of Wit and Courage, who yet are infested with Passions, having no Elegancy nor beauty of Behaviour in their Doings. Some again have an Elegancy and fineness of Carriage, which have neither Honesty nor Substance in their Actions ; some have honest Minds, purify'd from the Stain of Guilt, which can neither become themselves, nor manage Business ; and others capable of these three Qualities, but possess'd with a Stoical Humour, of sullen Sadness and Stupidity, who practise Virtue, but do not enjoy it.

On Affability in Behaviour.

A Man may cancel and utterly betray the force of his Words with his Countenance ; nay, the Deed as well as Words may likewise be destroy'd by the Countenance.

Cicero

Cicero says, Affability does not chiefly consist in this, for a Man to give easy Access to his Person, unless likewise he receive People Couteously, even with his Countenance; if the Government of the Face and Countenance alone be of such Effect, how much more is that of familiar Speech and other Carriage appertaining to Conversation; indeed the Sum and Abridgement of the grace and elegance of Behaviour, is for the most part compriz'd in this, that we measure in a just Ballance, and maintain both our own Honour, and the Reputation of others, lest we should seem either Arrogant, or Obnoxious; the one being the Humour of a Man that forgets the Liberty of another, the other of a Man that forgets the Liberty of himself; but on the other side, if Urbanity, and outward Elegancy of Behaviour be intended too much, they pass into a deform'd and counterfeit Affectation, or at least are liable so to do; the comely grace of Behaviour is as it were the Garment of the Mind, and therefore must have the Conditions of a Garment; for first, it ought to be such as is in fashion; again, it ought not to be too curious, or costly; then it ought to be so shap'd, as to set forth any good making of the Mind, and to supply and hide any Deformity; lastly, and above all, it ought not to be too strait, or so to restrain the Spirit, as to repress, and hinder the Motion thereof in Business.

On Choice of Friends.

IN the Choice of Friends, and inward Dependencies, consult your own Nature and Disposition, and proceed according to the Composition of your own Temper; for different Constitutions require different kinds of Friends to comply with all.

On Example.

LET a Man take heed how he guides himself by Examples, and that he do not fondly affect the Imitation of others, as if that which is previous to others, must needs be as a Pattern to him, never considering with himself what Difference there is perhaps betwixt his and their Natures and Carriages, whom he has chosen for his Pattern and Example.

On too much Good Nature.

LET not a Man dismantle himself, and expose his Person to Scorn and Injury, by his too much Goodness and facility of Nature; but rather in all Things show some Sparkles and Edges of a free and generous Spirit,

rit, that carries with it as well a Sting as Honey.

On Fortune.

LET the Wheels of your Mind be complyable and voluble with the Wheels of your Fortune; for by taking away, and smoothing the Impediments and Rules of the Mind, you shall sooner open a way to Fortune, than by the Assistance of Fortune, take away the Impediments of the Mind. Let us look about us, on every side, and observe where Things are open, where shut and obstructed, where easy, where difficult to be compass'd, that we do not overstrain and mis-employ our Strength, where the Way is not passable.

On God's Law and Word.

AS we are to obey God's Law, though we find a Reluctation in our Will, so we are to believe his Word, though we find a Reluctation in our Reason; for if we believe only that which is agreeable to our own Reason, we give Assent to the Matter, not to the Author, which is no more than we would do to a suspected and discredited Witness.

On Wisdom and Business.

THERE is Difference between that Wisdom which is grown, and ripen'd into true Habit, and that which swims only in the Brain and Conceit, or is boasted in Speech, but has not taken Root ; and there are two differing kinds in Sufficiency of managing Affairs, and handling Business ; for some can make use of Occasions aptly and dexterously, but can plot and excogitate nothing ; some are all for Plots which they can well urge and pursue, but cannot accommodate and take in, either of which Abilities is maim'd and imperfect without the other.

On Caution in Friendship.

SO love a Man as yet thou may'st become an Enemy ; so hate a Man as yet thou may'st become his Friend ; for it utterly betrays all Utility, and frustrates it, for a Man to imbark himself too far in unfortunate Friendships. But this ancient Rule or Byass, so love, &c. is not to be constru'd to any Point of Perfidiousness, but to Caution and Moderation.

On Time.

EMBRACE not any Matters which do occupy too great a quantity of Time; but have that Verse ever sounding in your Ears, *Sed fugit interia, fugit irraparabile tempus.* God sets apart, and demands for himself, a Tenth of our Substance, and a Seventh of our Time.

On Laws.

IT is a hard Case to torture Laws, that they may torture Men; I would not therefore that Laws Penal, much less Capital, should be extended to new Offences; yet if it be an old Crime, and known to the Laws, but the Prosecution thereof falls upon a new Case, not foreseen by the Laws, we must by all means depart from the Placits of Law, rather than that Offences pass unpunish'd.

On Words.

MENS Words are (as Physicians say of Waters) full of Flattery and Uncertainty; yet the Counterfeit is two ways excellently discover'd; namely, when Words

are utter'd either on the sudden, or else in Passion; therefore *Tacitus* does not improperly call such Passions Tortures, because they urge Men to confess and betray their Secrets.

Short Moral Precepts.

THERE is commonly less Money, less Wisdom, and less good Faith, than Men do account.

It is in Life as it is in Ways, the shortest Way is commonly the foulest, and surely the fairest Way is not much about.

Do not always expect Occasions, but sometimes provoke them.

The Bounds of Christian Community are set down, one Faith, one Baptism, and not one Rite, one Opinion.

Amongst the Qualities that Princes do chiefly respect, and require of their Servants, Celerity and Alacrity in the dispatch of Business, is above all the rest most acceptable, the Tongue speaks to the Ear, but the Gesture speaks to the Eye,

As

As it asks some Knowledge to ask a Question not impertinent, so it requires some Understanding to make a Wish not absurd.

Very generous and noble Dispositions are very rare.

The Laws of Friendship ought to be devoutly kept.

To give wholesome Council is a Task most difficult.

A forward Retention of Customs is as turbulent a Thing as Innovation.

Constancy is the Foundation of Virtue.

That is not seasonable Wisdom, which is not quick and nimble.

That Mind languishes, which is not sometimes spirited by Excess.

To abstain and to sustain, are Virtues proceeding commonly from the same Habit.

Brevity is next to Silence.

They that err out of a well meant Zeal, may not be approv'd, but yet may be lov'd.

They

They that, with *Paris*, make Beauty their Wish, lose, as he did, Wisdom and Honour.

Those Councils to which Time was not called, Time will not ratify.

The Guilt of Ingratitude is nothing else but a too precise Consideration and Inquisition into the Cause of a Benefit conferr'd; it is not to be expressed by Punishments, for it is a Crime that must be referr'd over to the Furies.

Nothing but Fear is terrible; there is nothing solid in Pleasure, or assur'd in Virtue, where Fear disquiets.

He that is flexible comes nearest to the Nature of Gold. I like the Man that is pliant to anothers Inclination, but yet reserves his Judgment from Flattery.

Silence is the Fermentation of our Thoughts; it adds Grace and Authority to our Words, and like a kindly Sleep, refreshes Wisdom, and settles the Judgment.

To put off the Importance of Business with a Jest, is a base flight of Wit; and to put a Jest as a Matter of Moment upon serious Things is Childish Levity.

He that does a Wrong, is the beginner of a Quarrel, but he that retalliates, takes
away

away all Means of ending it. Contend not with a Person that has some Heart and no Brain, a witless, wilful, worthless Mortal; for to overcome is no Victory, but to be conquer'd by him a foul Disgrace.

A little Folly in a very wise Man, and a small Offence in a very honest Man, and a slight Indecency of Manners in a Man of courtly and elegant Behaviour, much derogates from their Fame and Reputation.

He that comes to seek after Knowledge with a Mind to scorn and censure, shall be sure to find Matter for his Humour, but no Matter for his Instruction.

The Nature of every Thing is seen in its smallest Portions; it often comes to pass, that small and mean Things conduce more to the discovery of great Matters, than great Things to the discovery of small Matters; for Instance,

We see that Secret of Nature, (esteem'd one of the great Mysteries) of the turning of Iron touch'd with the Loadstone towards the Poles, was found out in Needles of Iron, not in Bars of Iron. He that keeps not a Decorum in smaller Matters, and in his daily Customs, though he be a great Man, yet set it down for Truth, that such a Person as that is wise but at certain Seasons. In the Diaries of *Alexander the Great*, such small Particularities

rities were contain'd, that if he chanc'd but to sleep at the Table, it was register'd.

In governing, if there be Care and Providence taken, all goes on cheerfully, and with a willing Alacrity, without Noise or Tumult; but if these Forecasts be wanting when some greater Occasions unexpectedly fall out, all Matters throng in to be dispatch'd at once, and the whole Place rings of the Noise.

It is better to be Servant to a Man whose Jealousies have no End, than to a Man whose Credulity has no mean. For there is no Safety with any one into whose Head all Things are convey'd as it were by Infusion and Direction from others.

A bare and simple Defence, though it be just and more weighty, hardly compensates the Prejudice of the first Information, or is of Force of itself to reduce the Scales of Justice, once sway'd down to an equal Weight.

Great Souls are to be carress'd with more than ordinary Affection in their Adverse Fortunes. It is no wonder if they take to Heart a cold and contemptuous Behaviour from those to whom they have been serviceable.

The Influence of Education is forcible, as that of our Birth; and the Habits that are rooted in us in our tender Years, are harder

to be displanted than the inherent Infections of our Blood. This is signified by the *Arabian* Proverb, which says, *The Tutors of Youth have an Ascendent over their Stars.*

Suffer not your Rational Faculties to fall Asleep, while your Passions are active and vigorous in working your Ruine; let nothing corrupt your Integrity, but engrave on your Forehead this Motto, *Prepared to Suffer.*

Our Memories are frail and treacherous, and we think many excellent Things, which for want of making a deep Impression, we can never recover afterwards; in vain we hunt for the stragling Ideas, and rummage all the Solitudes and Retirements of our Souls, for a lost Thought which has left no Footsteps behind it. The swift Offspring of the Mind is gone, 'tis dead as soon as born, nay, often proves abortive in the Moment it was conceiv'd; the only way therefore to retain our Thoughts, is to chain them in Words, and fasten them in Writing.

A few Passages of two most ancient and most eminent Fathers of the Church, and Martyrs of CHRIST's Religion, St. CYPRIAN and St. IGNATIUS.

ST. Cyprian's Authority cannot chuse but Influence all Men that have any Measure of Humility, Soberness or Reverence to our Fathers in the Faith. He was Bishop of Carthage in Africa, in the 248th Year of our Lord, who after he had weather'd out divers Storms of Persecutions under the Emperors *Valerius* and *Galienus*, was proscrib'd, banish'd, and at last sentenc'd to be Beheaded, which he suffer'd with the greatest Joy. How generous his Behaviour was, and how becoming a Person truly Apostolical, upon these great Occasions, is worth all Mens Notice. When *Aspacijs Paterculus*, the Proconsul of Asia, banish'd him with these Words, *That it was the Emperor's Orders, to command all that were of a foreign Religion to worship the Gods, according to the Roman Rites, and therefore he must know his Resolution,* St. Cyprian stoutly answer'd, *I am a Christian and a Bishop, I acknowledge no other Gods, but one only true God, who made Heaven and Earth, and all that therein is;*
this

this is he whom we Christians serve, to whom we pray Night and Day for our Selves, and for all Men, and for the Prosperity and Happiness of the Emperors. And is that then thy Resolution ; said the Proconsul, *That Resolution,* (reply'd the Martyr) *which is founded in God, cannot be alter'd ; he was Zealous for the Churches Unity, and against all Schism and Separation, as you may see in his Epistle to Cornelius, Bishop of Rome. ' If*
' it be so, (my dearest Brother) that the
' Boldness of evil Men is to be fear'd, and
' that which wicked Persons are not able to
' compass by Right and Equity, they will
' effect by Rashness and Despair ; the force
' of Episcopacy, and the sublime divine Power
' of the Churches Government is lost ; neither
' can we continue Christians any longer, if it
' comes to this, that we must be afraid of
' the Threatnings and Snares of profligate
' Wretches.

This he said concerning two turbulent Presbyters disturbing the Churches Peace. The like fervent Zeal for the Superiority of Bishops above Presbyters, and against Schism, may be seen in divers of his Epistles ; and particularly upon that Promise of our Saviour, *Matth. 18. 20. Where two or three are gathered together in my Name, there am I in the midst of them.* ' How can they be met
 ' together in the Name of Christ (says he)
 ' who it is manifest are separated from Christ
 ' and his Church ? For when Heresies and
 ' Schisms are sprung up, while they make
 con-

' constitute, and appoint divers different and
 ' separate Conventicles for themselves, they
 ' have forsaken the Head or Fountain of
 ' Truth. In making this most gracious Pro-
 ' mise, it cou'd not be our Lord's Intention
 ' to divide Men from his Church, which he
 ' himself both made and instituted, even
 ' purchasing it with his own Blood; but he
 ' rather upbraiding the Discord of the Per-
 ' fidious, and commending Peace and Unity
 ' to the Faithful with his own Mouth, plain-
 ' ly shews, that he will rather be with two
 ' or three unanimous in Prayer, than with
 ' the Multitudes of them that depart, or se-
 ' parate themselves from them; and that
 ' much more may be obtain'd of God by
 ' the agreeing Prayers of a few peaceable
 ' Christians, than by the jarring Prayers of
 ' many who have divided themselves into
 ' Sides and Parties, and Factions.

And upon another Occasion he says, ' The
 ' grievous and inexpressible fault of Discord
 ' and Separation, cannot be purg'd away by
 ' the most bitter Passion or Suffering; nor
 ' can he be a Martyr that is not in the
 ' Church. He cannot come into the King-
 ' dom of God who forsakes the Church.

St. *Ignatius*, who was a Disciple of the A-
 postle St. *John*, says thus: ' He that is with-
 ' in the Altar is pure; wherefore he is also
 ' Obedient to the Bishop and Presbyter: Ye
 ' ought, every one of you, to cherish your
 ' Bishop. Let the Deacons obey their Priests,
 and

' and the Priests their Bishop, and the Bishop
 ' Christ, as Christ obeys the Father : For
 ' Jesus Christ, our inseparable Life, is the
 ' Mind of the Father, as the Bishops ap-
 ' pointed, even to the utmost Bounds of the
 ' Earth, are the Mind of Jesus Christ ;
 ' wherefore it will become you to run to-
 ' gether, according to the Will of your Bi-
 ' shop ; as also ye do, for your famous Pres-
 ' byters worthy of God, is fitted as exactly
 ' to the Bishop, as the Strings are to the
 ' Harp. Therefore in your Concord and
 ' agreeing Charity, Jesus Christ is sung, and
 ' every single Person among you makes up
 ' the Chorus ; that so, being all consonant
 ' in Love and Concord, and taking up the
 ' Song of God, you may with one Voice, and
 ' with a perfect Unity, sing to the Father of
 ' Jesus Christ ; to the end, that by this Mind
 ' he may both hear, yea, and perceive by
 ' your Works, that ye are indeed Members
 ' of his Son. Wherefore it is profitable for
 ' you to live in an unblamable Unity, that
 ' so you may always have a Fellowship with
 ' God. How happy must I think you, who
 ' are joyn'd to your Bishop as the Church
 ' to Jesus Christ, and Jesus Christ to the
 ' Father, that so all things may agree in the
 ' same Unity. Let no Man deceive himself ;
 ' if a Man be not within the Altar, he is
 ' deprived of the Bread of God : For if the
 ' Prayer of one or two be of such force, as
 ' we are told, *Matth.* 18. 19. how much

' more powerful shall that of the Bishop and
 ' the whole Church be. He therefore that
 ' doth not come together in the same Place
 ' with us is Proud, and has already con-
 ' demn'd himself; for it is written, *God re-*
 ' *sisteth the Proud.* Let us therefore take heed
 ' that we do not set our selves against the Bi-
 ' shop, that we may be subject to God; for
 ' whomsoever the Master of the House sends
 ' to his Household, we ought, in like manner,
 ' to receive him, as we wou'd receive him
 ' that sent him. It is very evident, that we
 ' ought to look upon the Bishop, even as we
 ' wou'd upon the Lord Jesus Christ himself.
 ' So long as there is no Contention or Strife
 ' among you to trouble you, my Soul for
 ' yours, ye must needs live according to the
 ' Will of God; where your Shepherd is, there
 ' do you as Sheep follow after; for there are
 ' many Wolves who seem worthy of Belief,
 ' yet with a false and an evil Pleasure, lead
 ' Captive those that run in the Course of
 ' God; but in your Concord they shall find
 ' no Place. Abstain, therefore, from those
 ' evil Herbs, which Jesus Christ does not
 ' dress, because such are not the Plantation
 ' of the Father; for as many as are of Jesus
 ' Christ, are also with their Bishop; and as
 ' many as shall with Repentance return in-
 ' to the Unity of the Church, even those
 ' shall be Servants of God, that they may
 ' live according to Jesus Christ: But if any
 ' Man follow him that makes a Schism in
 ' the

' the Church, he shall not inherit the King-
 ' dom of God ; and if any one walk after any
 ' other Opinion, he agrees not with the Pas-
 ' sion of Christ. Wherefore let it be your
 ' Endeavour to partake of the same Holy
 ' Eucharist ; for there is but one Flesh of
 ' our Lord Jesus Christ, and one Cup unto
 ' the Unity of his Blood ; one Altar ; as also
 ' there is one Bishop, together with his Pres-
 ' byters, and the Deacons their Fellow-Ser-
 ' vants.

Divers other Passages to the same purpose
 there are in those admirable Epistles of this
 glorious Martyr and Servant of God, and a-
 bundance of the same Nature in the Writing
 of other Holy Fathers and Martyrs of the Pri-
 mitive Church ; but either these will awaken
 well meaning People, who unadvisedly ensnare
 themselves in Schisms, Separations and Divi-
 sions, from the Orthodox Church we live in,
 to a more serious Consideration of their Er-
 ror, Sin and Danger, or there will be small
 Hopes of other Authorities doing it, though
 a whole Volume should be fill'd with them.
 This blessed *St. Ignatius* was the second Bi-
 shop of *Antioch* after *St. Peter* ; he presided
 over that Church almost forty Years, where-
 by it is next to certain, that he convers'd with
 some of the Apostles, besides *St. John*, whose
 Disciple he was. He was first cast into Prison
 for boldly asserting the Christian Religion,
 where, for the Constancy and Resolution of
 his Profession, he suffer'd the most mercile's

Torments ; for he was whipt with Scourges, having Bullets of Lead at their Ends ; was forc'd to hold Fire in his Hands, while his Sides were burn'd with Papers dipt in Oyl, his Feet set upon live Coals, and his Flesh torn off with burning Pincers ; all which Cruelties he overcame with invincible Patience. At length the Emperor *Trajan* pronounc'd the fatal Sentence upon him, that he should be carried bound by Soldiers to *Rome*, and there be thrown to wild Beasts for a Prey. At which the Holy Martyr rejoyc'd, saying, I thank thee, O Lord, that thou hast condescended thus perfectly to honour me with thy Love, and hast thought me worthy with thy Apostle *Paul* to be bound with Iron Chains, which he imbrac'd chearfully, and praying fervently for his Church, which, with Tears, he commended to the Divine Grace and Providence, he deliver'd up himself into the Hands of his Keepers, who were appointed to transport him that long and tedious Journey, to the Place of Execution. With what Inhumanity the Soldiers treated him all the way, may be seen in his Epistle to the *Romans*. From *Syria* even to *Rome*, (says he) both by Sea and by Land, I fight with Beasts ; Night and Day am I chain'd to two Leopards, (which is my Military Guard) who, the kinder I am to them, the more cruel and fierce they are to me. The History of his Journey and Passion are marvellous affecting to any godly minded Man, of which I thought
good

good to give these short Strictures, believing it very profitable to be well acquainted with the History of the noble Army of Martyrs, of whom many were good Bishops, which most honourable Title and Office is in our Days so vilely esteem'd of, through the insidious Workings of the Separatists of our Age; I desire the Reader to bear in Mind his just Character, which verily makes his Authority next to Apostolical, and if ever any one deserv'd the high Epithet of a Divine Person, in regard of a most fervent Zeal for Truth and Piety in all the Primitive Churches, this is he; for being set in the See of *Antioch*, which was the Metropolis of *Syria*, by the Apostles themselves, as a good Governor, he, by the Helm of his Prayers and Tears with fasting, and by the Constancy of his Doctrine and Spiritual Labours, opposed himself to the Flood of all the Attempts of the Adversaries of Christianity; and like a Divine Lamp, illuminated the Hearts of the Faithful by his Exposition of the Scriptures, and in all respects he is represented like an Apostle, both in Life and Death.

To conclude, I presume every good Christian will acknowledge it to be his Duty daily and most fervently to pray for the Peace of *Jerusalem*, viz. That the God of Peace, the great lover of Concord, would of his great Mercy and Goodness, give, and restore, and establish perfect Peace, Unity and brotherly Love and Charity to his whole Catholick Church

Church, and more particularly to this most Orthodox Part of it, the best of Reform'd Churches, wherein we live (in the Words of our pious Litany) that all who profess his holy Name may agree in the Truth of his most holy Word, and may live in Unity and Godly Love; and if it could be obtain'd of the Separatists, to make more Use of that most perfect Form of Prayer which our Lord taught his Disciples, and requir'd of them, and of us all in them, when they pray'd to say; and did they understand it in its true and comprehensive Meaning, they would undoubtedly find, that this Catholick Unity and Church Communion is what is prayed for; and all Schism, Separation and Division is prayed against in the second Petition, (*thy Kingdom come*) and then, forasmuch, as all Men's Endeavours ought to answer and to be conformable to their Prayers, this only Thing is sufficient to engage Men to this their indispensable Duty, even as ever they will approve their Sincerity in their Prayers to God to take their utmost Heed, as of dividing or making any Schisms or Divisions in his Church, so of following, joining with, or communicating with Schismatics, or any that cause, or are but in a Schism or Division; for whosoever will Practise as he prays, or as he ought to pray, he must unite himself closely to that particular Sound and Orthodox Establish'd Church where he lives, there being no other way for him to unite to the whole

whole Catholick Church, to which all shall be added that shall be fav'd; for of that Church is every particular, sound and orthodox National Church, a Part and Member, and blessed are thole Eyes that shall see this Catholick Unity, which the God of Peace, the Lover of Concord, grant, that as there is but one Body, one Spirit, and one Hope of our Calling, one Lord, one Faith, one Baptism, one God and Father of us all, so we may all be henceforth so sensible of the great Sin and Danger of our unhappy Divisions, as we may be all of one Heart and of one Soul, knit together in the holy Bands of Truth and Peace, mutual Love and Charity, and with one Mind and one Mouth glorify God through *Jesus Christ* our Lord, to whom. with the most holy Spirit, be all Honour, Glory and Praise, for evermore, *Amen.*

These Words were taken out of a Book entitled, Catholick Unity, and Church Communion.

The manner of Life of the most excellent Lady the Princess of PARMA, found among her Papers after her Death, July the 15th, 1577.

IT was the Pleasure of the Divine Providence, that this excellent Princess should, (when she least thought of it) leave in Writing, and let the World know who and what she was, what Graces she had receiv'd of God, and what a solid Foundation she had laid of a Christian Life and Perfection; for among other Papers, which she kept very private, there was found one of her own Hand Writing, folded up in such sort, as she might carry it in her Bosom, touching her Purposes, Resolutions and Practices, the lively Protraicture of her Soul, and a perfect Model of Christian Perfection. And this it was,

I. I will always have before my Eyes those Words of Jesus Christ, Matth. 16: *What shall it profit a Man if he shall gain the whole World, and lose his own Soul.* Seeing nothing so nearly concerns me as the Salvation of my Soul, I will call to Mind ever and anon, how strait the Gate to Heaven is, how hard the Way, and how large and easy the Way to Hell, which

which will serve as a sovereign Remedy to bridle and curb all my inordinate Affections and Appetites.

II. I will often call to Mind that wholesome Council, Ecclus. 7. *Remember thy latter End, and thou shalt never do amiss*; as who should say, think of the last Things, of Death, Judgment, Hell and Heaven, and thou shalt have little Heart to commit Sin; upon which Sentence I will meditate and pray every Day, in the Eveing half an Hour at the least, to the End I may keep my Soul pure from Sin, and scatter the Fumes of the World's Vanities, which trouble the Fancy with many Imper-
tinences,

III. I will thoroughly perswade my self, (as most true it is) that the most eminent and highest Title of Honour that I have, is the Name of a Christian, whence it will reasonably follow, that if it so fall out, that I must part with some of my Titles, I should part with any, nay, with all, rather than in any Thing fail of the Duty of a good Christian, and blemish the Honour of that most worthy Profession.

IV. I will be exceeding careful to get profound Humility of Heart, which is the very Ladder of Heaven, and greatly necessary to me in this Estate, being compass'd about with many and manifold Occasions of Pride, and I shall not think I have attain'd to this Grace in any good Measure, till I can be content to be disrepected and slighted, nor
that

that I am worthy of the Name of a Christian indeed, till I become to that pass, that I regard not how little reckoning is made of me, seeing my Lord humbled himself for me so low, and made himself of no Reputation.

V. I will endeavour to preserve in my Soul an high Contempt of the Things of this Life and World, to which Purpose I will make use of these excellent Verses of St. Bernard, which, when I was a Girl, I translated into my Portugal Tongue,

*Had I great Might and large Possessions,
Had I infinite Masses of Silver and Gold,
Had I a fair Offspring of Royal Children,
Had I large Trains of officious Servitours,
Were I absolute Mistress of all Arts and Sciences,
Should Fortune's Wheel raise me to the Skyes,
Should I reign Happily a Thousand Years,*

What would this avail me.

So soon do all these pass away that they are nothing, and I am unsatisfied ; but in God's Service I have all, and am abundantly satisfied. The Law of my God shall ever have the best Place in my Heart, that is, in the midst of it ; there King David plac'd it, *In the Volume of thy Book it is written of me, that I should fullfil thy Will, O Lord.*

I am content to do it, yea, thy Law is within, in the midst of my Heart, Psalm 40. 1.

VI. I shall ever be most careful to cherish and obey the holy Motions and Inspirations of the blessed Spirit, to love and serve God with all my Soul, and with a perfect Heart, such Motions he has, of his infinite Goodness, vouchsafed me from my Infancy.

VII. Every Day, five times at the least, will I give Thanks to God on my Knees, for all the great and continual Benefits that I have receiv'd of his Bounteous Hand.

VIII. I will exercise my self in the Mortification of my Passions, and sensual Appetites, being well assur'd, that this is a part of Self-denial, belonging to every Christian, and therefore I will let no Day pass, wherein I do not some small Act in that kind, if it be but to refrain some longing Desire, some liquorish Appetite, or to abridge my self of some Pleasure or Satisfaction, which I might lawfully take.

IX. I will make great Account of my Prayers, and three times in the Day at least I will practise mental Prayers; half an Hour in the Morning, half an Hour at Noon, and half an Hour in the Evening.

X. I will use my self, through the whole Course of the Day, upon all Occasions and Occurrences, to ejaculatory Prayers, short but frequent and fervent.

XI. As soon as I awake in the Morning, I will offer up my self unto God a living Sacrifice, praying earnestly that he will give me his Grace (without which we can do
no.

nothing) that I sin not against him, and straitway after I am got out of my Bed, the first Thing I will do, shall be to fall down on my Knees, and say the Prayer which uses to be said at the Hour of Prayer, or Break of Day Service, *Almighty and everlasting God which hast brought us safely to the beginning of this Day; defend us in the same with thy mighty Power, and grant that this Day we fall into no Sin, neither run into any kind of Danger, but that all our Doings may be order'd by thy Goodness, to do always that which is righteous in thy Sight, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.*

XII. While I am dressing, I suffer none to be with me but my necessary Maids, and those in Silence, whilst I meditate upon that excellent Sentence of Queen Esther, the 14. and 16. *Thou Lord knows my Necessity, for I abhor the Sign of my high Estate which is upon my Head in the Days wherein I shew my self, and that I abhor it as a menstruous Rag, and that I wear it not when I am private by my self.*

XIII. When I go to Church to Divine Service, I will then have a Care more than ever, to present my self with the greatest Humility and Reverence, which I will shew outwardly as much as may be, bowing my self before my God, not only to the Ground, but even below it if it were possible.

XIV. I will every Day mark some choice Sentence out of the Gospel, which I will carry away with me, and think often on it in the Day.

XVI. I

XV. I will not change my Course of Spiritual Exercises for any Thing, especially my Custom of receiving the Holy Communion Monthly, besides the principal Festivals; and some Days before the Communion, I will examine my self, and make my Confession, and will pray half an Hour before, and half an Hour after the receiving of it, and will take Order to have some short Exhortation in my Chapel or Chamber.

XVI. When I sit at Meat, I will be careful to keep the Laws of Temperance, and something for Mortification in that which pleases my Palate most. I will moreover take Order handsomly to divert all Discourses of the Faults of those which are absent, as also all loose and wanton Discourses.

XVII. After Dinner I may take a Turn about the House now and then, or some honest Recreation, such as my Director of my Conscience shall allow of.

XVIII. I will diligently avoid all Sloth and Idleness, which is very hurtful to all, especially to such as are brought up in Ease and Pleasure.

XIX. My Work in the Day shall be of something for the Beauty and Ornament of God's House, and Service of the Altar, and after a while to the reading of the holy Scripture again, wherein I was infinitely delighted, and found such delicious Sweets, before I was married.

XX. When

XX. When I am visited of Lords and Ladies, I will devise how to put off all sinful Discourses at such Meetings. I will make a modest shew of my dislike of Detractions, especially if they concern the Faults of Married Women, and I will give them to understand that the most Modest and Vertuous are most pleasing and welcome to me.

XXI. I will not give way to any Dancing in my Palace, but will hinder it as much as may be, and when it cannot be avoided. If I see any thing unfitting and unseemly, I will reprove it freely, that they may know that such Courses are infinitely displeasing unto me.

XXII. I will take diligent Order, that those of my Train be free not only from Vice but even the Shadow of it; and to this End I will appoint certain Persons that shall give me Account of all Passages, so as I may provide for the Honour of my House, and I will not suffer that Books of all sorts be too freely read to them.

XXIII. I will never go to Bed till I have made a good Examination of my Conscience, to see how the Case stands between God and my Soul; and when I go to lye down, I will repeat to my self the eighth Chapter of *Tobit*.

XXIV. I will not be wanting to know what my Servants do, and what Life they lead; nor will I suffer them to remain in the State of any known Sin.

XXV. I

XXV. I will provide me of a Spiritual Guide; such a one as is needful and fit for me, whom in his Place I will reverently obey.

XXVI. I will see the Time be well spent in my House, and that Somebody have the Charge at a fit Hour, to call up my Damfels.

XXVII. I will have a special Care not to be lavish in my Superfluities and needless Expences, that by my Thrift I may have whereof to give Alms, I shall be careful to provide for Necessaries, yet even therein I will not trust my own Judgment alone to determine what is fitting.

XXVIII. I will do all my Business with Advice, not suffering my self to be carried away by Vanity in any Thing, but in all Things to be guided by Reason.

XXIX. In reproving others, I will take Care I be not transported by Choler to Wrath, using hard Words or Reproachful, or doing any Thing misbecoming a Person of my Quality.

These Things this noble Spirit, in conversing with God, conceiv'd in her Mind, couch'd in Writing, carried in her Bosom, practised exactly, as those that knew her can testify, for which she is deservedly honour'd as the Glory of her Sex, the Ornament of her Age, and she is set forth as a Pattern for all,
especially

especially Persons of Quality, that desire to live Holily, and dye Happily.

Reader, Admire, commend, imitate, that you may be Exemplary to others, as she to you, making the Good to spread to God's Glory, the increase of Grace in your Selves, and the Benefit of others.

A SPEECH of the Most Reverend Father in God WILLIAM Lord Archbishop of CANTERBURY, spoken at his Death on the Schaffold on Tower Hill, Jan. 10. 1644.

Good People,

THIS is an uncomfortable Time to preach in, yet I shall begin with a Text of Scripture, Heb. 12. 2. *Let us run with Patience that Race which is set before us, looking unto Jesus the Author and Finisher of our Faith, who for the Joy that was set before him, endured the Cross, despising the Shame, and is set down at the Right Hand of the Throne of God.*

I have been long in my Race, and how I have look'd to Jesus, the Author and Finisher

nisher of my Faith, he best knows ; I am now come to the end of my Race, and here I find the Cross, a Death of Shame, but the Shame must be despised, or no coming to the Right Hand of God : *Jesus* despised the Shame for me, and God forbid but I should despise the Shame for him. I am going apace, (as you see) towards the *Red Sea*, and my Feet are now upon the very Brink of it ; an Argument, I hope, that God is bringing me into the Land of Promise, for that was the Way through which he led his People ; but before they came to it, he instituted a Passover for them, a Lamb it was, but it must be eaten with sower Herbs. I shall obey and labour to digest the sower Herbs, as well as the Lamb ; and I shall remember it in the Lord's Passover. I shall not think of the Herbs, nor be angry with the Hand that gather'd them ; but look up only to him who instituted that, and governs these ; for Men can have no more Power over me than what is given them from Above. I am not in love with this Passage thro the *Red Sea*, for I have the Weaknesses and Infirmities of Flesh and Blood plentifully in me, and I have prayed, with my Saviour, *Ut transiret Calix iste*, that this Cup of Red Wine might pass from me ; but if not, God's Will (not mine) be done ; and I shall most willingly drink of this Cup as deep as he pleases, and enter into his Sea, yea, and pass through it in the Way that he shall lead me.

But I would have it remember'd (Good People) that when God's Servants were in this boisterous Sea, and *Aaron* among them, the *Egyptians*, which persecuted them, and did in a manner drive them into that Sea, were drowned in the same Waters, while they were in pursuit of them. I know my God, whom I serve, is able to deliver me from this Sea of Blood, as he was to deliver the three Children from the Furnace; and I most humbly thank my Saviour for it, my Resolution is now, as theirs was then; they would not worship the Image the King had set up, nor will I the Imaginations the People are setting up; nor will I forsake the Temple and the Truth of God, to follow the Bleating of *Jero-boam's* Calf in *Dan* and *Bethel*; and as for this People, they are at this Day miserably misled, (God of his Mercy open their Eyes that they may see the right Way;) for at this Day the Blind lead the Blind, and if they go on, both will certainly fall into the Ditch. I am (and I acknowledge in all Humility) a most grievous Sinner many ways, by Thought, Word and Deed, and I cannot doubt, but that God has Mercy in Store for me a poor Penitent, as well as for other Sinners. I have now, upon this sad Occasion, ranfack'd every corner of my Heart, and yet I thank God, I have not found, among the many, any one Sin which deserves Death by any known Law of this Kingdom. And yet hereby I charge nothing upon my Judges; for
if

if they proceed upon Proof (by valuable Witnesses) I, or any other innocent Person, may be justly condemn'd; and I thank God, though the Weight of the Sentence lies heavy upon me, I am as Quiet within as ever I was in my Life; and though I am not only the first Archbishop, but the first Man, that ever died by an Ordinance of Parliament; yet some of my Predecessors have gone this Way, tho' not by these means, for *Elphagus* was hurried away, and lost his Head by the *Danes*, and *Simon Sudbury*, in the Fury of *Wat Tyler*, and his Fellows; before these, *St. John Baptist* had his Head danc'd off by a lewd Woman, and *St. Cyprian*, Archbishop of *Carthage*, submitted his Head to a Persecuting Sword. Many Examples (great and good) and they teach me Patience; for I hope my Cause in Heaven will look of another Dye than the Colour that is upon it here; and some Comfort it is to me, not only that I go the way of those great Men in their several Generations, but also that my Charge (as foul as it is made) looks like that of the *Jews* against *St. Paul*, Acts 25. 3. *For he was accused for the Law and the Temple; that is, Religion.* And like that of *St. Stephen*, Acts 6. 14. *For breaking the Ordinances which Moses gave; that is, Law and Religion, the Holy Place and the Temple, (Verse 13.)* But you will say, Do I then compare my self with the Integrity of *St. Paul* and *St. Stephen*? No, far be that from me. I only raise a Comfort to my self, that these Saints

and Servants of God were laid at in their Times, as I am now ; and 'tis memorable, that *St. Paul*, who help'd on this Accusation against *St. Stephen*, did after fall under the very same himself. Yea, but here's a great Clamour that I would have brought in Popery, I shall answer that more fully by and by ; in the mean time you know what the *Pharisees* said against *Christ* himself, *If we let him alone, all Men will believe in him, & venient Romani, and the Romans will come, and take away both our Place and Nation.* Here was a causeless Cry against *Christ*, that the *Romans* will come ; and see how just the Judgment of God was, they crucified *Christ* for fear least the *Romans* should come, and his Death was it which brought in the *Romans* upon them ; God punishing them with that they most fear'd. And I pray God this Clamour of *veni Romani*, of which I have given no Cause, help not to bring them in ; for the Pope never had such an Harvest in *England*, since the Reformation, as he has now upon the Sects and Divisions that are amongst us. In the mean time by Honour and Dishonour, by good Report and evil Report, as a Deceiver, and yet True, am I passing through this World, *2 Cor. 6.* And first this I shall be bold to speak of, the King our Gracious Sovereign has been much traduc'd also for bringing in of Popery, but on my Conscience (of which I shall give a very present Account) I know him to be as free from this Charge,
as

as any Man living; and I hold him to be as sound a Protestant (according to the Religion by Law Established) as any Man in this Kingdom, and that he will venture his Life as far and as freely for it. I think I do, or should know both his Affection to Religion, and Grounds for it, as fully as any Man in *England*.

The second Particular is concerning this great and popular City, (which God bless). Here has been of late a Fashion taken up to gather Hands, and then go to the great Court of this Kingdom, (the Parliament) and Clamour for Justice, as if that great and wise Court, before whom the Causes come (which are unknown to the many) could not, or would not do Justice, but at their Appointment. A way which may endanger many an innocent Man, and pluck his Blood upon their own Heads, and perhaps upon the City's also. And this has been lately practised against my self; the Magistrates standing still and suffering them openly to proceed from Parish to Parish without Check. God forgive the Setters of this, with all my Heart I beg it, but many well meaning People are caught by it. In *St. Stephen's* Case, when nothing else would serve, they stirr'd up the People against him; and *Herod* went the same way when he had kill'd *St. James*, yet he would not venture upon *St. Peter*, till he found how the other pleas'd the People. But take heed of having your Hands full of Blood, for there is

a time (best known to himself) when God (above other Sins) makes Inquisition for Blood, and when that Inquisition is on foot, the Psalmist tells us, that God remembers, (but that's not all) he remembers and forgets not the Complaint of the Poor, that is, whose Blood is shed by Oppression, *Vers. 9.* Take heed of this, 'tis a fearful Thing to fall into the Hands of the living God, but then especially, when he is making Inquisition for Blood; and (with my Prayers to avert it) I do heartily desire this City to remember the Prophecy that is expressed, *Jer. 26. 15.*

The third Particular is, the poor Church of *England*. It has flourish'd and been a Shelter to other Neighbouring Churches, when Storms have driven upon them; but alas, now 'tis in a Storm it self, and God only knows whether, or how it shall get out; and (which is worse than a Storm from without) its become like an Oak cleft to Shivers, with Wedges made out of its own Body, and at every Cleft, Prophaneness and Irreligion is entring in. While, as *Prosper* speaks in his second Book, *De Vite contemptu, Cap. 4.* Men that introduce Prophaneness are cloak'd over with the Name *Religionis Imaginare*, of Imaginary Religion; for we have lost the Substance, and dwell too much in Opinion, and that Church, which all the Jesuit's Machinations could not ruin, is fallen into Danger by her own.

The last Particular (for I am not willing to be too long) is my self. I was born and baptiz'd in the Bosom of the Church of *England* Establisht by Law, in that Profession I have ever since liv'd, and in that Profession I come now to dye. This is no time to dissemble with God, least of all in Matters of Religion, and therefore I desire it may be remembered I have always liv'd in the Protestant Religion Establisht in *England*, and in that I come now to dye. What Clamours and Slanders I have endur'd for labouring to keep an Uniformity in the external Service of God, according to the Doctrine and Discipline of this Church, all Men know, and I have abundantly felt. Now at last I am accus'd of High Treason in Parliament, a Crime which my Soul ever abhorr'd. This Treason was charg'd to consist of these two Parts, an Endeavour to subvert the Laws of the Land, and a like Endeavour to overthrow the Protestant Religion Establisht by Law; besides my Answers to the several Charges, I protested my Innocency in both Houses. It was said, Prisoners Protestations at the Bar must not be taken. I can bring no Witness of my Heart, and the Intention thereof, therefore I must come to my Protestation, not at the Bar, but my Protestation at this Hour and Instant of my Death; in which I hope all Men will be such charitable Christians, as not to think I would lye and dissemble, being instantly to give God an Account for the Truth of it. I

do therefore, in the Prefence of God and his holy Angels, take it upon my Death, that I never endeavour'd the Subversion either of Law or Religion. And I desire you all to remember this Protest of mine for my Innocency in these, and from all Treasons whatsoever. I have been accus'd likewise as an Enemy to Parliaments; No, I understand them and the Benefit that comes by them too well to be so; but I did dislike the Mis-governments of some Parliaments many ways, and I had good Reason for it, for *Corruptio optimi est pessima*, there is no Corruption in the World so bad, as that which is of the best Thing in itself; for the better the Thing is in Nature, the worse it is corrupted, and that being the highest Court, over which no other has Jurisdiction, when 'tis mis-inform'd or mis-govern'd, the Subject is left without all Remedy, but I have done. I forgive all the World, all and every of those bitter Enemies which have persecuted me, and humbly desire to be forgiven of God first, and then of every Man, whether I have offended him or not, if he do but conceive, that I have. Lord do thou forgive me, and I beg Forgiveness of him, and so I desire you to join in Prayer with me.

From

*From the British APOLLO on
Absence.*

THAT Absence sometimes encreases Love, at other times destroys it, may happen from the Circumstances of Parting. When the Separation is attended with no shocking Reflection, when no ill Usage or Infidelity has been the cause of it, Absence certainly encreases Love, because the Remembrance of past Pleasure entertains the Soul, with nothing but the Sentiments of an endearing Tendernefs: But if the Separation proceeds from want of Merit, defect of Love, or good Manners, the Mind employs itself in the contemplating of those Idea's, which seem most reasonable to restore its Tranquility, and with a very little trouble gets the better of that Passion, which has had the Misfortune to be plac'd on an unworthy Object.

*A Question sent to the British
APOLLO.*

CAN any thing be more disagreeable in Conversation, than what we call half a Man and half a Boy?

Answer

Answer from the British APOLLO.

THE Question admits of a very considerable Distinction; for where a Youth is under the agreeable Restraint of Modesty, there none will charge his Conversation with Impertinence, but pragmatical and conceited Men, who think it unmans them to condescend at any time to the Society of a Strippling, and look upon his Discourse as below their Notice; and yet many of such conceited Fellows gain no other Advantage from their riper Years, than to be mature in Ignorance, and confirmed in Dulness; but judicious and modest Men think it sometimes not unworthy their Regard, to behold Nature in her more airy Dress; to view the Gaiety of the blooming Spring; to observe the Advances of ripening Reason; to contemplate, on the one hand, the Beauties, on the other, the Deficiencies of a growing Intellect, and trace the openings of the Understanding, while in its Progress to Maturity. A juvenile Capacity may suggest many things, which, if utter'd by Persons more advanced in Years, wou'd be chargeable with too much Levity, and thence occasion a Dislike, which yet may be agreeable and diverting, as coming from suitable, from proper Persons. The Defects which naturally attend the Discourse of

of an unexperienc'd Youth, receive some Abatement and Allay, in as much as it presents the Company with something entirely new, and different from that of Men; and therefore is Productive of that Variety, with which Humane Nature is so extreamly taken.

But where a Youth has neither Modesty for his Guide, nor Discretion for his Tutor, the whole Stage of the World can scarce afford us a more disagreeable and ungrateful Object.

He is Affectation in its very Essence, while he awkwardly endeavours to conceal the Boy and ape the Man; and therefore this Boy-Man is a greater Monster than *Horace's* Picture made up of such Heterogeneous Parts.

The flashiness of his Discourse, while ill suited to the misbecoming Gravity of Manhood, has nothing to recommend it so much as to our bearance. The crude indigested Matter so frequently vented by those of greener Years, receive their whole Excuse from the modest Diffidence of the Speaker; but to be positive, and yet insignificant; pert, and yet frivolous; dogmatical, and yet impertinent, we may challenge the World for an odder Mixture.

Mr.

Mr. COWLEY's Character, by
Bishop SPRAT.

IN his Esteem of other Men, he constantly prefer'd the good Temper of their Minds, and Honesty of their Actions, above all the Excellencies of their Eloquence or Knowledge. He had a perfect natural Goodness, which neither the uncertainty of his Condition, nor the largeness of his Wit could pervert: He had a Firmness and Strength of Mind, that was of Proof even against the Art of Poetry itself; nothing Vain or Fantastical, nothing Flattering or Insolent appear'd in his Humour to the last; the Truth of his Heart was above the Corruption of ill Examples, and the sight of them confirm'd him in the contrary Virtues. There was nothing affected or singular in his Habit, or Person, or Gesture: He understood all the Forms of good Breeding enough to practise them, without burdening himself, or others: He never oppressed any Man's Parts, nor never put any Man out of Countenance: He never had any Emulation for Fame, or Contention for Profit with any Man. When he was in Business, he suffer'd others Importunities with much easiness; when he was out of it, he was never importunate himself. His Modesty and Humility were so great, that if he
had

had not had many other equal Virtues, they might have been thought Dissimulation. His Conversation was certainly of the most excellent kind; for it was such as was rather admir'd by his familiar Friends than by Strangers at first Sight: He surprized no Man at first with any thing extraordinary: He never thrust himself violently into the good Opinion of his Company; he was content to be known by leisure, and by degrees, and so the Esteem which was conceiv'd of him was better grounded, and more lasting. In his Speech, neither the Pleasantness excluded Gravity, nor was the Sobriety of it inconsistent with Delight. No Man parted willingly from his Discourse; for he so order'd it, that every Man was satisfied that he had his Share. He govern'd his Passions with great Moderation: His Virtues was never troublesome or uneasy to any. Whatever he disliked in others, he only corrected it, by the silent Reproof of a better Practice. His Wit was so temper'd, that no Man had ever Reason to wish it had been less: He prevented other Men's Severity upon it by his own: He never willingly recited any of his Writings; none but his intimate Friends ever discover'd he was a great Poet by his Discourse. His Learning was large and profound, well compos'd of all Ancient and Modern Knowledge; but it sat exceeding close and handsomely upon him: It was not imboss'd on his Mind, but enamell'd. He
never

never guided his Life by Whispers, or Opinions of the World ; yet he had a great Reverence for a good Reputation. He hearken'd to Fame when it was a just Censurer ; but not when an extravagant Babbler. He was a passionate Lover of Liberty, and Freedom from Restraint, both in Actions and Words ; but what Honesty others receive from the Directions of Laws, he had by native Inclination ; and he was not beholden to others Wills, but to his own for his Innocence. He perform'd all his Natural and Civil Duties, with admirable Tenderneſs : His Thoughts were never above nor below his Condition : He never made his present Life uncomfortable, by undue Expectations of future Things. Whatever Disappointments he met with, they only made him understand Fortune better, not repine at her the more. He was accomplish'd with all manner of Abilities for the greatest Business, if he wou'd but have thought so of himself. He had a Mind that practis'd the greatest of Virtues it self, and a Wit that was best able to recommend them to others. His Friendships were inviolable ; the same Men with whom he was familiar in his Youth, were his nearest Acquaintance at the Day of his Death. If the private Course of his last Years made him contract his Conversation to a few, yet he only withdrew, not broke off from any of the others. His last and principal Design, was that which ought to be the principal Design of every wise Man,

viz.

viz. the establishing his Mind in the Faith he profess'd. He was in his Practice, exactly obedient to the Use and Precepts of our Church; nor was he inclined to any Uncertainty and Doubt, as abhorring all Contention in indifferent Things, and much more in Sacred.

The Character of Archbishop
LAUD, from the Lord CLA-
RENDON:

HE was a Man of great Parts, and very exemplary Virtues, and sure never any Man was better supply'd with Innocency of Heart, and Integrity of Manners; he was a Man of great Courage and Resolution, Pious and Just in all his Actions, and entire to the King, the Church, and his Country; but he had a hasty sharp way of expressing himself, and courted Persons too little, nor cared to make his Designs and Purposes appear as candid as they were, by shewing them in any other Dress than in their own Natural Beauty, though perhaps in too rough a manner: He apply'd the Discipline of the Church to great and splendid Transgressors, as well as to mean Offenders; if the Faults and Vices were fit to be look'd into, and discover'd, let the Persons be who they would that were guilty of them, they

they were sure to find no connivance of Favour from him.

The sharpness of his Language and Expressions was so Natural to him, that he could not debate any Thing without some Commotion, when the Argument was not of any Moment ; nor bear any Contradiction in Debate, even in the Council, where all Men are equally free, with that Patience and Temper that was necessary ; of which, they who wish'd him not well, took many Advantages, and would therefore contradict him, that he might be transported with some incident Passion, which, upon a short Reflection, he was always sorry for, and most readily and willingly would make Acknowledgment.

Something of the Lord FALKLAND's Character.

THE Lord *Falkland* was a Man wonderfully belov'd by all who knew him ; of a Wit so sharp, and a Nature so sincere, that nothing could be more lovely ; he was so severe an Adorer of Truth, that he could as easily give himself leave to steal as to dissemble, or to suffer any Man to think that he would do any Thing which he resolv'd not to do, which he thought a more mischievous kind of Lying, than a positive averring, what could be most easily contradicted.

*A Character of the Clergy in the
Reign of King CHARLES I.
from the Lord Clarendon.*

IT must be confess'd by the most strict In-
quisitors, that there was not one Clergy-
man in any Degree or Favour with King
Charles I. of a scandalous Insufficiency in
Learning, or of a more scandalous Condition
of Life, but on the contrary, most of them of
confess'd eminent Parts in Knowledge, and
of virtuous and unblemish'd Lives.

It was once said, (by a Man not suspected
for flattering the Clergy) that if the Sermons
preach'd in Court were collected together,
and published, the World would receive the
best Bulk of orthodox Divinity, profound
Learning, convincing Reason, natural power-
ful Eloquence, and admirable Devotion, that
hath been communicated in any Age since
the Apostles Time.

Something of the Character of Sir
 PHILIP SIDNEY, *from Mr.*
 LLOID.

HE had an equal Temperament of *Mars* and *Mercury*, Valour and Learning, to as high a Pitch as Nature and Art could frame, and Fortune improve him ; so dexterous, that he seem'd born for every Thing he went about. His Representations of Virtue and Vice, were not more lively in his Books, than in his Life ; his Fancy was not above his Virtue ; his Humours, Councils and Actions, were renown'd in the Romancer, and Heroick in the Statesman ; his Soul was as large as his Parents, the Modesty of the Mother allaying the Activity of the Father ; a Man so sweetly Grave, so familiarly Stay'd, so prettily Serious, he was above his Years ; Wisdom gain'd by Travel ; Experience gain'd from Observations, solid and useful Learning drawn from knowing *Languet*, his three Years Companion, and choicest Books, accomplish'd him for the Love of all, and the Reverence of most ; his infant Discourses teach Men, Oh what had his riper Years done !

The Character of GUSTAVUS
ADOLPHUS, *from the Turkish*
Spy.

WHEN the *French* speak of *Gastavus Adolphus*, they cannot restrain their Words on this side a Panegyrick; they say he was a Prince above Praise. 'Tis certain his very Enemies admire his unimitable Courage, and matchless Fortune; in his Face was a most agreeable Mixture of Majesty and Bignity, creating Respect and Love at the same time in the Beholders. He was so familiar with every one, as if he had forgot himself: As well as he was a Stranger to Pride, he was a great Student in his Youth, and made himself Master of *Latin, French* and *Italian*, being also perfectly skill'd in ancient and modern Histories.

He had a wonderful Faculty in discovering Impostures, a dexterous Wit in Time of Danger and Difficulty, being ready at Counsel, and swift in Execution, and as cunning at a Stratagem, as he was bold at an Onset. He was liberal to his Officers, and to all Men of Merit, but a severe Punisher of Disorders in his Army.

And that which crown'd all the rest of his Virtues, his Piety to God was singular, and

worthy Remark ; he spent many Hours in Prayer and Meditation, and said, that no Man had more need to pray for himself than he, who being to render an Account of his Actions only to God, is for that reason more closely assaulted by the Devil than any other Man besides.

Several Characters from Plutarch.

F*abius* was call'd *Ovicula*, by reason of his extream Mildness of Nature. His slowness in Speaking ; his long Labour and Pains in Learning ; his little Concern in the Sports and Divertisements of his Equals ; his easy Submission to every body, as if he had no Will of his own, made those who judged superficially of him (the Number of which sort of Judges is always the greatest) esteem him Insensible and Stupid, and few were they who could penetrate into the Firmness of his Courage, and Greatness of his Mind ; but as soon as he came into Employments, his Virtues exerted and shewed themselves : His reputed Dulness did then appear to be the Steadiness and intrepid Bravery of his Soul . His Slowness in Words and Actions, to be the effect of a consummated Prudence, which always laid them by, till they were thoroughly ripe ; and his easy Compliance to the Bent of others, to be a noble Pride of his

his heart, thinking it beneath him to contend about Trifles. His manner of Speaking, and of acting, was perfectly the same; for altho' it had not much of Ornament, nor Artifice, yet there was in it great Weight of Sense: it was strong and sententious, much after the way of *Thucydides*.

Cato was carried, as it were, by a kind of Inspiration, to imbrace every Virtue; but most inclin'd to delight in a sort of steady Justice, that was not to be wrought upon by Favour or Compassion. His Speech had nothing in it childish or affected, but was rough, vehement, and full of Sense; and he had something of Mirth and Raillery mingled with the Gravity of his Temper, which was not unpleasant.

Aratus had a generous Soul, and a strong Passion for great Exploits.

Ariaspes excell'd *Ochus* in Gentleness, Plain-dealing, and good Nature.

Dion had a wonderful Disposition to Learning, and Inclination to Virtue, far above what his Years could promise: He had nothing in his Conversation either rude or unbecoming, but in all his Behaviour shew'd a great deal of Modesty, Generosity, and manly Bravery.

Marcus Brutus having to the Goodness of his Disposition, added the Improvements of Learning, and study of Philosophy, and having stirr'd up his Natural Parts, of themselves grave and gentle, by applying himself to Business and publick Affairs, seems to have been of a Temper exactly fram'd for Virtue: He was Sober, Temperate and Just, and a Man of an extraordinary mild Nature; of a great Spirit, insensible of the Passions of Anger, or Pleasure, or Covetousness; Steady and Inflexible in his Opinion, and Zealous for whatever he thought Right and Honest.

A Mixture of Subjects from different Authors, Divines and others.

MEN that have a Mind to recompence Discourtesies, always call them Injuries.

Many things plainly shew us, that there is nothing in this World whereon a Man may rely with any Certainty.

A Humour apt to put great Weight upon small Matters, and consequently to make great Trouble out of little, is the greatest Ingredient to the unhappiness of Life.

When

When after much working the Head is very well settled, the best is, not to set it a working again; the more and longer it has work'd at first, perhaps the finer and stronger; but every new working, does but trouble and weaken it.

The first Ingredient in Conversation is Truth; the second, good Sense; the third, good Humour, and the fourth, Wit.

Nothing so Naucious, as undistinguish'd Civility.

Court Conversation without Love or Business, is of all other the most Tasteless.

Bluntness and Plainness in a Court is the most refin'd Breeding, like something in a Dress, that looks neglected, and yet is very exact.

To hate Company is unnatural, or to be always Silent in it.

Our Thoughts are express'd by Speech; our Passions and Motions as well without it.

To terrify is much the same thing as to compel.

'Tis very different to live in little Company, or in none.

Nothing so useful as well chosen Conversation, or so pernicious as ill.

Study gives Strength to the Mind, Conversation Grace; The first is apt to give Stiffness, the other Suppleness; one gives Substance and Form to the Statue, the other Polishes it,

Of all sorts of Instructions, the best is gain'd from our own Thoughts as well as Experience.

Friends that have been long asunder, know not how they are together till they meet.

Expostulations end generally well between Lovers, but ill between Friends.

A Man is in a good Condition, when he has neither Hopes to serve, nor Faults to answer for.

Of all Human Enjoyments, nothing is so rarely acquir'd, so dearly possess'd, and so unhappily lost, as a true Friend.

Few Men have done more Harm, than those who have been thought to be able to do least.

He is none of thy Friend that draws thee into any thing that may be prejudicial to thy
Credit

Credit or Estate ; neither art thou thy own Friend, if thou dost hazard either of them for anothers Concern.

Out of your Acquaintance chuse Familiars, and out of them pick Friends.

Digested Resolutions may quickly be reduc'd to Publick Acts.

Damage is much easier born and submitted to by generous Minds, than Disgrace.

Our best Writings in this Life are but Essays, which we leave to Posterity to review and correct.

We should be altogether insensible of petty Affronts.

We ought not to ask such Things as deny themselves.

We cannot live always in the Flames of Devotion ; the Weakness of our Nature, will not suffer us to continue long under such strong Passions, and such Intenseness of Mind.

There is no Estate of Happiness in this present Life, where an aking Tooth, or an aking Head, does so discompose the Soul, as to make her unfit for Business, Study, Devotion, or any useful Employment ; and where
all

all the Powers of the Mind, all its Virtue, and all its Wisdom, are not able to stop these little Motions, or to support them with Tranquility.

Right and Reason may sometimes be consider'd too abstractly ; for what is in Justice due, shou'd not always in Prudence be expected.

There is a strange Absence of Understanding in some, and a strange Perverseness of Understanding in others.

We shou'd take Courage stoutly to refuse, what we know we cannot honestly consent to.

Sometimes God suffers the Wise to be impos'd upon by Men of small Understanding.

Some Men go by their own Humour and Passions, and prefer that to all other Evidence.

When you ask Advice of a Friend in a Matter of Moment, you shou'd at the same time communicate your own Conceptions.

Men in discovering and owning Truth, seldom change their Opinions after Threescore ; as we grow Old the Heart Contracts, and cannot open wide enough to take in a great Thought.

Some

Some take Pains to make, when they cannot find themselves, miserable.

Orators and Philosophers treat Nature after a very different manner.

As every Science requires a particular Genius, so likewise there is a Genius peculiarly improper for every one.

We must be Impartial where the Truth requires it.

Religion, Law, Liberty, and Parliaments, are Words of precious Esteem, when they are not carried from their just Signification.

Carry your self with a great Decorum, and singular Regard to your Friend.

They that are not willing to obey, are not fit to Command.

Ambition is a Weed (if it be a Weed) apt to grow in the best Soils.

Short-sighted Minds are unfit to make Philosophers.

Kindness and Patience may conquer, what Force and Power cannot.

We ought not to condemn or censure what we have not examin'd, or cannot disprove. They are rigorous Scripturists, that will have plain,

plain, demonstrative and irresistable Texts of Scripture for every Thing they entertain or believe.

Those Governments are safest and happiest for those that govern, which are easiest for them that obey.

There is in some People's speaking an uncourtly Quickness, which differs but little from a Sharpness.

Such Persons are not to be relyed on, who only say what they think will please, instead of what they know is true; and will deceive you with false Lights, rather than displease you with new.

When any Body is angry, they will have some Body in Fault.

All the Charm or Value of Thanks or Praises, arises from the Esteem a Man has of the Person that gives them, or the Belief, in some Measure of his own deserving them; but where a Man can find no Ground to flatter himself upon the Thanks he receives, he begins to consider whether they be Praises or Reproaches.

There are many Things that cannot be expected to have their Perfection upon the first Essay, but must be wrought up with Patience and Temper.

In

In bestowing our Favours we should be guided by Mens Actions more than Opinions.

'Tis not the bold asserting of a Thing that makes it true, or that makes it credible against Evidence.

The steady Hand of Providence keeps all Things in Weight and Measure.

It is certainly a great Crime not to obey those who have Power to Command us; but 'tis a greater Crime to lay on Commands to have an Occasion for Cruelty; some say a Man which does such an Action is a Monster.

Death will no more spare a Person of strong Constitution, than he will one that is decay'd in his Health, for he comes taking great Strides towards us all.

'Tis the great Ones of the World, ambitious Princes and Tyrants that divide the World amongst them; and those that can flatter them best, or serve them in their Interests or Pleasures, have the next best Shares.

The Pleasure of the Happiness bestow'd upon us, is too little to lose any Part of it; and it is good to have such a Sense and Taste of the commonest and most inconsiderable Things, as to turn all to our Advantage and Profit.

To

To be very agreeable to your Associates, you must take Care even in your freest Conversations, not to disoblige any one by sharp Raillery or distasteful Sayings.

Would to God there were some such Order among us Mortals as to confine every Man to the Station that is most fit for him.

Ingenious Minds are sooner won by Favours than Terrors.

Christians are requir'd to glorify God by their Courage and Constancy, as well as Innocence and Integrity.

Transcriptions from Translations.

On Health, from Monsieur **MONTAIGN.**

A M A N cannot reasonably complain of Diseases, that fairly divide the Time with Health. God is favourable to those whom he makes to dye by degrees, 'tis the only Benefit of old Age. All Things that are done according to Nature, ought to be accounted good. When old Age conducts to Death, it is of all other the most easy.

On

On Pleasures.

A M A N should neither pursue, nor fly Pleasures, but receive them.

Have you known how to meditate and manage your Life, you have perform'd the greatest Work of all.

Have you compos'd your Manners, you have done a great deal more than those that have compos'd Books. Have you known how to take Repose, you have done more than he that has taken a City.

The glorious Master piece of Man is to know how to live to purpose. One must run over the Ill, and insist upon the Good of ones Life. I find Life both valuable and commodious, even in its latest Decay. While we have it there is nothing in it unworthy our Care. Nevertheless I compose my self to ease mine without Regret. Let us manage our Time as well as we can, there will remain a great deal that will be idle and misemploy'd. The fairest Lives, in my Opinion, are those which regularly accommodate themselves to the common and humane Model; without Miracle, and without Extravagance: Old Age stands in need of gentle Treatment; let us recommend it to God, the Protector of Health and Wisdom, and let us be gay and sociable.

The

The secret and involv'd Method of God's Providence I have ever admir'd ; nor can I relate the History of my Life, the Occurrences of my Days, the Escapes of Danger, and Hits of Chance, with a bare Gramercy to my good Stars. *Abraham* might have thought the Ram in the Thicket came thither by Chance. Humane Reason would have said, that meer Chance convey'd *Moses* in the Ark to the Sight of *Pharoah's* Daughter. What a Labarinth is there in the Story of *Joseph*, able to convert a Stoick ? Surely there are in every Man's Life certain Rules, Doublings and Wrenchings, which pass a while under the Effects of Chance, but at the last well examin'd, prove the meer Hand of God. 'Twas not dumb Chance, that to discover the Powder Plot, contriv'd a Miscarriage in the Letter ; it was the Ignorance of Man's Reason that begat the Name of Fortune, and by a careless Term miscall'd the Providence of God ; for there is no Liberty for Causes to operate in a loose and stragling way, nor any Effect whatsoever, but has its Warrant from some universal and superior Cause. 'Tis, I confess, the common Fate of Men of singular Gifts of Mind, to be destitute of those of Fortune, which does not any way deject the Spirits of wiser Judgments, who thoroughly understand the Justice of this Proceeding ; and being enrich'd with higher Donatives, cast a more careless Eye on these vulgar Parts of Felicity. It is a most unjust Ambition to
 desire

desire to engross the Mercies of the Almighty, not to be content with the Goods of Mind, without a Possession of those of Body or Fortune; and it is an Error worse than Heresy, to adore these Complimental and Circumstantial Pieces of Felicity, and undervalue those Perfections and Essential Points of Happiness, wherein we resemble our Maker, to wiser Desires; it is Satisfaction enough to deserve, tho' not to enjoy, the Favours of Fortune.

Evermore prevent Poverty by lessening your Expence. I have sufficiently settled my Thoughts to live upon less than I have, and live contentedly: 'Tis not in the Value of Possessions, but in our Diet and Clothing that our Riches are truly limited. I delay and defer my Journies and Diversions, till I can easily spare Money to defray the Charges, because I would not have the Pleasure of going Abroad spoil the Pleasure of staying at Home.

*Something from Mons. Malbranch
on Education of Children.*

THERE is nothing so opposite to Children's Advancement in Science, as those continual Diversions we give them as Rewards, and the Pains we are continually
G inflicting,

inflicting, and threatening them withal; the least Children are instructed with Reason no less than perfect Men, though they want Experience. They have too the same Inclinations, though they are carried by them unto different Objects. They should therefore be accustom'd to follow the Conduct of Reason, since they have it in them; and they ought to be excited to their Duty by a dexterous Management of their good Inclinations. 'Tis the way to extinguish their Reason, and to debauch their best Inclinations to hold them to their Duty by sensible Impressions.

On Equality, from Mons. ESPRIT.

NO two Things do, or ever can present themselves to our Consideration, so as to be perfectly equal and indifferent to us, it frequently happens indeed, that the Difference is very small and inconsiderable, but still some Difference there is; something we apprehend in one, and not in the other, which casts the Scale, and draws us on to a Choice, though the Motion be so gentle, that we scarce feel it, and the Motive so slender, that we know not how to express, and can very hardly give our selves any Account of it. But still certain it is, that were we evenly poiz'd between two Desires, we should never chuse at all; for all Choice implies Inclination of the Mind, and all Inclination supposes Inequality.

On Wishing.

IT is below a Man of Sense, and agreeable to the Character of vulgar and ignorant Souls only, to sit down and wish they had done otherwise; and after the maturest Deliberation, and the best Choice their Case will admit, to fancy they took a wrong Course; for such People in their Crosses and Disappointments, only weigh the Reasons for the contrary Methods, without either Greatness or Presence of Mind, to counterballance these, with those others once more forcible Arguments, which induc'd them to act as they did.

On Levity of Temper.

THERE are abundance of People, that are never pleased or satisfied with any Thing, every Thing gives them Uneasiness and Discontent; tir'd of Business, and sick of Leisure, governing and being govern'd, gives 'em equally Uneasiness and Restlessness, and they can neither lead nor follow quietly. Such Creatures as these are always wretched, for they are always under Restraint and Misery; every Thing they do is grievous, and

against the Grain ; and which adds much to their Unhappiness, they can never rest in Quiet, but are always in Motion and Bustle, and all the while without any Design. Constantly busy, and nothing done ; all their Actions are of a thousand different Shapes and Forms, but a wise Man is all of a Piece, and if there be such a Thing as Decency in the World, it is seen in nothing more than in an Easiness and Consistency both of ones whole Life in general, and of each particular Action in it.

Accidents and Occasions make us known to others, but much more to our selves.

A Man of Sense may love like a Mad-Man, but never like a Fool.

The generality of young People fancy themselves to be Natural and Unaffected, when they are only Rough and ill Bred.

No People are oftener in the wrong, than those who cannot bear being thought so.

Fortune breaks us of many Faults, which Reason could never do.

'Tis more difficult to avoid being govern'd, than to govern others.

The Conduct of some People, in a thousand Instances, appears ridiculous, though the
secret

secret Reasons for 'em are very wise and very solid.

Pride would never owe, and Self-love would never pay.

If we well examine the several Consequences of our being out of Humour, we shall find that it makes us wanting to more Duties than Interest itself.

Laziness insensibly destroys both Passions and Virtues.

The Good we have receiv'd from any Person, requires we should pay a Respect to the Injuries he does us.

'Tis impossible to love a second time the Thing that we have once truly ceas'd to love.

True Eloquence consists in saying all that ought to be said, and in saying no more.

Many Men despise Wealth, but few know how to be liberal.

Persons discover upon their first declining in Years, where the Failings of their Body and Mind are like to lye.

'Tis not in the Power of a weak Man to be sincere.

'Tis no great Misfortune to oblige ungrateful People, but 'tis an intollerable one to be obliged to a brutal Man.

We cannot long preserve the Sentiments we ought to have of our Friends and Benefactors, if we allow our selves the liberty to talk often of their Failings.

Nature seems to have conceal'd, in the inmost Recesses of our Minds, some Talents, and some one Ability unknown to us ; the Passions alone have the Power of bringing these to light, and of furnishing us sometimes with more certain and more compleat Designs than any that Art is able to do.

We arrive altogether raw at the several Stages of Life, and often find at our Arrival at 'em, that Time it self has not been able to teach us Experience.

The Generality of Friends put us out of Conceit with Friendship, and the Generality of devout Persons put us out of Conceit with Devotion.

The truest Sign of a noble Soul, is to be plac'd by Nature above Envy.

We never passionately desire the Things which we only desire from the Dictates of Reason.

None

None but those who have Constancy can have true Sweetness of Temper; those who appear to have it, have nothing but a Weakness that is easily turn'd into Sourness.

The Mind betwixt Laziness and Constancy is fix'd to what is either easy or agreeable to it; this Habit always sets the Bounds to our Enquiries, and no Man ever gave himself the Trouble to extend and carry his Mind as far as it cou'd go.

While the Heart continues still mov'd by the Remains of a Passion, it is more inclinable to receive a new one, then when 'tis entirely cur'd.

The Quiet or Disturbance of our Humour depends not so much on the important Things that happen to us in Life, as on an easy or disagreeable Disposition of the little Things that happen every Day.

A solemn and pretending Air in young People, turns commonly into Impertinence.

The Labour of the Body frees us from the Pain of the Mind, and this is it which makes the Poor happy.

The wise Man finds his Advantage in not engaging more than in conquering.

'Tis harder to dissemble the Sentiments we have, than to feign Sentiments which we have not.

Friendships renew'd require more care to cultivate, than those that have never been broken.

We must always take Care that we offer no Violence against Nature in general, and then we should follow our Genius in particular.

As full Ears load and lay the Corn, so does too much good Fortune bend and break the Mind.

If we expect Adversity, we shall not be astonish'd when it comes.

A Man should never disclose all his Thoughts and Intentions, but so far as he thinks convenient to communicate his Mind, he should do it with Truth and Sincerity.

Consult your Friends early and in a Season proper for Deliberation, drive not off till the very Instant of Action, when the Time is too short for Debate, and cool Consideration; nor on the other hand stay to hear tedious Disputes, when your Affairs require a speedy Resolution.

A Translation from Monsieur
CHARRON.

THERE is need of a sprightly and vigilant Soul to discern and to lay hold on favourable Junctures; a Man must look before him, descry Opportunities at a distance, keep his Eye constantly upon them, observe all the Motions they make towards him, make himself ready for their Approach, and when he sees his Time, lay fast hold, and not let go again, till he has done his Business.

The certain way to be cheated, is to fancy ones self more cunning than others.

Men are never so ridiculous for the Qualities they have, as for those they affect to have.

Whatever Difference there may appear to be in Mens Fortunes, there is still a certain Compensation of Good and Ill in all, that makes 'em equal.

Sincerity is an Openness of Heart; 'tis found in a very few People, and that which we see commonly is not it, but a subtle Dissimulation, to gain the Confidence of others.

The

The Advice of our Friends must be attended to with a judicious Reserve, we must not give our selves up to it, and blindly follow their Determination right or wrong.

Nothing exposes Men more to extravagant Passion and Resentment, than their being humour'd and cocker'd in their Infancy.

Transcriptions from other Translations.

Silence is the Sanctuary of Prudence:
Ignorant Men are always in a Maze.

To know how to use Friends, is a Thing that requires great Skill ; some are good to be made use of at a distance, and others near at Hand ; one that has not been fit for Conversation, may yet be good for Correspondence ; Distance frees us from certain Humours, which their Presence render'd insupportable.

All good Successes put together, are not enough to wipe away one bad one. Undeceive thy self then, and take it for a certain Truth, that Envy will observe all thy Faults, but not one of thy good Actions.

Punctiliousness is tiresome; be not therefore over Ceremonious, nor stick too much to Formalities.

Always bring something into Company worthy to be priz'd.

Vanity without Experience, makes Men only to dote.

Suffer Raillery, but use it not.

The melancholly Person always presages Misfortunes, and the Backbiter Faults; and a Man prepossess'd with Passion, delivers himself always in a very different Stile to what Things deserve.

Never suffer your self to be plagu'd with Fools.

Govern not your self by general Maxims, unless it be in favour of Virtue; prescribe no positive Laws to your Will, for the next Day you will be forc'd to drink the same Water you despis'd this.

There is no Nobility like that of a great Heart, for it never stoops to Artifice.

Moral Philosophy will render you Prudent,
Natural Philosophy will render you Knowing;
History, Discreet; Poetry, Ingenious;
Rhetorick, Eloquent; Humanity, Polite:
Cos-

Cosmography, Intelligent, and sacred Writ,
Devout.

Some Men are born wise, by a Natural
Tendency they have to enter the Road of
Wisdom.

Some do first, and think afterwards; which
is rather to seek for Excuses than Expedients;
others there are who neither think before nor
yet after; a Man's whole Life should be em-
ploy'd in thinking, that he may not mistake
his way. Reflection and Foresight give us the
Advantage of anticipating Life.

Whatever looks like Treachery, lessens our
good Name; the least Particle of Baseness, is in-
consistent with the Generosity of a great Soul.

Do nothing whimsically.

Meddle not with your Neighbour's Business,
and your own will assuredly go well.

It is good not to conceive such an high
Notion of People, as to become Bashful in
their Presence; never let your Imaginations
debase your Heart; in a Word, it neither be-
comes Ignorance to be bold, nor Ability to be
bashful; and if Confidence be useful to those
who have but a small Capacity, much more
ought it to be so to such as have a great
one.

Give

Give credit to the Heart, especially if it be a presaging one; never contradict it if it be accustomed to prognosticate; the Heart is a domestick Oracle, and many have perished because they were too diffident of themselves. Some have a Heart that tell them every Thing; a certain Sign of a rich Fund.

*From St. Bernard's Meditations
concerning Confession.*

WH E R E the Heart is duly humbled, the Sin sufficiently lamented, and the Man effectually reformed, we have no Reason to believe, that God will not accept the Performance of that Work upon Confession to himself alone; in which our confessing to Men can be no farther serviceable, than only as it is a probable means of having it performed more effectually, than (ordinarily speaking) it was like to have been without such Confession.

Advice

*Advice of St. Jerome to LETA,
from the Author of the Whole
Duty of Man.*

SAINTE *Jerome*, in his Epistle to *Leta*, whom he directs in the Education of her young Daughter, advises, that instead of Gems and Silk, she be enamour'd with the Holy Scriptures; wherein not Gold, or Skins, or *Babylonian* Embroideries, but a correct and beautiful Variety, producing Faith, will recommend it self. Let her first learn the Psalter, and be entertain'd with those Songs; then be instructed unto Life by the Proverbs of *Solomon*. Let her learn from *Ecclesiastes* to despise worldly Things; transcribe from *Job*, the Practice of Patience and Virtue: Let her pass then to the Gospels, and never let them be out of her Hands; and then imbibe with all the Faculties of the Mind, the Acts of the Apostles, and the Epistles. When she has enrich'd the Store-house of her Breast with these Treasures, let her learn the *Prophets*, the *Heptateuch*, or Books of *Moses*, *Joshua*, and *Judges*; the Book of *Kings*, and *Chronicles*; the Volumes of *Ezra*, and *Esther*, and lastly the *Canticles*.

Socrates

SOCRATES *on several Subjects.*

Socrates says, the shortest and surest way to live with Honour in the World, is to be in reality what we wou'd appear to be ; and if we observe, we shall find, that all Humane Virtues encrease and strengthen themselves, by the Practice and Experience of them.

There is no Difference between Knowledge and Temperance ; for he who knows what is good and embraces it, who knows what is bad and avoids it, is Learned and Temperate. But they who know very well what ought to be done, and yet do quite otherwise, are Ignorant and Stupid.

Get not your Friends by bare Compliments, but by giving them sensible Tokens of your Love ; it is well worth while to learn how to win the Heart of a Man the right way. Force is of no use to make or preserve a Friend, who is an Animal that is never caught nor tam'd, but by Kindness and Pleasure. Excite them by your Civilities, and shew them that you desire nothing more than their Satisfaction ; oblige with all your Soul, that Friend who has made you a Present of his own.

Xenophon

Xenophon advises thus : If you have buried a good Friend, think upon his Life, and strive to forget his Death ; for Grief is one of the Things that is most opposite, most averſe to Life.

It is our greateſt Pleaſure to have good Friends ; we ought to take care of them, and behold their good Actions with as much Joy as if our ſelves had performed them, and rejoice at their good Fortune as at our own : We ſhou'd never be weary in ſerving them, but believe it the glory of a Man of Honour, to ſurpaſs his Friends in Benefits.

The manner of SOCRATES to his Friends.

I Attack briskly thoſe I Love, and lay out all my Skill to make my ſelf belov'd by them. I endeavour to kindle in their Minds a Flame like mine, and to make them deſire my Company as ardently as I long for theirs ; and this Addreſs is neceſſary, when we wou'd Contract a Friendſhip with any one.

Transla.

*Transcriptions from Translations,
(Rules from Ischomachus.)*

LET none fondly persuade themselves that Men can live without the Necessaries of Life. He who will not apply himself to Business, evidently discovers that he means to get his Bread by Cheating, Stealing, or Begging, or else is wholly void of Reason.

To do our Work well, or to be careless in doing it, are as much different, as working hard is from being Idle.

A Master ready to punish the Slothful, and reward the Industrious, has certainly a regal Disposition, and is fit to command; but to be able to command, and render Men willing to obey, is not, in my Opinion, a Humane Acquisition, but a Gift from Heaven, which is bestowed only on those who are initiated in the Mysteries of Prudence.

H

Pythagoras

*Pythagoras, and other Philosophers
on several Subjects.*

P*ythagoras* says, Young Persons should neither begin Contumelies nor return them; they ought to employ themselves in Hearing, that they may be able to speak. Moreover, if they wou'd live to be Old themselves, they should obey their Elders, and not contradict them; for by that means they will be esteem'd worthy, not to be injur'd by those that are Younger than themselves.

In the Morning consider what you are to do, and at Night recollect what you have done; be mindful of what is said, and speak nothing rashly; but above all things, as an inviolable Precept, to be kept even until Death, reproach not, but always use good Words.

Nothing conduces more to Science, Experience, and Prudence, than to remember many Things.

Endeavour not to conceal thy Faults with Words, but amend them by Reproof.

We must avoid with our utmost Endeavours, and amputate with Fire and Sword,
and

and by all other means, from the Body, Sick-
ness ; from the Soul, Ignorance ; from the
Belly, Luxury ; from a City, Sedition ; from
a Family, Discord ; and from all Things, Ex-
cess.

When you go to the Temple to worship,
neither do nor say any thing concerning Life.

Cut not Fire with a Sword.

We must faithfully restore to him that in-
trusts us, the Depositure, not only of Money,
but of Words.

One observing *Cleanthes* Silent, said to him,
Why do you hold your Peace ? It is pleasant
to talk to Friends. It is indeed, answer'd
Cleanthes, but the more pleasant it is, the
more we ought to allow them the Freedom
of it.

Zeno says, a Wise Man is not pragmatical,
for he declines the doing of any thing that
is beyond his Office.

Malbranch says, *Epicurus* was in the right,
in saying that Injuries were supportable by
a wise Man ; but *Seneca* certainly in the
wrong, to affirm, the wise Man could not be
injur'd.

Torcy says, those Persons easily agree where Intentions are Sincere, and desires equal on both Sides to arrive to the same end.

Chrissipus coming to *Athens*, and applying himself to Philosophy, heard *Cleanthes* dispute, from whom, whilst he was yet alive, he dissented; if at any time he cross'd *Cleanthes* in Dispute, he was afterwards sorry for it, often saying,

*Of Happiness, of all I am possess'd;
But in Cleanthes, there alone unblest.*

Diogenes says, when we stretch out our Hand to our Friend, we shou'd never clutch our Fist.

Plato says, Truth ought to be preferr'd before all Things.

Heraclitus says, whatsoever is in us, if it get the Dominion, it becomes a Disease; Excess of Heat, is a Fever; Excess of Cold, a Palsey, Excess of Wind, Cholick, &c.

It is most illegal to make a Law against a single Person; for it is not a Law that is made against a single Person, but Judgment.

Democritus says, Sleep in the Day, signifies either Distemper of the Body, or Grief of the Mind, or Sloth, or Dulness.

If a Man exceeds Moderation, the sweetest Things prove the most bitter.

He who contends with his Superior, ends in Infamy.

Wicked Men, after they have escaped the Danger, keep not the Oaths which they made in their Extremity.

More are made good by Exercise than by Nature.

As concerning the killing and not killing of Animals, the Business stands thus: Those who do, or wou'd do Injury, he who killeth is blameless; nay, such ought rather to be kill'd than not.

The Troubles of Parents are many and great; the Comforts and Pleasures few and small.

As of Wounds, the worst is that which gangrenes; so of the Diseases of the Mind, is insatiate Avarice.

He who wants, ought not to be called Rich; nor he who wants not, Poor.

The Hopes of Wise Men may come to pass, but those of Fools are impossible.

Plutarch says, they that will take upon them to admonish their Friends, ought especially to observe this main Point, not to leave them immediately upon it, nor abruptly break off the Conference with disobliging and bitter Expressions.

Plutarch says, *Cicero* was the Man who principally demonstrated to the *Romans*, how great a Relish Eloquence gives to that that is good, and how Invincible a just Proposal is, if it be well spoken ; and that it is necessary for him who would dexterously govern a Commonwealth, in Actions always to prefer that which is Honest, before that which is Popular, and in speaking to separate that which is Offensive, from that which is Convenient.

Plutarch says, We fall by Anger and Fury, from the Sense of Humanity ; and no Beast is more Savage than Man, when possess'd with Power answerable to his Rage.

Joy without Discretion transports and ruffles the Mind more than either Fear or Sorrow does.

Be not busy only in Words, and slothful in Action ; if your Councils are careless and your Actions slow, what think you will be the End.

Fear is the bloodiest Passion in Princes, whereas the Bold and Couragious amongst them are Merciful, Gentle and Confiding ; and thus the timorous and sluggish Brutes are ever untractable and the most unruly ; whilst the Nobler, being made confident by their Spirit, refuse not the Acquaintance of their Owners.

Know Opportunity.

Abhor to speak hastily.

Reproach not thy Friend, though he recede from thee a little.

Question. *Wherein do the Learned differ from the Unlearned ?*

Answer. In a good Hope:

Quest. *What is hard ?*

Answ. To conceal Secrets ; to dispose of Leisure well, and to be able to bear an Injury.

The Golden Sentences at Delphos.

**Know thy Self,
Nothing too much,
Fly Contention and Debt.**

From the Turkish Spy, on several Subjects.

POVERTY eclipses the brightest Virtues, and is the very Sepulchre of brave Designs, depriving a Man of the Means to accomplish what Nature has fitted him for, and stifling the noblest Thoughts in their Embrio. Many illustrious Souls may be said to have been dead among the Living, or buried alive in the Obscurity of their Condition, whose Perfections have render'd them the Darlings of Providence, and Companions of Angels.

The Pen in some Places has almost supplanted the Exercise of the Needle, and Lady's Closets, formerly the Shops of Female Baubles, Toys and Vanities, are now turn'd to Libraries, and Sanctuaries of learned Books. The Women of *France* addict themselves to the Study of Philosophy, as the Men; esteeming their Education defective, if they cannot confute *Aristotle*, and his Disciples. I know our grave and politick *Mussalmen* will censure this Indulgence of the *French* to their Women, but I cannot altogether disapprove it; if Women are to be esteem'd our Enemies, methinks it is an ignoble Cowardice to disarm them, and not allow them the same Weapons we use our selves; but if they deserve the

the Title of our Friends, 'tis an inhumane Tyranny to debar them the Privilege of ingenious Education, which would also render their Friendship so much more delightful both to themselves and us.

Affuredly it is not impossible for a Man, (let his Condition be what it will, Publick or Private, Servile or Free) to conduct himself evenly, and by a Rule, through all the Meanders and Mazes of humane Life. I must confess this is very difficult, and all Men have not that divine Art; few can walk on Pinnacles, and not make false Steps; such is our Life; and happy is he that makes the fewest; yet there is a Dexterity, with which whosoever is acquainted, he need not go to a Monastery to enquire the way to Bliss.

If your Friend commits a Secret to you, let it be as the Words of your Nurse, when she prated a thousand Impertinences to you within a Month of your Nativity.

Never fear Want; the same Providence which took Care of thee before thou camest into the World, will never be wanting to thee now thou art in it; Poverty never meets the Thinking and Industrious; it is but a little that we need, and a Man may satisfy Nature without the least Obligation to Fortune, who, when she seems most angry with us, scarce ever denies us Necessaries. The Belly indeed

deed is a troublesome Creditor, yet is satisfied with a little; but the Misery of it is, we are govern'd in all Things by Opinion, and every Thing is to us as we think it to be.

They who leave their Writings to Posterity, oblige the World with an immortal and lively Image of their Mind, which is properly the Man, and lives for ever; for they are metamorphosed into Letters, against whom, thus surviving themselves, the Stroke of Death cannot prevail.

No Man is free from Vice, every Man has his genial Faults, his constitutional Errors; and though he may appear a Saint in all Things else, yet in these he will still be a Sinner.

It is a Curb to Ingenuity, and not a Spur, to be confin'd to Employments, for which a Man may have an Aversion.

Let thy Heart be always chearful, for God loves every Thing that he has made.

Wean your selves from the Affairs of Mortals, all Things are Riddles.

Serve God after the manner of thy Forefathers, love thy Friends, pardon thy Enemies, and do no Injury to any Beast.

Be

Be not disheartned at the Troubles thou encountrest in this World of Lotteries ; the Ages are measur'd exactly, and our Hearts are checker'd with equal Mixtures of Happiness and Misfortunes ; we are not born to our own Desires ; and as not a Man of us can remember how he was form'd in the Womb, so have we no reason to repine at what happens to us since we came out of it. Whatever Power, Wisdom and Goodness took care of us then, and afterwards inspir'd our Mothers and Nurses with Tenderness, and a thousand degrees of Patience, beyond what is recorded of *Job*, the same will provide for us to Eternity.

One may be melancholy for want of Solitude ; and that which administers Occasion of Sadness to one, may be the only Cure of another's Grief ; this will not seem a Paradox, if we consider that Conversation is the Air of the Soul, and that he who values the Health and Ease of his Mind, ought to chuse such an Element for it to breathe in, as is pure and serene, which is very difficult to find in any Society.

Be not careless to conserve a Friendship, which your self first courted.

Small Misunderstandings may in a short time proceed to great Alienation.

Guard

Guard your Sense, and suffer it not to be muzled by the Impositions of Ignorance and Prejudice.

The Mind of a Slave is dejected under the Circumstances of his Captivity, so that he has not Leisure to regard any Thing, but how to accomplish his daily Task, and to please his Patron. All his Study and Care is bent upon this, and there is no room left for generous Thoughts.

Wean thy self from all Fondness, Inconstancy, and Discontent; be true to thy Trust, sedulous, and active; patient, and resign'd; take all Things as they come from Destiny, without being peevish or fretful. He that sinks under Misfortunes and cross Events, has either no Soul, or 'tis asleep.

Though God has created all Men of the same Mold, yet he has distinguish'd one Family from another by more than specifick Characters imprinted on them in their Nativity, and has ennobled some Mortals with peculiar Qualities, and innate Perfections, which others are wholly Strangers to.

Let us imitate the Virtues of our Kindred without meddling with their Vices; amongst our Friends and Relations it will not be difficult to find some good Examples, and such as are worthy to be followed. Let us learn

learn Temperance from one, Prudence from another, Magnanimity from a third, Mildness and Condescension in all our Actions from a fourth, from a fifth to bear Injuries patiently, and not to grow peevish at the Impertinencies of the Vulgar, nor to be of a rugged Temper, fierce and revengeful. Let us learn the Rules of Piety and Justice from them all, and be always of an even Deportment, pursuing all Men with Civilities and good Offices.

On Friendship, from Dr. TAYLOR.

THE Word Friend is of a large Signification, and means all Relations and Societies that is not Enemy; but by Friendships may also be meant the greatest Love, and the greatest Usefulness, and the most open Communication, and the noblest Sufferings, and the most exemplary Faithfulness, and the severest Truth, and the greatest Union of Minds, of which brave Men and Women are capable: But this is as well Charity as Friendship, and is authoriz'd to extend to all Mankind; and the more we love the better we are, and the greater our Friendships are, the dearer we are to God. Let 'em be as dear, and let 'em be as perfect, and let 'em be as many as you can, there is no Danger in it; only where the Restraint begins,

gins, there begins our Imperfection. It is not ill that you entertain brave Friendships and worthy Societies, it were well if you could love, and if you could benefit all Mankind; for I conceive that That is the Sum of all Friendship. Friendships are nothing but Love and Society mixt together, that is, a conversing with them whom we love; but our Friendships may admit Variety, as does our Conversation. A good Man will love where he is belov'd, and that's the first Tye of Friendship: That was the Commendation of the bravest Friendship in *Theocritus*.

*They lov'd each other with a Love,
That did in all Things equal prove.*

I like the *Gentiles* Litany well.

*Let God give Friends to me for my Reward,
Who shall my Love with equal Love Regard.*

For it is impossible this Nearness of Friendship can be where there is not mutual Love; but he only is fit to be chosen for a Friend, who can give me Counsel, or defend my Cause, or guide me right, or can and will, when I need it, do me good; only this I add, into the heaps of doing good I will reckon loving me. As to the Measures of Friendship, they may be as great as you can express; beyond Death it cannot go, to Death it may. *David* and *Jonathan* lov'd at a strange Rate; but hear the Expressions.

Jonathan

Jonathan watch'd for *David's* Good, told him of his Danger, and help'd him to escape; took part with *David's* Innocence against his Father's Malice and Injustice, and beyond all this, did it to his own Prejudice. Humility and Charity are the two greatest Graces in the World, and these are the greatest Ingredients which constitute Friendship and express it; but yet there is a Limit even to Friendship, it must be as great as our Friend fairly needs, in all things where we are not ty'd up by a former Duty, to God, our selves, or some pre-obliging Relative: But no Friendship can excuse a Sin; the Duty and Love to Parents must not yield to Religion, much less to any new Friendship: Our Parents are to be prefer'd before the Corban, and are at no hand to be laid aside, but when they engage against God; nor can it be reasonable or just, prudent or lawful, for a Friend to be more than Husband and Wife; for Marriage is the Queen of Friendships, in which there is a Communication of all that can be communicated by Friendship; and it being made Sacred by Vows and Love, by Bodies and Souls, by Interest and Custom, by common Fortunes and common Councils, it is the Principal in the kind of Friendship, and the Measure of all the rest; a Man must leave Father and Mother and cleave to his Wife; that is, the dearest thing in Nature is not comparable to the dearest thing in Friendship; and I think this is Argument sufficient to prove Friendship

ship to be the greatest Bond in the World. But there is not in the World a perfect Cause of perfect Friendship. But whatsoever can be spoken of Love, which is God's Eldest Daughter, can be said of Virtuous Friendship.

Friends are to Friends as lesser Gods, while they Honour and Service to each other pay.

And Friendship requires every thing that can be honest and prudent, useful and necessary; but I wou'd not in Bravery visit my Friend when he is Sick of the Plague, unless I can do him good, at least equal to my Danger; but I will procure him Physicians, and Prayers, all the Assurances that he can receive, and all that he can desire, if they be in my Power; and when he is dead, I will not run into his Grave, and be stifled with his Earth; but I will mourn for him, and perform his Will, and take care of his Relatives, and do for him as if he were alive. He that is a Friend after Death, hopes not for a Recompence from his Friend: Of such immortal, abstracted pure Friendships indeed there is no great plenty, the Dead and the Absent have but few Friends; but while my Friend lives, I may please my self in his Society, and in this there is no Exception, unless the Friendship be between Persons of a different Sex; for then not only the Interest of their Religion, and the Care of their Honour,

nour, but the Worthiness of their Friendship requires that their Intercourse be prudent, and free from Suspicion and Reproach.

Never accuse your Friend, nor believe him that does; if you do, you have broken the Skin: But he that is angry with every little fault, breaks the Bones of Friendship. Do not think you did contract Alliance with an Angel, when you took your Friend into your Bosom; he may be Weak as well as you are, and you may need Pardon as well as he: That Man loves Flattery more than Friendship, who would not only have his Friend, but all the Contingencies of his Friend to humour him. Give your Friend Counsel wisely and charitably, but leave him to his Liberty, whether he will follow you or not, and be not angry if your Counsel be rejected; for Advice is no Umpire, and he is not my Friend who will be my Judge whether I will or not: He that gives Advice to his Friend, and exacts Obedience to it, does not the Kindness and Ingenuity of a Friend, but the Office and Pertness of a School-master. Never Comport your self so as that your Friend can be afraid of you; perfect Love casteth out Fear: That Friendship is Tyranny where Equality is chang'd into Empire, and Society into Obedience. When you admonish your Friend, let it be without Bitterness; when you chide him, let it be without Reproach; when you praise him, let it be with worthy Purposes, and for just

I

Causes

Causes, and in friendly Measures : After all this, treat your Friend nobly ; love to be with him ; do to him all the Worthinesses of Love and of fair Endearment ; bear with his Infirmities, till they approach towards being Criminal ; but never dissemble with him, never despise him, never leave him, and the Love of Friends must sometimes be refreshed with material and low Caresses, lest by striving to be too Divine it become less Humane ; it must be allowed its Share of both ; it is Humane in giving Pardon and fair Construction, and Openness, and Ingenuity, and keeping Secrets ; it has something that is Divine, because it is Beneficent, but much because it is Eternal.

On Friendship, from the Reverend
Mr. COLLIER.

IT is Worth and Bravery, and good Humour, which engages one Virtuous Person to another : These Qualities excite Admiration, and Admiration improves into Love, and Love proceeds into Intimacy and Union. A Friend must use Freedom without Roughness, and oblige without Design. Cowardice will betray Friendship, and Covetousness will starve it ; Folly will be nauseous, and Passion is apt to ruffle, and Pride will fly out into Con-

Contumely and Neglect. Pride is so unso-
 ciable a Vice, and does all things with so ill
 a Grace, that there is no closing with it : A
 Proud Man will be sure to Challenge more
 than belongs to him ; you must expect him
 Stiff in his Conversation, Fulsome in com-
 mending himself, and bitter in his Reproofs :
 'Tis well if his Favours are not turn'd into
 Injury and Affront ; spoil'd either by the
 contemptuous way of doing, or by upbraid-
 ing after they are done. Such Behaviour as
 this frights away Friendship, and makes it
 stand off in Dislike and Aversion. Friend-
 ship, tho' not Nice and Exceptionous, yet must
 not be rudely treated, nor used with Distance
 or Disdain. Friendship, to make it true, must
 have Beauty as well as Strength ; Charms to
 endear, as well as Power to supply. An
 inoffensive Pleasantness is another good Qua-
 lity for the same purpose, and he that can
 Cure by Recreation, and make Pleasure
 the Vehicle of Health, is a Doctor in good
 earnest.

A Man is oblig'd to serve his Friend as far
 as Opportunity, Discretion, and former Pre-
 engagements will give leave ; to break upon
 the score of Danger, or Expence, is to be
 mean and narrow spirited, provided always
 the Assistance may be given without undoing
 a Man, or prejudice to a third Person ; or
 without Violations of Conscience, or Honour.
 All Importunities against Justice are feverish
 Desires, and must not be gratified.

*Lady CHUDLEIGH'S Expectation
from her Friends.*

IF my Friends resolve to make me completely happy, they must have no separate Interests, no Concerns of their own that they would conceal from me; nothing that looks like a Distrust, like a Disregard, like a not reposing an entire Confidence in me; and they must by observing all the engaging Niceties, all the endearing Punctilios of Friendship, make it their Business to convince me, that they are really what they pretend to be. There must be no Neglects, no Coldnesses; nothing that may abate the Fervour of the Flame, nothing that may stagger the Belief: Promises must be exactly perform'd; Services zealously pay'd; every thing done with an endearing Kindness, an Air of Tenderneſs, and in a manner irresistably winning.

From Dr. ASHETON.

IT hath often been enquir'd, whether the Saints in Heaven do know their near Relations, so as to say this was my Father, this my Mother, this my Husband, this my Wife, this my Child, this my Brother, this my Sister, &c.

To

To which Inquiry I do with Freedom reply.

That to deny such Knowledge, according to our present Apprehensions, wou'd be a great Diminution of that future Happiness.

From Sir FRANCIS BACON.

THE Disposition and Humour of Friends shou'd be dispensed withal; but when they impose upon us it is a very hard Case, and an unreasonable Condition of Friendship.

Those Friends are weak and worthless, that will not use the Priviledge of Friendship, in admonishing their Friends with Freedom and Confidence, as well of their Errors as of their Danger.

From Monsieur St. EVREMONT.

IT is natural for us to exaggerate Matters, and I believe I may without Rashness assert, that those who have given us the most Illustrious Copies of Friendship, never yet beheld the Originals.

BLANK VERSE.

From Mr. SHAKESPEAR.

COME *Anthony*, and young *Octavius* come,
 Revenge your selves alone on *Cassius* ;
 For *Cassius* is a weary of the World,
 Hated by one he loves ; brav'd by his Brother,
 Check'd like a Bondman, and his Faults observ'd
 Set in a Note Book, learn'd and conn'd by rote,
 To cast into my Teeth.
 O I could weep my Spirits thro' my Eyes.

It is a common Proof, that Lowliness
 Is young Ambition's Ladder, whereunto
 The Climber upwards turns his Face, but when
 He once attains the upmost Round, he then
 Unto the Ladder turns his lofty Back,
 Looks in the Clouds, scorning the base Degrees
 By which he did ascend.

(try'd,
 The Friends thou hast, and their Adoption
 Grapple them to thy Soul with Hoops of Steel.

There is a Tide in the Affairs of Men,
 Which taken at the Flood, leads on to Fortune;
 Omitted, all the Voyage of their Life
 Is bound in Shallows, and in Miseries.

When

When Love begins to slacken and decay,
 It uses an enforced Ceremony.
 There are no Tricks in plain and simple Faith.

Blame no Employment, but blame Idleness.

In speaking Truth, and exercising Love,
 Nothing can ill resent it but a Brute.

From MILTON.

BUT what is Strength, without a double (share
 Of Wisdom? Vast, unweildy, burthenfome,
 Proudly secure, yet lyable to fall (rule,
 By weakest Subtilties; Strength's not made to
 But to subserve, where Wisdom bears command.

A D A M *to* E V E.

With thee conversing, I forget all Time,
 Dear Soul, in whom my Thoughts find
 (such Repose:
 Heaven's last, best Gift, my ever charming Eve.
 In all thy Conduct, Dignity and Love,
 Shoots forth peculiar Graces, yet retir'd,
 So awful, that with Honour I admire;
 For every Thing you chuse to do or say
 Seems wisest, handsomest, discreetest, best;
 Authority and Reason on you wait,
 Greatness of Mind, Angelically plac'd,

And num'rous Decencies continually flow
From all your Gestures, Words and Actions ;
Your Words and Looks both sweet Refresh-
 (ment bring;
And Constancy, and tendrest Love enjoins,
That I shou'd mind thee oft, and thou mind me.

From the Lord RosCOMMON.

TRUE Friends appear less mov'd than
(Counterfeit.
The Man, whose Words and Fortunes disagree,
Absurd, unpitied, grows a publick Jest.

(and mend;
What you keep by you, you may change
But Words once spoke can never be recall'd.

To Verse we owe our sacred Oracles,
And our best Precepts of Morality.

You must not think that a Satyrick Stile
Allows of scandalous and brutish Words ;
The better Sort abhor Scurrility.

How should the Ignorant be Judge of Wit,
Or Men of Sense applaud the Jest of Fools.

Let all your Precepts be succinct and clear,
A Poet should instruct, or please, or both.
That ready Wits may comprehend them soon,
Or faithful Memories retain them long.

They

They seem to be incorrigibly mad,
Who with foul Hands, and ten long dirty Nails,
All Cleanliness and Company renounce.

No Artist can pretend to utmost Skill
Without the great Expence of Time and Pains:

(Light,
Some love the Dark, some chuse the clearest
And boldly challenge the most piercing Eye:
Some please for once, some will for ever please.

(well,
Sound Judgment is the Ground of writing
And when Philosophy directs your choice
To proper Subjects rightly understood,
Words from your Pen will Naturally flow.

He that intends to gain a glorious Prize,
Must use himself to Hunger, Heat and Cold.

From Mr. PHILLIPS.

On with-holding of Tythes.

(draw
LET not thy Avarice tempt thee to with-
The Priest's appointed Share; with chear-
(ful Heart
The Tenth of thy Increase bestow, and own
Heaven's

(repay

Heaven's bounteous Goodness, that will sure
 Thy grateful Duty. This neglected, fear
 Signal Avengeance, such as over-took
 A Miser, that unjustly once withheld
 The Clergy's Due; relying on himself,
 His Fields he tended with successful Care
 Early and late, when or unwish'd for Rain
 Descended, or unseasonable Frosts
 Curb'd his increasing Hopes, or when around
 The Clouds drop'd Fatness, in the middle Sky,
 The Dew suspended, stay'd and left unmoist
 His execrable Gleab. Recording this
 Be Just and Wise, and tremble to transgress.

On the Strength of Cyder.

(Smoothness,

YE honest Men beware, nor trust its
 The third circling Glass suffices Virtue,
 But may Hypocrites, (hateful as Hell)
 That sily speak one Thing, and think another,
 Pleas'd with the Relish, weak, unwarn'd, drink
 Till by enchanting Cups infatuate, (on;
 They unawares, their wilely Thoughts disclose,
 And thro' Intemp'rance grow a while sincere.

On

On Woman.

(Mind

AND is there found a Wretch so base of
 That Woman's pow'rful Beauty dares
 (condemn,
 Exactest Work of Heaven? He ill deserves
 Or Love or Pity; Friendless let him see
 Uneasy, tedious Days, despis'd, forlorn,
 A Stain of humane Race: But may the Man,
 That chearfully recounts their Praises,
 Find equal Love, and Love's untainted Sweets
 Enjoy with Honour. O, ye much esteem'd,
 Might I elect my Fate, my Choice should be
 A fair and modest Virgin, that invites
 With Aspect chaste, forbidding loose Desire,
 Tenderly smiling: In whose heavenly Eye
 Sits purest Love enthron'd; but if the Stars
 Malignant, these my better Hopes oppose,
 May I at least the sacred Pleasures know
 Of strictest Amity; nor ever want
 A Friend with whom I mutually may share
 Gladness and Anguish, by kind Intercourse
 Of Speech and Offices.

On

*On the Death of King CHARLES
the First.*

CAN we forget how the tumultuous Gang
Defy'd their Prince to Arms, nor made
(Account
Of Faith, of Duty, or Allegiance sworn :
Apostate, Atheist Rebels ! bent to Ill,
With seeming Sanctity, and cover'd Fraud,
Instill'd by him, who first presum'd to oppose
Omnipotence : Alike their Crime, the Event
Was not alike ; these triumph'd, and in height
Of barb'rous Malice, and insulting Pride,
Abstain'd not from Imperial Blood ; O Fact
Unparallel'd ! O *Charles* ! O best of Kings !
What Stars this black disastrous Influence shed
On thy Nativity, that thou shouldst fall
Thus by inglorious Hands, in this thy Realm
Supream, and Innocent, adjudg'd to Death,
By those thy Mercy only would have sav'd.

On Dissimulation.

LET me be grateful, but let far from me
Be fawning Grin, and false dissembling
(Look,
And servile Flattery, and mean Disguise.

From

From Mr. DRYDEN.

ALL must be Rapine, Wars and Desolation,
 When Trust and Gratitude no longer
 (bind.

From Mr. SETTLE.

TIS meet that noble Minds keep ever
 For who so firm that cannot be seduc'd.
 (with their like,

From Mr. BEAUMONT.

MEN counsel, and give Comfort to that
 Which they themselves not feel, but
 (tasting it,
 Their Counsel turns to Passion, which before
 Would give instructful Med'cine unto Rage,
 Fetter strong Madness in a silken Thread,
 Charm Ach with Air, and Agency with Words;
 Thus it is all Mens Office to speak Patience
 To those that wring under the Load of Sorrow,
 But no Man's Virtue, nor Sufficiency
 To be so Moral, when he shall endure
 The like himself.

*A Question taken out of the British**A P O L L O.*

TELL me, most learned and polite Assembly
 What is the killing and the fatal Cause,
 That persevering Love, and tenderest De-
 (monstrations
 Only excite to more Indifference the charming
 (Conqueror?
 Say something that may melt his frozen Heart,
 And give some Ease to mine, of which he has
 (the sole Command.

The Answer.

(your Misfortune
OH charming Fair! the fatal killing Cause of
 Is, that your Choice is fal'n too much below
 (your Merit;
 Your Conqueror would else in Floods of rapid Joy,
 Sail swiftly to your Call, whose wounding Eloquence,
 And moving soft Compliance, might melt a Breast
 (of Steel,
 And stab, with sharpest Love, a Heart of Adamant.

POEMS.

P O E M S.

*On the Day of Judgment, taken
from a Miscellany.*

TH E Day of Wrath, that dreadful Day,
As *David* and the *Sybils* say,
Shall the whole World in Ashes lay.

What Horror will invade the Mind,
When the strict Judge, who wou'd be kind,
Shall have few Venial Faults to find.

The last loud Trumpet's wondrous sound,
Shall thro' the rending Tombs rebound,
And wake the Nations under Ground.

Nature and Death shall with surprize,
Behold the pale Offender rise,
And view the Judge with conscious Eyes.

The Judge ascends his awful Throne,
He makes each secret Sin be known,
And all with Shame confess their own.

Oh! then what Interest shall I make,
To save my last important Stake,
When the most Just have cause to quake:

Thou

Thou mighty formidable King,
Thou Mercies vast exhausted spring,
Some comfortable Pity bring.

Thou who for me didst feel such Pain,
Whole precious Blood the Cross did stain,
Let not those Agonies be vain.

Thou whom avenging Powers obey,
Cancel my Debt too great to pay,
Before the sad accounting Day.

Surrounded with amazing Fears,
Whose Load my Soul with anguish bears,
I sigh, I weep, accept my Tears.

Thou who wast mov'd with *Mary's* Grief,
And by absolving of the Thief,
Hast given me hope, now give relief.

Reject not my unworthy Prayer,
Preserve me from that dangerous Snare,
Which Death and gaping Hell prepare.

Give my exalted Soul a Place,
Amongst thy chosen Right Hand Race,
The Sons of God and Heirs of Grace.

From that insatiable Abyfs,
Where Flames devour, and Serpents hiss,
Promote me to thy Seat of Bliss.

*An Ode on Friendship, from the
British APOLLO.*

(Growth;
FRRIENDSHIP— Thou Plant of tedious
Thou Harmony of Souls——
Thro' thee seraphick Pleasure rous;
In Rife thou imitat'st the God of Sloth;
Tender in Youth, thy tim'rous Branches shoot;
But when thy full grown Height has grac'd
(thy Pride,
And tall Maturity has crown'd thy State,
Each Leaf becomes a Feather on thy Side;
And mounts thee on the Wings of Fate,
Till that which hardly grew in Years before,
One Moment loses, and 'tis found no more.

From a Miscellany.

(by Fate
THE Soul ('tis true) condemn'd a while
To this dull Prison, grieves the pressing
(weight;
Continued Doubts, and endless Tumults rise,
While Reason dictates still, what Sense denies.

Press'd down by Clay, she stoops to low de-
(fires,

And dotes on Earth, and fancy'd good admires;
But when the rising Mind, impartial views
Her wondrous self, and her own Thought pur-
(sues,

How vain the transient Show of things around,
What worthless Baits are guilty Pleasures
(found,

She spurns her Cage, and takes unbounded
(Flight,

To Heaven, her blissful Home, and to
(Ætherial Light:

Not that the Soul at once her Freedom sees;
The mighty Work is form'd by slow Degrees:
First wholsom Rules restrain unheedful Youth,
And reconcile the sickly Mind to Truth.

Duty enforc'd, and Virtues sacred Lore
Timely imbib'd, will sovereign Health restore.
But ah! neglected Blooms will soon decay.

A thousand Baits unguarded Youth betray;
Till kind Instruction has the Mind improv'd,
(For Truths oft taught are not with Ease re-
(mov'd)

But if this first great Task be left undone,
We soon shall mourn a loose degenerate Son.

Part

*Part of an Epistle to Udoxus,
concerning the Follies of Youth,
from a Miscellany.*

I Whose last Scene of Life has long declin'd,
 Oppress'd in Body, but confirm'd in Mind,
 From jutting Rocks, and from invidious Sand,
 Reclining on the Beach, and welcome Strand, }
 Bless my escape, and re-salute the Land. }
 The fatal Prospect I remember yet,
 Nor my past Dangers can so soon forget ;
 Nor those disorder'd Torrents, which oppress
 My swelling Heart, and labour'd in my Breast.
 When with fantastick Pleasures, gay pretence,
 My tender Reason was subdued by Sence ;
 When my warm wanton Youth, which scorn'd
 (a guide,
 Was hurry'd downwards by the impetuous
 (Tyde ;
 When Sanguin in my hopes, and fondly vain,
 I launch'd my slender Vessel on the Main ;
 Studious of Honour, and, affecting Fame,
 An Enemy to Life without a Name ;
 With hot pursuit I panted to be great,
 And manage dark Intrigues of Court and State.
 But since ripe Years, and Times more fit for
 (Thought,
 Have my wild Senses to cool Judgment
 (brought ;
 Since Age has conquer'd my unruly heat,
 I seek a learned Ease, and wise Retreat.

The Great Good Man.

(displace,

THE great good Man, whom Fortune does
 May into Scarceness fall, but not Disgrace;
 His sacred Person none will dare prophane,
 He may be Poor, but never can be Mean;
 He holds his Value with the Wise and Good,
 And Prostrate, seems as great as when he stood.
 So ruin'd Temples doe an Awe dispense,
 They lose their Height, but not their Reverence:
 The pious Crowd the fal'n Pile deplore,
 And what they fail to raise they still adore.

A Poem by Sir Francis Bacon.

DAzled with the Height of Place,
 While our Hopes our Wits beguile,
 No Man marks the narrow Space
 Between a Prison and a Smile.
 Then since Fortune's Favours fade,
 You that in her Arms do sleep,
 Learn to swim and not to wade,
 For the Hearts of Kings are deep.
 But if Greatness be so blind,
 As to trust in Towers of Air,
 Let it be with Goodness joyn'd,
 That at least the Fall be fair.

Then

Then though darkned you shall say,
 When Friends fail, and Princes frown,
 Vertue is the roughest Way,
 But proves at last a Bed of Down.

From Monsieur St. EVREMONT.

NE'er break thy Rest with the Designs of ^{(Fate,}
 For he that still improves his present ^{(State,}
 That follows Time, insensible to Fears,
 And counts his Comforts rather than his Years;
 With Ease and Freedom tastes the Joys that ^{(please,}
 And distant Ills ne'er break his vertuous Ease :
 His Mind employ'd in innocent Repose,
 No real Grief, no gloomy Moment knows ;
 He keeps a sweet Remembrance of the past,
 And hugs the present while the Transport lasts;
 He steals from the Chagreen the future gives,
 And as the happy Minutes come he lives.
 He rules his Passions with a Sov'reign sway,
 And makes inferiour Appetites obey.
 Sometimes his Reason meets the coming Joy,
 And with him Nature's Dictates do comply.
 Favour a Blessing is he does desire,
 And Glory does his active Soul inspire ;
 Yet both he sees without a jealous Eye,
 And State-Convulsions don't his Rest destroy.

From Vertues Golden Mean he never swerves,
 And neither fears the Thunder nor deserves;
 In the same Stream his Joys and Vertues flow;
 He looks on Heaven, yet scorns not Earth below;
 When Nature calls him to another State,
 He does not vainly murmur at his Fate;
 Dull Volumes of the Schools he throws away,
 And Heavens Decrees does patiently obey.

On Bounty, from the Lady Chudleigh's Poems.

HAD I a Fortune equal to my Mind, (kind,
 I, like my bounteous Maker, would be
 Would spread my Wealth with greedy Pleasure
 (round,
 Near me no needy Wretches should be found;
 But still the Good should have the largest Share,
 Both of my Love, my Riches, and my Care;
 For them I'd seek, to their Relief would fly;
 Prevent their Prayers, and all their Wants supply.

On

*On Sincerity, from the Lady
Chudleigh.*

SINCERITY's my chief Delight,
The darling Pleasure of my Mind;
O that I could to her invite,
All the whole Race of Human kind;
Take her Mortals, she's worth more,
Than all your Glory, all your Fame,
Than all your glitt'ring boasted Store,
Than all the Things that you can Name.
She'll with her bring a Joy Divine,
All that's Good, and all that's Fine.

*David's Lamentation for Jona-
than, from the Lady Chudleigh.*

O Jonathan ! the noblest of thy Kind,
Thy Fate was equal to thy Godlike Mind.
O what convulsive Pains for thee I feel !
Love strikes much deeper than the sharpest Steel.
My Pleasure's gone, my Joys are wholly fled;
All, all is lost, my very Soul is dead.
I'm but the Eccho of my self, a Voice of Woe,
In thee I liv'd, now no Existence know.
While thou wer't mine, Heaven had not sure
(in store,
One dear Delight, one single Blessing more,

That I could wish to heighten my Content,
Fancy itself could nothing more invent.

The whole I could desire, in thee I found ;
My Life was with continual Raptures crown'd }
And all my Hours but one soft blisful Round. }

The Thoughts that thou wer't mine, made all
(my Sorrows cease,
My numerous Toils gave me a halcion Peace ;
Contemn'd was every Danger, every Pain,
Love made me chearfully, the greatest Ills
(sustain.

When thou wer't absent, then my busy Mind,
Did in thy dear Remembrance Solace find :
Revolv'd thy Words, on each kind Accent stay'd,
And thy lov'd Image in my Breast survey'd :
Fancy'd thy Eyes each tender Glance return'd,
And with ingaging Sweetness for thy *David*
(mourn'd.

But when thou didst me with thy Presence bless,
O who th' extatick Transports can express !

Words are too poor, and Language wants a
(Name,

For such a pure immortal fervent Flame ;
A while I look'd, a while could only gaze,
My Face, my Eyes, proclaim'd my glad amaze.
My Soul to thine would force her speedy way,
Panting she stood, and did her hindring Clay :
Trembling with Joy, I snatch'd thee to my
(Heart,

Did with tumultuous Joy my thronging
(Thoughts impart.

Trou-

Troubled thou heardst me my past Toils re-
 My Suff'rings did a kind Concern create ;
 And made thee, sighing, blame my rigorous
 (late,
 (Fate.)

O with what Pity, what a moving Air,
 Didst thou then vow, thou wouldst my Haz-
 (zards share;
 Promis'd eternal Faith, eternal Love,
 And kind to me, as my own Soul, didst prove.

*A Dialogue between Ephelia and
 Ardelia, from Lady Winchel-
 sea's Poems.*

Ephelia.
WHAT Friendship is *Ardelia* shew,
Ardelia.

'Tis to love as I love you ;

Ephelia.
 This Account so short (tho' kind)
 Suits not my enquiring Mind ;
 Therefore further now repeat,
 What is Friendship when compleat:

Ardelia.
 'Tis to Share all Joy and Grief,
 'Tis to lend all due Relief,
 From the Tongue, the Heart, the Hand ;
 'Tis to mortgage House and Land ;

For

For a Friend be made a Slave;
 'Tis to dye upon a Grave,
 If a Friend therein do lye:

Ephelia.

This indeed, tho' carried high;
 This, tho' more than e'er was done,
 Underneath the rolling Sun,
 This has all been said before,
 Can *Ardelia* say no more.

Ardelia.

Words indeed no more can shew;
 But 'tis to love as I love you.

Cloe to Aminta, from the British
APOLLO.

A Dieu ye oft trod Paths of *Marlbro's* Plains,
 Adieu ye happy Nymphs and constant
 (Swains,
 Who free from Troubles, nothing undergo
 Of all those Pains the City makes us know.
 Adieu ye wanton Zephirs of that Grove,
 I have so often call'd the Throne of Love;
 Where many a time my lov'd *Aminta* lay,
 Wrapt in my Arms, till we had lost the Day,
 Which past in sportful Innocence away.

Ours

Ours was a Friendship such as Angels bear,
 Our Souls (refin'd by Love) united were,
 Free were our Thoughts, and unconfin'd as }
 (Air.)

We lov'd, (by Friendship bent to fond desire)
 Of mingling Thoughts, and Spirits in our Fire;
 As for our Bodies we were both above
 Regarding those, or scorn'd the Dross of Love.
 By that Allay no Mischief could be done,
 For both our Sexes and our Souls were one.
 No Man, no Lover, no such dang'rous Names
 Usurp'd our Thoughts, or quench'd our purer
 (Flames ;

But all refin'd we aim'd at nothing higher,
 Nor knew we greater Blessings to desire.
 Ah my lov'd Partner of my now past Joys,
 Which I, unhappy have exchang'd for Noise;
 Cou'd you but see my Grief to part with thee,
 I'm sure you wou'd do more than pity me.
 Once I was happy, when *Aminta* blest
 My waking Hours, and softned e'en my rest;
 When Cells, Groves, Meadows, Rivulets, and
 (Fields,

'Mongst thousand other Joys, which *Marlbro'*
 (yields ;
 When Gardens, Orchards, and the wilder Tree,
 From well grown Oak to Elmy Infancy,
 All seem'd combin'd to treat our every Sense,
 And Feast our Pleasures with their Innocence.
 How oft, *Aminta*, on thy gentle Breast,
 Have I reclin'd my willing Head to rest;
 Whilst shelt'ring Boughs surrounded us from
 And fram'd a Canopy for our repose, (Foes,
 Whose

Whose every Twig charg'd with some whistling
 Bent gently down, as if for us it stirr'd; (Bird,
 Whilst the sweet Chanters stretch their tune-
 (ful Throats,

And Serenade our Senses with their Notes.

How oft thro' Pathless Forrests did we walk,
 Fearless of Danger, and with Pleasure talk;

O'er all the various Works of Natures Hand,

Here lovely Violets paint the well-dress'd Land,

Here the spread Rose in fragrant Parts dis-

Tempts our desire, which when it has be- (play'd,

tray'd,

It stings the Hand that dares its Branch in-

(vade,

Strange! thy Possession shou'd such Pains

(create,

Thou well chose Emblem of the married

(State,

Whose unknown Pains are, like its Pleasures,

(great.)

Then I was happy, for I knew no Care,

No noisy Hurries cou'd pursue me there;

No waking Agonies disturb'd my rest,

Nor anxious Cares which way to manage best.

The ruder Paths of Business were forgot,

And free from all their Plagues, I knew them

(not;

No disappointing Troubles cross'd my Will,

But every Faculty serene and still,

Enjoy'd a quiet Taste of sweet Delights,

(Nights.

Short were my Days, and doubly blest my

Ah!

Ah! my *Aminta*, wou'd kind Heaven ordain,
 That I shou'd still amidst those Joys remain,
 Happy and smooth my future Days wou'd be,
 Blest with such Pleasures and thy Company;
 In rolling Joys my Hours wou'd slide away,
 And even my Autumn have the Charms of
 (May.

*A Question from a Lady to the
 British Apollo.*

A Generous Sense of your indulgent Care
 Does to Acknowledgment my Soul incline,
 Your Pity and your Eloquence declare,
 Your Principles are Moral and Divine.
 Our British Isle is with your Genius grac'd,
 Which both improves, and entertains the
 (Mind,
 And those who of true Wisdom have the Taste,
 Will in your Notions Ule and Pleasure find.
 One Question more your Answer does require,
 To satisfy my discontented Mind, (fire,
 What Marks of Friendship may a Friend de-
 To be convinc'd her Friend is truly kind?

The

The Answer.

WHAT shou'd your charming Numbers conde-
 To ask a Mark of what you hourly prove;
 Sure one who writes like you, must bless some
 (Friend

With the sublimest Joys of earthly Love.
 Your tuneful Numbers speak your heavenly Mind,
 And may inform you that a Friend is true,
 Familiar, artless, confident, and kind;
 In short, a Person every way like you.

Another Question to the British
 APOLLO.

YOUR wise Decision does the Lustre show,
 With which Apollo lights the Shades
 (below,
 Assist my humble, yet aspiring Soul,
 And my Defects with your clear Sense controul;
 These nice Distinctions, hard to be express'd,
 I once more offer to Apollo's Breast.
 I own my Soul is with Perfection fir'd,
 And has a true Idea what shou'd be admir'd.
 My Passion's fervent, and on Merit plac'd,
 Oh, tell me then if I can err in loving to the
 (last.

The

The Answer.

P*ursuits like these can ne'er be Errors deem'd,
Where Virtue fires, and Merit's most esteem'd;
For here the Cataract of Love's remov'd,
And Amorous Blindness into light improv'd.*

*A W I S H, taken from the
British APOLLO.*

G*RANT* me kind Fate, my Liberty and Health,
To lead a Life just as it were by Stealth;
Not Wealth my Mind or to seduce or harm;
But just enough Want's pressing ills to charm.
Grant by each Passion Reason be obey'd;
Reason itself be by Experience sway'd;
If Grief or Pain sometimes I needs must know,
(For who's so blest as to be free from Woe)
Grant it may be (to ease reflecting Thought)
By Heaven's Decrees, and not my Folly brought.
Free me from needless Doubt, from needless
Care,
Vain flattering Hope, Tyrannical Despair;
Grant me some Seat that I my own may call,
Tho' it be ne'er so homely, ne'er so small;
A Table too, which may be daily seen,
(mean;
Furnish'd with hearty wholesome Food, tho'
Some

Some pleasant Books at leisure Hours to
 view;
 I'd have some intimate Acquaintance too;
 But both be very choice, and very few.

*From Dryden, address'd to the too
 Curious Man.*

(to know
TOO Curious Man, why dost thou seek
 Events, which good or ill, foreknown,
 (are Woe;
 Th' All-seeing Power that made thee Mortal,
 (gave
 Thee every thing a Mortal State should have.
 Fore-knowledge only is enjoy'd by Heaven,
 And for his Peace of Mind, to Man forbidden;
 Wretched were Life, if he foreknew his doom;
 Even Joys foreseen give pleasing hope no
 room,
 And Grievs assur'd are felt before they come.)

On Phyfick, from Mr. DRYDEN.

PHyfick can only mend our crazy State,
 Patch an old Building, not a new create.
 The first Phyficians by Debauch were made;
 Excefs began, and Sloth maintains the Trade.
 By Chace our long liv'd Fathers earn'd their
 (Food,
 Toil ftrung the Nerves, and purified the Blood.
 But we, their Sons, a pamper'd Race of Men,
 Are dwindled down to Threescore Years and
 (Ten;
 Better to hunt in Fields for Health unbought,
 Than Fee the Doctor for a naufeous Draught.
 The Wife, for Cure on Exercise depend,
 God never made his Work for Man to mend.

*On FAME, from the Marquess of
NORMANBY.*

WHILE Fame is Young too weak to fly
 Envy purfues her like some Bird of
 (away,
 (prey;
 But once on Wing, then all the Dangers ceafe,
 Envy her felf is glad to be at Peace;
 Gives over, wearied with fo high a flight,
 Above her reach, and fcarce within her fight.

L

But

But such the Frailty is of Humane kind,
 Men toil for Fame, which no Man lives to find.
 Long rip'ning under Ground, this *China* lies;
 Fame bears no Fruit till the vain Planter dies.

On PRAISE, from Sir William
D'avenant.

PRaise is Devotion fit for mighty Minds,
 The differing World's agreeing Sacrifice,
 Where Heaven divided Faiths united finds,
 Whilst Prayer, in various Discord, upward
 (flies:

For Prayer the Ocean is, where diversly
 We steer our Course, each to a several Coast,
 And all our Wishes so discordant be,
 That half beg Winds by which the rest are
 (lost.

In Penitence when we our selves forsake,
 'Tis but in wise design on piteous Heaven;
 In Praise we nobly give what God may take,
 And are without a Beggars Blush forgiven.

Whoever yet attain'd to many Years,
 Must with some smiling Hours unbend his
 (Cares.

Sir

*Sir William Temple, from Sir
Philip Sidney.*

THE common Ingredients of Health and
(long Life are
Great Temp'rance, open Air,
Easy Labour, little Care.

Who for each fickle Fear from Virtue shrinks,
shall in this World enjoy no worthy thing:
No mortal Man the Cup of Surety drinks;
But let us pick our good from out much bad,
That so our little World may know its King.

*Sir William Temple, from
Charles Brandon's Motto,*

*At a Turnament upon his Marriage with the
Queen, the Trappings of his Horse being half
Cloth of Gold, and the other half Frize.*

CLOTH of Gold do not despise,
Tho' thou art match'd with Cloth of
(Frize;
Cloth of Frize be not too bold,
Tho' thou art match'd with Cloth of Gold.

From the Lord ROCHESTER.

CUSTOM does often Reason over rule,
And only serves for Reason to the Fool.

Kindness has resistless Charms,
All Things else but weakly move ;
Fiercest Anger it disarms,
And clips the Wings of flying Love.

Wit like tierce Clarret, when't begins to pall,
Neglected lyes, and's of no use at all ;
But in its full Perfection of Decay,
Turns Vinegar, and comes again in play.

Mr. OTWAY, on Baneful Care.

WHAT in this Life, that soon must end,
Can all our vain Designs intend ?
From Shore to Shore why should we run,
When none his tiresome Self can shun ?
For baneful Care will still prevail,
And over-take us under sail ;
'Twill dodge the great Man's Train behind,
Out-run the Doe, out-fly the Wind ;
If then thy Soul rejoyce to Day,
Drive far to Morrow's Cares away ;
In Laughter let them all be drown'd ;
No perfect Good is to be found.

*Mr. HARVEY, on Publishing the
Faults of others.*

THERE is a Lust in Man no Charm can
Of loudly publishing his Neighbour's
(tame,
(Shame;
On Eagle's Wings immortal Scandals fly;
While virtuous Actions are but born and dye.

From Sir Richard Blackmore.

SOur Discontent that quarrels with our Fate,
May give fresh Smart, but not the old
(abate;
The uneasy Passion's disingenuous Wit,
The Ill reveals, but hides the Benefit.

Delights, those beautiful Illusions, play
Around us, and when grasp'd they glide away :
They show themselves, but will not with us
(dwell,
But like hot Gleams th' approaching Storm
(foretell.
Pure unmix'd Pleasures never on us flow'd,
But stream like watry Sun-beams thro' a Cloud.

*From the Author of A Tale of
a T U B.*

LET your Discretion moderate your Cost,
And when you treat three Courses be
(the most;
Your Betters will despise you, if they see
Things that are far surpassing your Degree;
Therefore beyond your Substance never treat,
'Tis Plenty in small Fortune to be neat;
'Tis certain that a Steward can't afford,
An Entertainment equal to his Lord.

Happy the Man that has each Fortune try'd,
To whom she much has given, and much deny'd;
With Abstinence all Delicates he sees,
And can regale himself with Bread and Cheese.

From Dr. GARTH, on Health.

HAil blooming Goddess! thou propitious
Whose Blessings Mortals next to Life
(Power,
(implore;
Such Graces in your heavenly Eyes appear,
That Cottages are Courts when you are there.
Mankind, as you vouchsafe to smile or frown,
Finds Ease in Chains, or Anguish in a Crown.

Man-

Mankind one Day serene and free appear ;
 The next they're cloudy, sullen, and severe ;
 New Passions, new Opinions still excite,
 And what they like at Noon, despise at Night,
 They gain with Labour, what they quit with
 (Ease ;
 And Health, for want of Change, grows a Dis-
 Religion's bright Authority they dare, (ease ;
 And yet are Slaves to superstitious Fear ;
 They counsel others, but themselves deceive ;
 And tho' they'r cousten'd still, they still believe.

From Mr. DRYDEN, on Love.

LOVE is not always of a vicious kind,
 But oft to vertuous Acts inflames the
 Awakes the sleepy Vigour of the Soul, (Mind ;
 And brushing o'er, adds Motion to the Pool :
 Love, studious how to please, improves our Parts,
 With polish'd Manners, and adorns with Arts ;
 Love first invented Verse, and form'd the Rhime,
 The Motion measur'd, harmoniz'd the Chime :
 To lib'ral Arts enlarg'd, the narrow soul'd,
 Softned the fierce, and made the Coward bold :
 Love's an Heroick Passion, which can find
 No room in any base degen'rate Mind ;
 It kindles all the Soul with Honours Fire,
 To make the Lover worthy his Desire.

*From Sir JOHN DENHAM, on
the Thames.*

(Stream

O Could I flow like thee ! and make thy
My great Example, as it is my Theam ;
'Tho' deep, yet clear, tho' gentle, yet not dull ;
Strong without Rage, without o'erflowing full.
No Crime so bold, but would be understood
A real, or at least a seeming Good ;
Who fears not to do Ill, yet fears the Name ;
And free from Conscience, is a Slave to Fame,

*From Sir William D'avenant,
on Care.*

CARE, that in Cloysters only seals her Eyes,
Which Youth thinks Folly, Age and
(Wisdom owns ;
Fools by not knowing her, outlive the Wise,
She visits Cities, but she dwells on Thrones.

From

*From Sir Robert Howard, on
Sense of Shame.*

(Shame can fly ;
THere's none from their own Sense of
The Dregs of Passions dwell with Misery.
The Wretch, that to a scorn'd Condition's
(thrown,
With the World's Favour loses too his own.

*Several Parts of Poems, from
Mr. WALLER.*

THE Sap which at the Root is bred,
In Trees, thro' all the Boughs is spread ;
But Vertues which in Parents shine,
Make not like Progress thro' the Line ;
'Tis not from whom, but where we live ;
The Place does oft those Graces give.

On England.

THE Taste of hot *Arabian* Spice we know,
Free from the scorching Sun that makes
(it grow ;
Without the Heat, in *Persian* Silk we shine,
And without planting, drink of every Vine.

To

To dig for Wealth, we weary not our Limbs,
 Gold, tho' the heaviest Metal, hither swims:
 Ours is the Harvest, where the *Indians* mow;
 We plow the Deep, and reap what others sow.
 Things of the noblest Kind, our own Soil breeds,
 Stout are our Men, and warlike are our Steeds.

Should some brave *Turk* that walks among
 His twenty Lasses bright and young,
 And beckons to the willing Dame,
 Prefer'd to quench his present Flame,
 Behold as many Gallants here,
 With modest guise, and silent fear,
 All to one Female Idol bend,
 While her high Pride does scarce descend
 To mark their Follies; he would swear
 That these her Guard of Eunuchs were
 And that a more Majestick Queen,
 Or humbler Slaves, he had not seen.

In boundless Verse the Fancy soars too high
 For any Object but the Deity.
 Verse so design'd, and on that Subject wrote,
 Is the Perfection of an ardent Thought;
 What Mortal can with Heaven pretend to share
 In the Superlatives of wise and Fair;
 A meaner Subject when with these we grace,
 A Giant's Habit on a Dwarf we place.

(Train
 Both Faith and Hope, and all the meaner
 Of Moral Vertues, at the Door remain;
 Love only enters as a Native there;
 For born in Heaven, it does but sojourn here.

Thrice happy Pair of whom we cannot know
Which first began to love, or loves most now;
Fair Course of Passion, where two Lovers start,
And run together, Heart still yok'd with Heart.

For Joys divine we must with Patience wait,
'Tis the set Price of Happiness compleat.

(derstood
Wine fills the Veins, and Healths are un-
To give our Friends a Title to our Blood.

'Tis not she whom first we love;
But whom dying we approve.

(burn,
Happy when Friends can more than Lovers
And mighty Love to sacred Friendship turn.

Time has Commission Mortals to impair;
But Things celestial is oblig'd to spare.

From Mr. GOLD's Poems.

(pears,
Misted by hope, when Pleasure first ap-
We fondly think of many happy Years;
Teeming with sweets, and Youth begetting
(more,
Life seems to have a thousand Joys in Store;

When

When straight, pale Death the envious Shaft
(does throw,
And lays our airy Expectations low.

Just Notions will into good Actions grow,
And to our Reason we our Virtues owe;
False Judgments are th' unhappy Source of ill,
And blinded Error draws the Passive Will.

Just as the Lark does from the Hobby flee,
So Man from Man, in his Adversity:
When plung'd in Water, if they see we swim,
Some pitying Hand may pull us to the Brim;
But sunk, tho' all have Skill, not one will dive,
The hapless Wretch comes up no more alive:
So, when once low, so tedious are Supplies,
There's scarce a possibility to rise.

I censure no Man that he much does give,
For 'tis our Duty, where we much receive;
But nothing but a Person moap'd, or Mad,
Wou'd give to thankless Rascals all he had:
To other Families such Bounty shown,
Is just the ready way to starve our own.

Attendance Cowley thinks a barb'rous Fate,
And vilest we can wish the Man we hate;
'Tis said by some, 'twas but his Muse repin'd,
But what's the Muse in Poets, but the Mind;
'Tis true, he begs not an abundant Store,
But yet he cou'd not relish being poor.

Why shou'd th' implanted Energy of Mind
Grow faint, and slacken in the Female kind?
Why,

Why, when ingenite Reason shoots her Ray
 To light us all, are they forbid the Day?
 Or why shou'd base invidious Man deny
 The search of Truth to their discerning Eye.

Tho' all Afflictions that ill Fate can send,
 Against our Peace of Mind their batt'ry bend,
 We have a refuge, if we have a Friend.

From HUDIBRAS.

HOW fair and sweet the planted Rose
 Beyond the wild in Hedges grows;
 For without Art, the noblest Seeds
 Of Flowers, degen'rate into Weeds;
 How dull and rugged 'ere 'tis ground,
 And polish'd, looks the Diamond;
 Tho' Paradise was e'er so fair,
 It was not kept so without Care;
 The whole World, without Art and Dress,
 Wou'd be but one great Wilderness;
 And Mankind but a Savage herd,
 For all that Nature has confer'd;
 This does but rough hew, and design,
 Leaves Art to polish and refine.

From

*From Mrs. Behn's Poems, on
Honour and Love.*

Honour shou'd our Business be,
And Love our noblest Play,
These two shou'd never disagree,
But both make either Gay.
Love without Honour were too mean
For any gallant Heart,
And Honour singly but a Dream,
Where Love must have no part:

*Astrea to Philander, on her own
Impertinence.*

Philander, since you'll have it so,
I grant I was impertinent,
And, till this Moment did not know,
Thro' all my Life, what 'twas I meant.
Your kind Opinion was the flat'ring Glass,
In which my Mind found how deform'd it was.
In your clear Sense which knows no Art,
I saw the Errors of my Soul,
And all the Foibles of my Heart,
with one Reflection you controul.
Kind as a God, and gently you chastise,
By what you hate you teach me to be wise.

Im-

Impertinence my Sexes Shame,
 That has so long my Life pursu'd,
 You with such Modesty reclaim,
 As all the Woman has subdu'd.
 To so Divine a Power what must I owe,
 That renders me so like the perfect you.

That Converfable Thing I hate
 Already with a just disdain,
 That prides himself upon his prate,
 And is of Words, that Nonsense, vain.
 When in your few appears such Excellence,
 As have reproach'd, and charm'd me into Sense.

From Mr. OLDHAM'S Poems.

(Friend,
 O If good Heaven wou'd be so much my
 To let my Fate upon my Choice depend,
 All my remains of Life with you I'd spend,
 And think my Stars had given a happy end.

*Part of a Poem from Mrs Phillips
 in Defence of declar'd Friend-
 ship.*

O My *Lucasia*, let us speak our Love,
 And think not that impertinent can be
 Which to us both does such Assurance prove,
 And whence we know how justly we agree;
 Think

Think not 'tis needless to repeat Desires,
 The fervent Turtles always court and bill;
 And yet their spotless Passion never tires,
 But does increase by Repetition still:
 Altho' we know we love, yet while our Soul
 Is thus imprison'd by the Flesh we wear,
 There's no way left that Bondage to controul,
 But to convey Transactions through the Ear.
 When my Soul then does such Excursions make,
 Unless your Soul delight to meet it too,
 What Satisfaction can it give or take,
 You being Absent at the Interview.

The Enquiry, by Mrs. Phillips.

IF we no old Historians Name
 Authentick will admit,
 But think all said of Friendships Fame,
 But Poetry or Wit;
 Yet what's rever'd by Minds so pure,
 Must be a bright Idea sure.

But as our Immortality
 By inward Sense we find,
 Judging that if it could not be,
 It wou'd not be design'd.
 So here, how cou'd such Copies fall,
 If there were no Original?

But

But if Truth be in ancient Song;
 Or Story we believe;
 If the inspir'd and graver Throng,
 Have scorned to deceive;
 There have been Hearts whose Friendship gave
 Them Thoughts at once both soft and brave.

Among that consecrated few,
 Some more Seraphick Shade,
 Lend me a favourable Clew,
 Now Mists my Eyes invade.
 Why, having fill'd the World with Fame,
 Left you so little of your Flame?

Why is 't so difficult to see
 Two Bodies and one Mind?
 And why are those who else agree,
 So differently kind?
 Has Nature such fantastick Art,
 That she can vary every Heart?

Why are the Bands of Friendship ty'd
 with so remiss a Knot,
 That by the most it is defy'd,
 And by the rest forgot?
 Why do we step, with so light Sense,
 From Friendship to Indifference?

If Friendship Sympathy impart,
 Why this ill shuffled Game,
 That Heart can never meet with Heart,
 Nor Flame encounter Flame?

What does this Cruelty create ?
Is't the Intrigue of Love, or Fate ?

Had Friendship ne'er been known to Men,
(The Ghost at last confest)
The World had been a Stranger then
To all that Heaven possesse ;
But cou'd it all be here acquir'd,
Not Heaven itself wou'd be desir'd.

*From Lord Roscommon, on the
French Language.*

(Words
TIS Courtly, Florid, and abounds in
Of softer Sound than ours perhaps af-
(fords ;
But who did ever in French Authors see
The Comprehensive *English* Energy ;
The weighty Bullion of one Sterling Line
Drawn in *French* Wire, wou'd thro' whole
(Pages shine.
I speak my private, but impartial Sense,
With Freedom, and I hope without Offence ;
For I'll recant, when *France* can show me Wit,
As strong as ours, and as succinctly writ.

To

To Translators.

TIS not enough to have a Subject good,
 It must delight us when 'tis understood:
 For who without a Qualm has ever lookt
 On holy Garbage, tho' by *Homer* cook'd?
 He that brings fulsome Objects to my view,
 (As many old have done and many new)
 With various Images my Fancy fills,
 And all goes down like Oxymel of Squills.

Examine how your Humour is inclin'd,
 And which the ruling Passion of your Mind;
 Then seek a Poet who your way does bend,
 And chuse an Author as you wou'd a Friend;
 United by this sympathetick Bond,
 You grow familiar, intimate and fond;
 Your Thoughts, your Words, your Stiles, your
 (Souls agree,
 No longer his Interpreter but he.
 Pride of all others the most dang'rous Fault,
 Proceeds from want of Sense, or want of
 (Thought.

From Mr. POPE'S Poems.

GOOD Humour only teaches Charms to
 Still makes new Conquests, and main-
 (tains the past.
 'Tis

'Tis with our Judgments as our Watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.

All Fools have still an Itching to deride,
And fain wou'd be upon the laughing Side.

There are whom Heaven has blest with Store
(of Wit,
Yet want as much again to manage it.

Trust not your self, but, your Defects to know,
Make use of every Friend, and every Foe.

'Tis not a Lip or Eye we Beauty call,
But the joint Force and full Result of all.

Whoever thinks a faultless Piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er will be.

Expression is the Dress of Thought, and still
Appears more decent as more suitable.

The Vulgar oft by Imitation err;
As oft the Wise by being singular.

Be thou the first, true Merit to befriend;
His Praise is least who stays till all commend.

We think our Fathers Fools, so wise we grow;
Our wiser Sons, no doubt will think us so.

In Words as Fashions, the same Rule will hold;
Alike fantastick, if too new or old.

'Tis

'Tis best sometimes your Censure to restrain,
And charitably let the Dull be vain.

A vile Conceit in pompous Words exprest,
Is like a Clown in regal Purple drest.

'Tis not enough, Wit, Art, and Learning join;
In all you speak let Truth and Candour shine.

Musick resembles Poetry, in each
Are nameless Graces which no Methods teach,
And which a Master's Hand alone can reach.

Sipping at Learning's Brink intoxicates the
(Brain ;
But a full Draught will sober us again.

Men must be taught as if you taught them not,
And things ne'er known propos'd as if forgot.

Without good breeding, Truth is not approv'd;
That only makes superior Sense be lov'd.

Several Poets on several Subjects,

*On His Majesty's Company of
Comedians, from the British
Apollo.*

(of Parts,
ALL *Europe* can't show such Performance
Nor *French* nor *Italian* can match their
(Deserts;
For Action, or Motion, or Gesture, or Tread,
For Emphasis, Cadence, and all can be said.

From Mr. Butler.

Fools back their feeble want of Sense
With greater Heat and Confidence;
And Obstinacy's ne'er so stiff,
As when 'tis in a wrong Belief.

Wit with Softness does reside,
Good Nature is with pity stor'd;
But Flatt'ry's the result of Pride,
And fawns to be ador'd.

From Mr. Gold.

Those Men indeed, their Loss of Wives may
(brook,
Where Bodies only are from Bodies took;
But

But O ! what Reason can that Grief controul,
Where Love is torn from Love, and Soul from
(Soul ?

How readily do all our Natures bend,
To give Advice with Prudence to a Friend ;
But if we err our selves we know it not,
At least our Self-Affection cloaks the Blot.

All florid Language and a Run of Words,
No Musick to a knowing Ear affords ;
Expanded so, the Theme is beat to Death,
And every Period cracks the Reader's Breath.

From the Athenian Mercury.

Since Love has kindled in our Eye
A chaste and holy Fire,
'Twould be a Sin if you or I
Shou'd let that Flame expire.

From Don Quixote.

Love that comes with eager Haste,
Will with equal Haste depart ;
For an Image ill imprest,
Soon is vanish'd from the Heart.

Behold that noble Golden Mean
Betwixt the Sparing and Profuse ;
Good Sense and Merit must be seen,
Where Liberality's in use.

From Mrs. Behn.

The fullen Lover, long unkind,
 Ill natur'd, hard to reconcile,
 Loses the Heart he had inclin'd ;
 Love cannot undergo long Toil.

From the Lady Chudleigh.

Reproaches often useful prove,
Malice may be as kind as Love ;
No Matter what the Bad intend,
If I'm the better I've my End.

From Dr. Garth.

God's Fear to guard us from our selves we
(need,
And Sacred Writ our Reason does exceed ;
For tho' Heaven shows the Glory of the Lord,
Yet something shines more glorious in his Word.

'Tis hard e'er to convince a Fool he's so,
He loaths the Substance, and he loves the show.
Hourly his learn'd Impertinence affords
A barren Superfluity of Words.

His Advice to Poets.

In all your Lines let Energy be found,
And learn to rise in Sense, and sink in Sound.
Harsh

Harsh Words, tho' pertinent, uncouth appear;
 None please the Fancy who offend the Ear.
 The best Examples carefully read o'er,
 Slide without falling, without straining soar.

From Mr Butler.

Give over, for it is in vain,
 To argue much against the Grain;
 Or forcibly incline Men to
 What they're averse themselves to do;
 For when Disputes are wearied out,
 'Tis Int'rest still resolves the doubt.

If the Indulgent Law allows
 The greater Freedom to the Spouse,
 The reason is, because the Wife
 Runs greater hazards of her Life,

From Mr Waller.

Fond Love his Darts at random throws,
 And nothing springs from what he sows.
 From Foes discharg'd, as often meet
 The shining Points of Arrows fleet,
 In the wide Air, creating Fire,
 As Souls that join in one Desire.

The Muses Friend, Tea, does our Fancy aid,
 Repress those Vapours which the Head invade,
 And keeps that Palace of the Soul Serene,
 Fit on her Birth Day to salute a Queen.

Poets that lasting Marble seek,
Must carve in *Latin*, or in *Greek* ;
We write in Sand, our Language grows,
And like our Tide it overflows.

So like the Chances are of Love and War,
That they alone in this distinguish'd are ;
In Love, the Victors from the vanquish'd fly,
They fly that wound, and they pursue that die.

To a sharp Eye that can with Judgment
(look
Thro' the nice Foldings of wise Nature's Book,
God's no less seen in things minutely small,
Than in his spacious Work, the mighty All.

From the British Apollo.

Can you to noble Blood just Title claim,
And Education that becomes the fame ?
The want of Riches no Detraction bears,
For worth in Rags as well as Robes appears ;
But Virtue best illustrious Births does trace,
And gen'rous Deeds proclaim the gen'rous Race

Some Risk must be run, whatever is done,
For nothing on Earth is secure ;
Nor is there a State,
But early or late,
You something will need to endure.

From Mrs Phillips.

Let fond Affection no Pretences make,
 Your Honour, or your Int'rest to forsake;
 Nor let your Wisdom be betray'd by Love,
 To suffer what it self must disapprove.

While we are free from Violence,
 And on our active Health do trust,
 A secret Hand does snatch us hence,
 And tumbles us into the Dust.

Whose Blood does in an equal Temper flow,
 Whose Pulse a healthy Musick beats,
 To cure the Danger of another's Woe,
 A hundred easy Ways repeats.

Knowledge has Bounds that stint th'unwil-
 ling Soul,
 For finite Reason cannot grasp the whole;
 We see enough to imploy th' lab'ring Mind,
 Nor may we search what Heaven forbids to
 (find.

That Man whose Troubles from Fate's
 Causes flow,
 Tho' miserable, is with pity so;
 But he who does unforc'd self Torments chuse,
 Deserves to lose a Good he knows not how to
 (use.

The

The Pleasure that we seek wou'd give Con-
 But when enjoy'd, 'twas something else we ^{(tent,}
^{(meant ;}
 Some absent Happiness we still pursue,
 Dislike the present Good, and long for new:

*From Mr GOLD, on a litigious
 Man.*

Blinded with spite, how vain a Thing is Man,
 Like Flies, how busy in his own Trepan?
 They see a blaze, and plunge into the Flame,
 And Law's, to the litigious Slave, the same.

From Mr BUTLER on Providence,

Success, the Mark no mortal Wit,
 Or surest Hand can always hit ;
 For whatsoe'er we perpetrate,
 We do but row, we're steer'd by Fate.

Parts

*Parts of Poems from Translations
of Greek, Latin and French.*

From Epictetus.

LET modest Silence be your greatest Care
In humane Conversation, and beware
Of being over Talkative, and shun
That lewd perpetual Motion of the Tongue ;
That Itch of speaking much, and be content
That your Discourse, tho' short, be pertinent.
And when Occasion serves, then speak your
Without an over-weaning Confidence. (Sense,

From Horace.

Oh ! why *Mæcenæ* should you, thus unkind,
With your complaining Murmurs wrack my
[Mind ?

Believe me, 'tis not kind to Heaven or me,
That you should first to Death a Victim be ;
You the great Ornament of all my Fate,
And gen'rous Prop of my depending State.
Ah ! if too swift a Call, this mournful Day,
Must snatch my Soul's dear better self away, }
Why should the other Part imperfect stay ? }

From

From Plutarch.

My Heart inrag'd by jealous Heats,
 With numberless Resentments beats:
 By Fits my swelling Grief appears,
 In rising Sighs and falling Tears,
 That show too well the warm Desires,
 The silent, slow, consuming Fires,
 That on my inmost Vitals prey,
 And melt my very Soul away.

From Homer.

Soft friendly Words revive the afflicted Soul;
 But sharp Rebukes are only for a Fool.

From Catullus.

Gold's Worth we by the Touchstone find;
 Gold is the Touchstone of the Mind.

Envy not those who in Preferment shine,
 Nor at their Wealth, the Cause of Grief, repine.
 Fortunes, by Fraud or Force, excessive grown,
 Are in a luckless Moment overthrown.
 The surest Road to the most happy State,
 Is, not to indulge your self in Thoughts of
 [being great.

Millions of busy Thoughts inform my Breast,
 Striving in grateful Language to be drest;
 But

But while the Croud at once would Passage
 And all be first exprefs'd, they're all confin'd. [find,

From Charon.

Rash Force by its own Weight must fail,
 But prudent Strength will still prevail.

With Courage firm, and Soul sedate,
 Attend the Motion of thy Fate;
 And whether Death be far or near,
 Live free from eager Wish and anxious Fear.

From Mons. St Evremont.

Cease, *Thirsis*, cease, by an ill tim'd Relief,
 To rob me of my best Companion, Grief:
 Sorrow to me all lovely does appear,
 It fills the Place of what I held most dear.

From Mr Waller.

Fade, Flowers, fade, Nature will have it so;
 'Tis but what we must in our Autumn do:
 And as your Leaves lye quiet on the Ground,
 They lye alone by those that lov'd them found;
 So in the Grave shall we at Quiet lye,
 Mils'd by some few that lov'd our Company;
 But some so like to Thorns and Nettles live,
 [grieve.
 That none for them can, when they perish,

From

*From a Person of Quality, alluding
to a Virgin.*

(tray'd !

WITH how much Ease is Innocence be-
How nice the Reputation of a Maid !
Your early kind paternal Care appears
By choice Instruction of her tender Years.
The first Impression in her Infant Breast,
Will be the deepest and should be the best.
Let no Austerity breed fervile Fear ;
No wanton Sound offend her Virgin Ear.
Secure from foolish Pride's affected State,
And specious Flatt'ry's more pernicious Bait :
Habitual Modesty adorns her Thoughts ;
But your Neglect must answer for her Faults.

From Dr Garth.

I come, altho' at Midnight, to dispel,
Those Tumults in your pensive Bosom dwell ;
I dreamt but now, my Friend, that you were
(by,
Methought I saw your Tears, and heard you
(sigh.
Oh ! that 'twere but a Dream, but sure I find,
Grief in your Looks, and Tempests in your
(Mind :
Speak whence it is this late Disorder flows,
(Repose.
That shakes your Soul, and troubles your
From

(1771)

From Mr Butler.

To have Power to forgive
Is Empire, and Prerogative;
And 'tis in Crowns a nobler Gem,
To grant a Pardon than condemn.

'Tis false, that Mourners should in Silence
Like Streams, which still, when smoothest, run
Sorrow speaks Passion, and where Passion reigns,
Nature scorns Decency, and breaks her Chains.
Like a tempestuous Storm true Grief appears;
That's but a Breeze that is allay'd by Tears.

From Mr Dryden.

Well founding Verses are the Charms we use,
Heroick Thoughts, and Vertue to infuse;
Things of deep Sense we may in Prose unfold,
But they move more in lofty Numbers told.

Ill Customs, by Degrees to Habits rise,
Ill Habits soon become exalted Vice;
Ill Habits gather by unseen Degrees,
As Brooks make Rivers, Rivers turn to Seas.

Just Notions will into good Actions grow,
And to our Reason we our Vertues owe;
False Judgments are th'unhappy Source of Ill,
And blinded Error draws the Passive Will.

N

For

For Souls oppress'd, and drown'd with Grief,
 Heaven ordain'd this kind Relief,
 That Musick should, in Sounds, convey
 All that Art in Words can say.

From Mr Shakespear.

Sweet Poetry in moving Lays,
 Love into Hearts, Sense into Souls conveys;
 With sacred Rage can turn to Bliss or Woe,
 Sways all the Man, and gives him Heav'n below.

From Mr Gold.

How many deathless Monuments of Wit
 Are wanting, that would certainly be writ,
 Were some poor Youths but train'd to their
 (Deserts,
 Their Learning equal to their Nat'ral Parts.

Inure your self to early Thought, and strive
 To keep the noble inborn Heat alive:
 Improve whate'er your Reason has acquir'd;
 The Soul is active, and can ne'er be tir'd.

If you delight to hear the Actions told,
 Of Heroes Prudent, Resolute, and Bold,
 And every glorious Thing perform'd of Old,
 To wise Historians for Instructions fly,
 And read them over with a curious Eye.

The Heart in publick Views we darkly find;
'Tis Converse gives the Image of the Mind.

Ill bodes that hapless Family, that shows
A Cock that's silent, and a Hen that crows.

Money is still an Antidote to Woe,
For that's a Friend, whoever is a Foe.

A long Remove from Prudence, Wit and Arts,
Sets us below our very nat'ral Parts.

Our Lord will his Excuse ill understand,
That fays, I was a Rascal by Command.

Oft Wisdom is to Sloth too great a Slave ;
None are so busy as the Fool and Knave.

Friends act with cautious Temper, when
(Sincere,
But flatt'ring Impudence is void of Fear.

From Mr Settle.

None of my Actions can fit Judges be,
But they who've Soul enough to love like me.

*From the Author of A Tale of
a Tub.*

A real Grief with filent Steps proceeds,
And Love unfeign'd, with inward Paſſion bleeds.

Wherever too much Sanctity you see,
Be more suspicious of hid Villany.

Forgiveness to the Injur'd does belong;
But they ne'er pardon who have done the
(Wrong.

From Mr Dryden.

Secrets of Marriage still are sacred held;
The Sweet and Bitter by the Wife conceal'd.

'Tis true that Hearts for Hearts were made,
And Love with Love is only paid.

When two dispute, if the one's Anger rise,
The Man that lets the Contest fall is wise.

From Mr Butler.

With Shame we see our Passions can prevail,
Where Reason, Certainty, and Vertue fail.

A Genius form'd to hold a Kingdom's Reins,
Should slight the loit'ring Life of idle Swains.

The greatest Vertue oftneft lyes,
In Bodies of the middle Size.

From

From Mr Settle:

Alas! what Pains and Doubts distract the
(Soul;
While fond Desires the Judgment's Choice
(controul?

Something that's bitter will arise
Ith' midst of all our Jealousies.

Judicious we may be, but when Respect }
We therefore claim, it dwindles to Neglect : }
A justifying Pride we all neglect.

Tho' all Afflictions that ill Fate can send }
Against our Peace of Mind their Batt'ry bend, }
We have a Refuge, if we have a Friend.

A Fool is known by looking wise,
As Men find Woodcocks by their Eyes.

By the loud Trumpet which our Courage
(aids,
We learn that Sound as well as Sense perfwades.

From the Lord Roscommon:

When we improve what has been writ before,
Invention labours less, but Judgment more.

Affected Noise is the most wretched Thing
That to Contempt does empty Babblers bring.

The Men who labour and digest Things
(most,
Will be much apter to despond than boast.

From Sir Robert Howard.

Unhappy State of such as wear a Crown,
Fortune does seldom lay 'em gently down.

Too weak's the Power of Nature or of Art,
Nothing but Death can ease a broken Heart.

Oh ! dangerous Friendship ! Kindness to be
(fear'd,
Which turns with Fortune, and by her is steer'd.

Divided Empire all wise Men avoid,
For Pow'r communicatèd is destroy'd.

From Mrs Phillips.

Passions should be excus'd that only move
Either from too much Zeal, or too much Love.

A Judge in equal Scales cross Arguments
(should lay,
And let that be his Rule which heaviest does
(weigh.

From the Lord Roscommon.

Pride of all others the most dangerous Fault,
(Thought.
Proceeds from Want of Sense, or Want of
None

None e'er will be with Admiration read,
But who beside their Learning are well bred:

From Mr Dryden.

Our Life can never be securely blest;
Heaven punishes the Bad, and proves the Best.

When bent to Sin our byast Nature leans,
The careful Devil's still at Hand with Means.

From Mr Butler.

A large Conscience is all one,
And signifies the same with none.

From Mr Prior.

True Wit, like Beauty, triumphs o'er the
(Heart,
When more of Natur's seen, and less of Art.

From Mrs Behn:

Letters are ferious Thoughts, digested and
(resolv'd,
And laft when Words are into Clouds de-
(volv'd.

The Heart that's to the Altar brought,
Only Heaven should fill its Thought.

Our Passion gone and Reason on her Throne,
Amaz'd we see the Mischiefs we have done.

Who gives himself away the second Time,
Creates no Title, but commits a Crime.

Of all the Vertues, Justice is the best:
Valour without it is a common Pest.

Age does, alas ! disclose, tho' ne'er so wise,
A thousand Troubles hid from youthful Eyes.

Let, above all, Religion be your Care ;
Your Words, Thoughts, Actions, all should
(center there.

If our departed Friends survey our Tears,
Then our Unrest must certainly be theirs.

Pow'r does sometimes a stubborn People bend,
Whom too much Pity teaches to offend.

C H A-

C H A R A C T E R S.

*The Character of Prince GEORGE
of DENMARK, taken from the
British Apollo.*

AN unaffected Freedom grac'd his Soul,
 He scorn'd Ambition, yet disdain'd Con-
 (troul :
 No wav'ring Wishes wantoniz'd his Life,
 A faithful Husband to a faithful Wife.
 His steady Mind no Scenes of Fate cou'd move,
 As constant to Religion as to Love.
 Preferring Ease he durst encounter Pain,
 Willing to serve, tho' qualified to Reign :
 A Foe to Faction in a high degree,
 Yet none a greater Friend to Liberty.
 By Pride untainted, yet in Converse nice,
 Pleas'd to hear Council, fit to give Advice;
 Slow to resent, yet scorn'd to bear too far;
 Of Peace a Lover, yet unshock'd by War.
 He weigh'd the Cause of Discord, not the Prize,
 Was brave without Reward, without Vain-
 (glory wise.

*On Lord Roscommon, from Mr
Dryden.*

IN Charles's Time, and by Roscommon's Pen,
The Muses Empire is restor'd agen :
Yet modestly he does his Work survey,
And calls his finish'd Poem an Essay.

*On Bishop SPRAT, from Mr.
Dryden.*

THE Pride and Advocate of *Britain's* Isle,
As well as the Refiner of its Stile ;
For unsuspected Honesty renown'd,
With Age, with Honour, and with Judgment
(crown'd.
Such *Rocheſter*, in whose unshaken Breast,
Peace, Knowledge, Loyalty divinely rest.

Characters

*Characters pick'd out of Mrs.
PHILLIPS'S Poems, apply'd to
several Persons.*

On Mrs. -----

(good and great,
HER well taught Mind, which makes her
Is to her both a Shelter and Retreat;
Her Frame of Soul has such content alone,
It needs no Entertainment but its own;
She is made up within, resolv'd and fix'd,
And will not with a base Allay be mix'd:
Above the World, can equally despise
Both its Temptations and its Injuries.
She studies to do good (for one may be
Harmless for want of Opportunity.)
But She's industrious Kindness to dispence,
And therein covets only Eminence:
She's still her self when Company is gone,
Too well employ'd ever to be alone.
Just to her Word, to all Religious kind,
In Duty strict, in Bounty unconfin'd.

On Mrs. -----

DUTY and not Ambition is her Aim,
 Because she studies Virtue more than
 (Fame;
 Her better Part she can nor change, nor lose,
 She all God's Will can bear, can do, can chuse.
 She scorns to envy Wealth where e'er it be,
 But pities such a Golden Slavery.
 Sin to commit she fears and trembles still,
 Can better stand a Breach than act an ill;
 For studying God in all his Volumes, she
 Begins the Business of Eternity.
 She dares not wish, nor her own Fate propound,
 But if God lends, reads Love in every Wound;
 And wou'd not lose for all the Joys of Sense,
 The glorious Pleasures of Obedience.

On Mrs. -----

NO dark ambitious Thoughts do cloud her (brow,
 Nor restless Cares when to be rich, and
 (how.
 She knows the World, and what we Pleasures
 (call,
 But cannot sell one Conscience for 'em all:
 With no false Glosses can the People court,
 Nor wholly slight a popular Report:

Yet

Yet in the Beauty of her order'd Mind,
 Does still a new rich Satisfaction find;
 Innocent *Epicure*, whose single Breast
 Can furnish her with a continual Feast;
 For as the *Manna* of the *Israelites*
 Had several Tastes to please all Appetites;
 So her Contentment is that Cath'lick Food,
 That makes all States seem fit, as well as good.
 She in her Bosom does her Comfort wear,
 And seeks her Happiness, and Treasure there;
 And unconcern'd without, retains a Power
 To suck, like Bees, a Sweet from every Flower:
 Her Grace and Reason, which best Succours
 (bring,
 Does with Advantage manage every thing.

On Mrs. -----

Freedom from Vice is in her Nature's Part,
 Without the Help of Discipline, or Art.
 Her Soul than Diamonds more fine and clear,
 Cheerful and open, as her Face does wear;
 She's her own Happiness, and her own Law,
 Whereby she keeps her Passions all in awe.
 Nor was this wrought in her by Time and
 Her Genius had anticipated both; (Growth,
 Her inward Calm prevents her Enemies,
 For she can neither Envy nor Despise:
 She Flattery and Falshood does so hate,
 She wou'd not buy Ten Lives at such a rate.

She

She directs Honour inward, sets it free
 From Title, and from Popularity:
 She's fixt to Virtue, and begs Praise of none,
 But's witness'd, and rewarded both, at Home.

On Mrs. -----

SHE is so prudent, and yet so sincere,
 The Dove more than the Serpent does
 (appear;
 In her Discourse, so candid and serene,
 The Image of such Virtue may be seen,
 As may the Bad reproach, if not reduce,
 And take away their Fault, or their Excuse:
 Nor are her Graces coarsly set, for she
 Out does Example in Civility.

On Mrs: -----

THE Rays did in her Countenance appear,
 Gain'd Love and Veneration every
 (where;
 Her Virtue was her Choice and not her Chance,
 Not mov'd by Age, nor born of Ignorance.
 By several means she different Persons ty'd,
 Who by her Goodness only were ally'd:
 Her Ingenuity did with Ease find out,
 What others study with great Pains and Doubt.

Her

Her Zeal was Primitive and Practick too,
 She did believe, and pray, and read, and do:
 Yet Fate and Nature have so curious been,
 To give her Worth and Scene to show it in:
 For Providence employ'd her here below,
 And paid her in Variety of Woe.

On Mr. ———

A Man so sedulous, sincere and kind,
 My best Remembrance knows not where
 (to find:
 Not given to Pride, nor Partiality;
 In Action sprightly, and in Humour free;
 In Business thoughtful, careful, and exact;
 In Method curious, and in Form compact:
 To Promise cautious, in Performance just;
 True to his Friend, and faithful to his Trust:
 Himself he judges, on himself debates;
 Revenge dislikes, and Cruelty he hates:
 For when his Enemy is in his Hand,
 His Mercy always does his Right withstand;
 His Alms I do admire, but not relate,
 For his own Works shall praise him in the
 (Gate.

*On Mr. ———, taken from Mr.
COWLEY, Mrs. PHILLIPS, and
Mr SMITH.*

OF him I cannot which is hardest tell,
Or not to praise him, or to praise him
(well;

Under his Beams my faint Idea's sink,
For he more justly liv'd than I can think :
In him the Noble and the Brave did meet,
To show what's truly, and what's nicely great.
Such was the useful Mixture of his Mind,
As was both courteous, valorous, and kind :
Religiously all Filial Rites he paid,
Tenderly lov'd, ingenuously obey'd ;
In his Discourse agreeably Serene,
The Image of such Virtue might be seen,
As, with his sweet Deportment, did express
His Virtue was his Nature, not his Dress ;
For they that knew him well were sure to feel,
His Temper gen'rous was, his Mind genteel.
His Soul was up betimes, and much concern'd,
To grasp all Excellence that cou'd be learn'd ;
All his rare Virtues were to Ripeness grown,
'Ere yet his Flower of Youth was fully blown.
All Autumns Store did his rich Spring adorn,
Like Trees in Paradise, he with Fruit was born.
His Converse, like an Angel, brought Relief
To the severest Agonies of Grief :

With

With harmless Gallantry and blameless Truth,
 He triumph'd o'er the daring Sins of Youth;
 And tho' Death seiz'd him, he has left behind
 These Copies of his most Capacious Mind;
 Which makes my Loss, tho' vast, this Comfort
 (give,
 While they survive, my happy Saint will live.

A S O N G.

IF mighty Wealth, that gives the Rules
 To vicious Men, and cheating Fools,
 Cou'd but preserve me in the Prime
 Of blooming Youth, and purchase Time;
 Then I wou'd covet Riches too,
 And cheat, and scrape as others do:
 And when the Minister of Fate,
 Pale Death, was knocking at my Gate,
 I'd send him loaded back with Coyn,
 A Bribe of richer Dust than mine.
 But since that Life must slide away,
 And Wealth can't purchase one poor Day,
 Why shou'd my Fears increase my Pain,
 And waste my Time with Sighs in vain?
 Since Riches cannot Life supply,
 They are an useless Poverty.
 Swift Time, that can't be bought to stay,
 I'll try to guide the gentlest Way;
 'Mong chearful Friends, brisk Wine shall pass,
 And drown a Care in every Glas;
 Sometimes diverted by Love's Charms,
 The Circle made by *Celia's* Arms.

A S O N G.

I Smile at Love, and all its Arts,
 The charming *Cynthia* crys:
 Take heed, for Love has fatal Darts,
 A wounded Swain replies.
 Once free and blest, as you are now,
 I dally'd with its Charms;
 I sported with his little Bow,
 And pointed at his Arms;
 'Till urg'd too far, Revenge he crys;
 A fatal Shaft he drew,
 It took its Passage through your Eyes,
 And to my Heart it flew.
 To tear it thence I strove in vain,
 For I too quickly found,
 'Twas only to increase the Pain,
 And to enlarge the Wound.

*The Head of Man compar'd to a
 Hive of Bees, from the Dutchess
 of Newcastle.*

THE Head of Man just like a Hive is made,
 The Brain is like a Comb exactly laid,
 Where every Thought just like a Bee does dwell
 Each by itself, within a parted Cell:

The

The Soul does govern all, as does their King,
 Employs each Thought upon each several
 (Thing:
 Some Fancies, like small Gnats, buz in the Brain,
 And by the Hand of worldly Cares are slain :
 But they do sting so sore the Poet's Head,
 His Mind is blister'd, and his Thoughts turn
 (red.

Our brisk Imagination runs about
 In every Place, tho' none can trace it out :
 If Thoughts be the Mind's Creatures, as some
 (say,
 Then, like the rest, they on each other prey.

Thoughts, as a Pen, do write upon the Brain;
 The Letters, which wise Thoughts do write,
 (are plain.

No Mind can think, nor Understanding
 (know,
 To what a Height and Vastness Love can grow.

There's none should Places have in Fame's
 (high Court,
 But those that first do win Inventions Fort,
 Not Messengers, which only make report.

*The Golden Verses of Pythagoras,
containing the Sum of the whole
Pythagorean Doctrine, taken
from Mr Stanly.*

(adore:

First, in their Ranks, the immortal Gods
Thy Oath keep next ; great Heroes then
(implore,
 Terrestrial Demons with due Sacrifice,
 Thy Parents Reverence, and near Allies.
 Him that is first in Vertue make thy Friend,
 And with Observance his kind Speech attend ;
 Nor (to thy Power) for light Faults cast him
 Thy Power is Neighbour to Necessity. (by,
 These know, and with intentive Care pursue,
 But Anger, Sloth, and Luxury subdue ;
 In fight of others, or thy self forbear
 What's ill, but of thy self stand most in fear.
 Let Justice all thy Words and Actions sway,
 Nor from the even Course of Reason stray ;
 For know, that all Men are to die ordain'd,
 And Riches are as quickly lost as gain'd.
 Crosses that happen by Divine Decree,
 (If such thy Lot) bear not impatiently ;
 Yet seek to remedy with all thy Care,
 And think the just has not the greatest Share.
 'Mongst Men, Discourses good and bad are
(spread,
 Despise not those, nor be by these misled.

If any some notorious Falshood say,
 Thou the Report with equal Judgment weigh.
 Let not Men's smother Promises invite,
 Nor rougher Threats, from just Resolves thee
 (fright.

If ought thou should'st attempt, first ponder it,
 Fools only inconsiderate Acts commit ;
 Nor do what afterwards thou must repent,
 First learn to know the thing on which thou'rt
 (bent.

Thus thou a Life shalt lead with joy repleat.
 Nor must thou Care of outward Health forget.
 Such Temp'rance use in Exercise and Dyet,
 As may preserve thee in a settled Quiet.

Meats unprohibited, not curious chuse,
 Decline what any other may accuse.

The rash Expence of Vanity detest,
 And Sordidness, a Mean in all is best.

Hurt not thy self; before thou act advise ;
 Nor suffer Sleep at Night to close thy Eyes,
 Till thrice thy acts that Day thou hast o'er run,
 How slipt, what Deeds, what Duty left undone.
 Thus thy Account sum'd up from first to last,
 Grieve for the Ill, joy for what Good is past.

These study, practise these, and these affect,
 To Sacred Virtue these thy Steps direct.

Eternal Nature's Fountain I attest,

Who the Tetractis on our Souls imprest ;

Before thy Mind thou to this Study bend,

Invoke the Gods to grant it a good End ;

These if thy Labour vanquish, thou shalt then

Know the Contexture both of Gods and Men.

How every Thing proceeds, or by what stay'd,
 And know (as far as fit to be survey'd)
 Nature alike thro'ghout, that thou may'st learn,
 Not to hope hopeless Things, but all discern;
 And know those Wretches, whose perverser
 (Wills

Draw down upon their Heads spontaneous Ills;
 Unto the good that's nigh them deaf and blind,
 Some few, the Cure of these Misfortunes find.
 This only is the Fate that harms, and rowls
 Thro' Miseries successive, humane Souls;
 Within is a continual hidden fright,
 Which we to shun must study, not excite.
 Great Jove! how little Trouble shou'd we
 (know,

If thou to all Men woud'st their Genius show:
 But fear not thou; Man come of heavenly
 (Race,

Taught by Diviner Nature what t'imbrace;
 Which, if pursu'd, thou all I name shalt gain,
 And keep thy Soul clear from thy Body's Stain.
 In time of Prayer and cleansing, Meat's deny'd,
 Abstain from; thy Minds Reins let Reason
 (guide.

Then stript of Flesh, up to free Æther soar,
 A deathless God, Divine, mortal no more.

T H E



THE
Agreeable Variety, &c.

PART II.

KATHARINA to her Son
SAMUELIO.

Dear Child,



HAVE receiv'd yours, and
have performed what you de-
sired.

I pray God to bless you,
and give you his holy Spirit;
I hope your own earnest
Prayers to God will procure
you this inestimable Blessing, and make the
Effects of it visible in your Conversation, by

an honest conscientious Discharge of your Duty in the Post you are in ; and by an humble obliging Carriage towards all People you have any Occasion to converse with ; for Pride and Passion render Men uneasy to their Relations, and intollerable to others : And be assur'd, nothing but a holy Life will enable any Man comfortably to abide that Day of Tryal, that in its appointed Time will overtake every one living. And as such a Life will secure your chiefest Happiness, the Salvation of your Soul ; so it will promote your inferiour Interest in its Place ; the Reputation of Honesty and Industry, will recommend you to Employments of Trust ; and Temperance and Sobriety, will secure the Peace of your own Mind, as well as benefit your Health, and advance your Credit ; it being the second Part of the Character Men commonly give, that the Person they speak of is a sober Man. I hope you will think that what I have said on this Subject, is purely to benefit your self ; for it is but a little Time I can have in this World, or to receive either Joy or Sorrow from any Thing here ; but while I live I shall be glad to know that you are first Pious and Virtuous, and then Happy and Prosperous, being your most Affectionate Mother,

K—

Gloriana

Gloriana to Victoria.

Dear Friend,

A Passionate Humour and Disposition in Children should be check'd betimes, for of all other it is most apt to increase ; and there is nothing so hard to conquer as those Faults which are the Result of our Nature ; nor is there any Time so fit and proper to endeavour the reducing them, as at the first Discovery of them. In order to which, Correction is at some times absolutely necessary. Children seldom fear what they have not felt ; 'tis the burnt Child which dreads the Fire. I own, that Fear is but an ill Motive to a good Action, but 'tis a good Restraint upon a bad one ; and they who take Fear from Children deprive, themselves of a necessary Tool in the Management of them. I think it is useful to have a Hank upon their Fear, till their Reason is of some Strength ; tho' I am not for Severity, but am for treating Children with Argument, Perswasion and Encouragement, Love and Tenderneſs, but there is a Time for all Things.

I am yours for ever,

Gloriana.

Sacha-

Sacharissa to Victoria, on the
Death of a young Child.

Dear Cousin,

AS I have a very sincere Friendship for you, so, methinks, I should do my self the Right to shew it upon this Occasion ; yet am I at a Loss in what manner : If I take the Liberty to express the tender Sense I have of your Loss, I fear sharpening the Edge of the Weapon, rather than abating the Force : Therefore I have delayed the Time, till I hope your own Reason and Piety have recover'd their Strength, and enabled you to receive this Chastisement from our Heavenly Father, with a Smile, now that you have abundantly paid the Debt to Nature, and to return with more than calm Submission to God, even with Thanksgiving ; that he has soon taken to himself your sweet Babe, preventing not only all the Labour and Toil of Life, but all the Guilt and Sin it must of necessity have contracted here ; and now being wash'd in Water, sanctify'd by the Word and Prayer, is deliver'd from further Defilement. It is both our Interest and our Duty to submit to unerring Wisdom ; they that have longest Experience of Life, find great Reason to rejoyce in the Mercy manifested to those that finish their Course. You can think of two Souls you have a particular Relation to, that
 are

are attain'd to the Fulness of Joy, which is at God's Right Hand, whither we all long to be preferr'd; and shall we repine that they have their Reward without their Work, of his Bounty, who has done and suffer'd all for them. What is there in this World that should make us wish either our Friends, or our own Stay in it, longer than we can glorify God in suffering his good Pleasure? there is so great an Emptiness in all sublunary Things, that they cannot of themselves give us one Moment's Happiness. Let us therefore make use of the Grace God gives us, to enjoy his Gifts while he thinks fit; and then chearfully resign the Tribute his Wisdom takes. I hope this Advice will prove of some use to you. I know you will excuse the Freedom from your Affectionate Friend.

Judithea to Victoria.

JUST now by Accident I receiv'd a Letter from my true and dear Friend; it was brought to another, and going to be return'd, but I, seeing it was your dear Hand, readily paid the Post, guessing it was a kind Enquiry after my Health. I wept for Joy at the friendly Contents, and then for Sorrow that I had caused you to be troubled. The *Monday*, after your last, before this came to my Hand,

Hand, I thought I could not live that Day, and was afterwards taken with an Ague, and have had it every Night since, so that you see Sickness has prevented my Writing to you. I hope when warm Weather comes, I shall recover, for I know that God can raise from the Gate of the Grave. I am weary in Body, but not in Mind. I remain,

Your really loving Friend,

Judithea.

Gloriana to Victoria.

My dear Friend,

THO' I have deferr'd my Thanks for your surprizing Visit, I am not the less sensible of your Favour. I can much more chearfully thank you for it now, than I could when you was with me; for the Concern I had for your Safety, did very much abate the Pleasure which otherwise I should have had in seeing you. I had a thousand Fears for you, and Crouds of ridiculous Fancies to torment me, till your welcome with'd for Letter reach'd me. I believe I thought on all the Dangers Imagination could form on such an Occasion; but the worst of my Fears were something alleviated by the Confidence

I had in *Philaster's* Care and Discretion. I waited with great Expectation Yesterday for a Letter from *Urania*, but finding my self disappointed, I must suppose your Hour is not yet over. I resolve not to be eagerly impatient, but quietly wait the glad News, which I know I shall have as soon as possible. The wet Weather makes me a Prisoner here, but it is but one Half of me that can be confin'd. I am glad you have *Urania's* good Company, who, I presume, won't leave you now. One Day in her Conversation is better than ten Volumes of what I can say in Writing; I will therefore give Place to better Entertainment.

My Hopes for you are more than equal to my Fears; if these did most prevail, you'd find this wrote with Tears.

*To Heaven's abounding Care my Friend I do resign,
And shall expect from thence her Happiness and
(mine.*

Obio to Philaster.

My dear Friend,

YOU are so generous as never to fail me of very satisfactory Answers to my Requests, which swells my Account to a prodigious Sum. I have not such a Friend in
the

the World as your self; your last gave me fresh Assurances of your Kindness and Friendship to me, by the Efforts and Endeavours you have used to place me once more in *London*. So eminently has your Friendship been expressed on all Occasions to me, that I blush to think of my Obligations. Your Kindnesses are frequent and peculiar, how to compensate them I know not, good Providence direct me ! I wish you both much Joy and Comfort in little dear *Dorothea*, and return you both many Thanks for admitting me to be Witness, by Proxy, in initiating her into the Number of Christians. May she ever proceed, and persevere in that holy Profession till her Life's End. I hope you did me Justice in paying those Rites to the Female Officers, which is due to them on such Occasions.

Your Friend the Rev'rend *Bassillio* is a Gentleman of such Accomplishments and excellent Qualifications, that he gains the Admiration and the Heart of all he converses with ; for my own part, I am captivated by his great Sense, Ingenuity, and obliging Deportment : This, with my most hearty Respects, concludes me my best and truest Friend,

Tours, &c.

Obio.

Panthea

Panthea to Victoria.

Dear Victoria,

YOUR Letter was a very pleasing Good-morrow to me ; I will order your Things according to Desire, and will take all the Care I can of your Affairs. Enjoy your self while at Liberty ; I shall long to see you, being

Your most affectionate Friend to command,

Panthea.

Albicinda to Victoria.

Dear Cousin,

I Begin now to think Writing a Diversion, since I have no other Way of conversing with you. I long very much to see my dear Friend, and all whom she loves.

*Dear Friend ; for surely I may call you so,
Who does so well the Laws of Friendship know ;
I'm sure you mean the Kindness you profess,
And to be lov'd by you's a Happiness.*

The Lady B—— always asks how you do, and says she loves you for your Sincerity. I have writ to *Esteria*, but she has never been so kind as to answer my Letter. I give you

a

a thousand Thanks for your kind Invitation, and shall not fail to give my self the Satisfaction of accepting it at the Time appointed, if nothing extraordinary prevent me, who am,

Yours, &c.

Albicinda.

Gloriana to Victoria.

IT was very kind in you to gratify my Desire, when I least expected it. The frequent Converse which I have with you by Letters, is some Allay to your Absence; for my Imagination always represents you to my Thoughts kind and endearing. You have given an exact Description of *Urania*; if the Painter had drawn her Face as well as you have drawn her Mind, I shou'd like her Picture much better than I do. I am sorry for poor *Juditha's* Illness; it is very sad to know that our Friends are languishing, under a Disease that must end 'em. It is highly necessary to the Happiness of our Lives, that we shou'd firmly believe an unerring Providence, a Dependence on which does calm our Mind, and stifle our Complaints, and resist our vain Reasonings, and kindly deprive us of many anxious Cares and Fears. Pray God fit and prepare

pare us, and make us ready and willing to embrace the last Stroke: We have continual *Memento's* from without, and Remembrances from within, of that inevitable Hour. Your last dang'rous Visit to me, was too great a Hazard for so transient a Satisfaction. The safest Way is to keep our selves out of Danger as much as possibly we can. Sympathy, Instinct, Imagination, and Infection, who can tell their Limits, or their Power; where they are bounded, and what determines them? There is in Nature many Things so intricate, dark and strange, that the greatest Naturalists and wisest Philosophers are at a loss to define any thing concerning them. I conclude for this time, assuring you, that my Desires, Hopes, and Aims are the same with yours, both in Quality and Degree, being yours ever.

Bassillio to Aurelia.

Aurelia,

Remember you are of a good Family, born to Principles of Honour. I shall not therefore treat you as you have done me, but pity your Misfortunes that have made you stoop so much below your self. Nor is it worth my while to answer those little Splenetick Reflections you throw on me; but

P

hoping

hoping they proceed rather from Mistake than Malice, I will clear those that are worth taking Notice of.

Now I think it sufficiently appears, that you have not only dealt ungenteely but ungratefully by me; but the Consideration of your Troubles shall blot out all Resentment. Nor shall you have a Friend the worse for me; but I shall reserve those little Services that lye in my Power for those that know how to be sensible of them. However, I cannot part without a Word of Advice, in relation to your other Friends. It is a great Folly for any one, in slender Circumstances, to take pet, and fall out with their Friends upon Trifles. Believe me, Madam, in the World we live, Friends are hard to get, and hard to keep; therefore pray make much of those you have, lest you shou'd repent of the want of them; and take not this Advice ill from your Well-wisher,

And humble Servant,

Bassilio.

Delia to Victoria.

I Have a long time expected to hear from dear *Victoria*; but not being so happy, I can no longer content my self without Writing.

ting. I want to know how you do, and cou'd not have been so long Silent, if I had not been very busy. Pray give my Service to dear *Philaster*, with a thousand Thanks to him for all his Favours, and good Advice. If you will be so kind as to lend me Mrs. *Phillips's* Poems, I will be sure to take Care of them, being for ever

Your obliged and affectionate Cousin,

Delia.

Obio to Victoria.

Dear Madam,

MY good Friend *Philaster's* Letter inform'd me of the dangerous Condition a most violent Fever had reduc'd you to. His own Hopes of your Recovery fail'd him, and the great Discouragement the threatening Distemper gave several of your Friends, advanc'd his Fears. This melancholy Account too soon alarm'd my Quiet, and made me pensive to my very Soul, being under the saddest Apprehensions of the Loss of so dear an obliging Friend. I was inconsolable, till it pleas'd the great and wise Disposer of all Events in Mercy to look upon you, and to mitigate the Severity of the Distemper. You may, good Madam, imagine what a Serenity and Calm the good News of your Recovery

produc'd in my disturb'd and ruff'd Mind, after such a Hurricane; indeed I was transported to a very great Degree of Joy and Satisfaction. I pray God continue your Life and Health for many Years; that if it shall please him that I may see that famous City again where you are, I may enjoy your innocent friendly Conversation as formerly. I wish you much Joy and Comfort of young *Dorothea*; I wish I cou'd say my dear God-Daughter. Indeed it troubles me that you debar me of that Priviledge, by not accepting of my little Offerings reasonably due on such Occasions; I expect, and request it may not be refused me; for those little customary Dues are as requisite to be perform'd as the Ring in Matrimony; without which Ceremony, I think the one as well as the other is not so fast and binding; and therefore I once again desire I may not be denied this my friendly Request, of doing that to others, which, if it were my own Case, I shou'd expect from them. I long for an Account how my dear little Friends *Thirsis* and *Daphny* steer their Course: At present they are very young; when they arrive at the reasonable Part, I doubt not but they will both Answer your Expectation and Desire. Pray favour me here in the next Opportunity with my humble Service to *Philaster*. I am,

Dear Madam,

Your most affectionate sincere humble Servant,
Obio.

Gloriana to Victoria.

IT is not you, my Friend, nor half the World besides, that can perswade my Adversary into one good Thought of me: Can she say she has done me no Wrong? To have known her true Sentiments of me, you shou'd have spoke to her in the Quality of my Enemy rather than my Friend; for it is not her Custom to rail at me to my Friends, but to her own; which she always chuses, not by their Expressions of Love to her, but according to the Malice they show to those which she hates. She is a Woman of weak Judgment, and depraved Understanding; of resolute Will, and blinded Imagination; inconstant in her Love, and fix'd in her Hatred; of a strong and forcible Jealousy and Suspicion, which betrays her into many Errors, and hurries her into the most unwarrantable Practices. 'Tis my Endeavour to put her out of my Mind; but when my Griefs take place, she is then ever present to my Imagination as a moving Cause; but fare she well, I hope I shall forgive her in time.

I am pleased with the Interview of little *Dorothea* and her Nurse. God grant her the Continuance of this sweet Disposition; may she have a generous, tender, grateful Soul, apt for Love and Friendship; may she love Musick, Books, Painting and Poetry; may she

she have a healthy Body with a sound Mind; may her Reason ever take place of her Passions; may her Deportment and Behaviour recommend her to the World; and may she be exactly careful to approve herself to herself. I read your Verses often, and readily take the Intimation in them; for the Sun seldom shines, but I think of you. I endeavour to follow your Advice, which is always pleasing and welcome to me, who am

Your faithful, constant, and sincere Friend,

Gloriana.

Bassillio to Philaster.

Dear Old Friend,

A Vertuous Retirement were a Life not only to be preferr'd, but even to be admir'd and envy'd, were it not for one great Unhappiness that attends it, which is that our Friends are apt to forget us. I have heard from you but once since I came into this Desert. Will not Curiosity at least move you to enquire how I bear a retir'd Life, who have been so many Years accusom'd to Business and Company? It was indeed very irksom to me at first; but now that I am like to do some little Good here, it gives me some Life; and 'tis a mighty Satisfaction to me,
that

that I am able now to account for the Dispensations of Providence, in appointing me a Station amongst these Savages, as I may well call them ; for indeed Religion is in a manner totally sunk in these Parts. The Church looks as if it had never been enter'd since the Round Heads made a Stable of it ; there is neither Light to read by, nor Clerk to Answer, nor Pulpit to preach in. If good Eating and Drinking were the chief Happiness of Life, I might be truly said to be as happy as an *Epicurean* Philosopher ; but there is not a Gentleman, nor Clergyman of Sense, nor a Market Town, nor a Conversible Creature within Ten Miles of us. I am extreamly glad my Friend *Thirsis* comes on so well in his Learning ; pray buy him *Pufendorf's* Introduction to History, and let it be the Employment of his leisure Hours ; and get him a good Map of *Europe*, that he may know where the Country lies that he reads of : Let him first take that part which treats of *England*. When you have Time, it will be a Pleasure to you to read what you set him, and then you will know how he improves. I beg my sincere Respects to *Victoria*, and all the Olive Branches, and am,

Dear Friend, Your most affectionate Friend

And humble Servant,

Bassilio.

The Honourable Bellinda to Albicinda.

My Dear,

I Wou'd write to you often, but really when one has nothing to say that is useful, it can't be agreeable to the Receiver. I am sure if I cou'd do you the least Service, I shou'd think nothing a Trouble; for I desire nothing more than your Advantage; nor have I a truer Value for any Body than I have for your dear self. I have receiv'd yours; I wish I cou'd say with Satisfaction; but that is impossible, since you are uneasy, which is and ever must be a real Concern to one who esteems you so sincerely as I do. Where I have once declar'd a Friendship, I am incapable of Change; there is no such Thing as a Decay in my Kindness to you, but you are dearer to me than ever; and whenever it is in my Power to show it, I will serve you to your utmost Desires. I am more surprized than I am able to express, that you shou'd think I am chang'd. I beg and beseech you, my dear, to believe me just the same as ever. I am something in haste to Day, so that I can only add that I am with Truth and Kindness,

Your affectionate Friend,

Bellinda.

Gloriana to Victoria.

Dear Victoria,

I Am pleas'd to find my Thoughts of your Son seconded and confirmed by *Apollo*. 'Tis certain that he has all the Ingredients which may compose an excellent Person; and most of them born with him. But you and his Father are both hasty Folks, and I suppose would like to have a Miracle wrought in favour of you; you wou'd have him perfect, and meet your Wishes in an instant. But hold, humane Perfections are progressive, and there will be a Difference between Fifteen and Five and Twenty. He will certainly write well in a little time, if he be put upon minding it; but School-boys are generally awkward at writing, and you must not expect him to write straight till he has done learning with other Boys. When he is Master of good Sense, I hope he won't lay it wrong upon his Paper. Every Body ought to proportion their Expectation to the Years and Capacity of those with whom they make the Comparison.

Adieu.

Victoria

Victoria to Thirsis.

Dear Thirsis,

BE daily conversant in the holy Scripture, and keep Heaven always in view ; let your Common-Prayer Book be your constant Method for private as well as publick Devotion ; and the best bred Men your Pattern for good Manners. Be acquainted with none but such as live a godly, righteous, and sober Life. Have Familiarity with none but such as are eminent for some commendable Qualifications ; and be not forward to contract a particular Friendship with any one ; chase Sorrow from your Heart, and diligently exercise the Talents which God has given you. Have a full Trust in his Providence, and be perfectly resign'd to his Will. Make Business your Delight, and Idleness your Aversion. Read Books in good Repute, and mind what you read. Let your Contemplation proceed to Action, and perform your Duty handsomly. Let your Heart be generous, and your Hand frugal. Concern your self as little as may be with other's Affairs. Be Cautious of the World, lest cunning Persons impose upon you. Borrow not without absolute Necessity, nor lend without due Consideration. Be serviceable to all as far as is consistent with your Honour and Happiness, but receive not many Obligations. Take good Advice willingly,

lingly, and be not affronted at friendly Re-
proof. Expect no special Favours, no, not
even from your Friends. Be orderly in every
Thing, but trouble not your self with many
Rules.

Bassillio to Victoria.

OWing my good Friend a Return to her
last Letter, I take this Opportunity to
discharge it. You told me your Son was gone
to Sea. I commend *Philaſter's* Prudence and
your Patience, for that I ſuppoſe was all the
Share you had in his going. The Diſcipline of
the Navy adds Strength to the Body, and
Proweſs to the Mind; and for the Danger of
the Sea, I am fully of Opinion, that he that
is there on a good Account, is as much under
the Care of Providence, and conſequently as
ſecure of his Life, (tho' there be but a few
Inches of Timber between him and the Deep)
as if he were in *Warwick Caſtle*. The Happineſs
you have in *Gloriana's* Company, is doubtleſs
worth your greateſt Regard. I am truly of your
Mind, that there is no Enjoyment on this ſide
the Grave to be compar'd to that Angelical
State of Friendſhip, where the Perſons are of
equal Tempers and Diſpoſitions, of equal
Hopes and Deſires; are got above the World;
can ſit contentedly in their little Cell, and
bravely

bravely shun its Charms, and despise its Frowns ; and equally aspire after, and walk Hand in Hand to Eternity ; for no Friendship is compleat without this ; such Friends are in a Sort of Paradisiacal State, a Happiness to be conceiv'd by none but those who enjoy it. This is all at present from,

Madam,

Your sincere Friend,

Bassilio.

Philaster to Victoria.

TEN thousand times my Dear, by God's Providence, I am very well, and safely arriv'd at the *Hague*, which is a Place pleasant to the Eye, but a sort of Hell for Expences ; but I am kindly entertain'd, and want nothing but your agreeable Conversation. I have you always in my Mind, and expect a Letter from you with all the Desire possible. I shall stay no longer here than Business will require me : For tho' Affairs go well and good Company, kind and civil, yet neither this nor any Thing else can, without you, compleat my Satisfaction. No ! nothing is valuable to me, in comparison of you. Swift Time deprives me of longer
Con-

Conversation with you ; having more Letters to write by this Post. I am forced to conclude, with my kind Love to the Children, and all Friends, and Prayers to God for a happy Meeting to us all. I rest,

My dear Saint,

Your sincerely affectionate

Tender Husband,

Philaster.

Rofania to Victoria.

THE Guilt of my own Demerits makes me almost despair of a Letter from dear *Victoria*. I still upbraid my self with my past Neglects, and think how often I might have had your pleasing Conversation, and am now so unhappy as to be depriv'd of it; but dear bought Experience will instruct me how to prize it. I have not found a Temper here I could bear to have any Conversation with but the Parson, and he is worse in the Hippo than my self, and I can no more endure Mirth than Owls can Day-light. I have been very ill, and shall remove from hence as soon as I am able. Nothing but
your

your agreeable Conversation can charm my
troubled Soul to Rest.

*May Providence preserve you still from Harm,
Oh ! may you ever Love, and ever Charm.*

As you have done

Your loving Friend,

Rosania.

Athanasius to Victoria.

Good Madam,

I Have here, according to my Promise, sent
you the Book I mention'd, when I was
so happy to have your good Company last.
It is much in Request, written by one of the
fair and excellent Sex, and I doubt not but
the Perusal of it will afford you a great deal
of Pleasure, and no less Advantage ; for if I
am in any Measure a proper Judge of it, I'll
assure you I have not met with any Thing
that exceeds it ; either for Clearness of Reason-
ing, Strength of Argument, or Smoothness
of Oratory, which are such Qualifications in
an Author, as are sufficient to render it a
pleasing Entertainment. But supposing I
should not be so happy as to have the Con-
currence of your brighter and more discern-
ing

ing Judgment ; yet I hope your reading of it will have this good Effect upon you, as to convince you, that your matchless Sex are capable of higher Things than some Persons are pleased to imagine, and that if you had the same Advantage of Education which the Men have, you would as far excel them in Knowledge and ingenious Attainments, as the Sun exceeds the Moon in Brightness and Magnitude. Much more might be said on this delightful Subject, but fearing I should intrench too much upon your precious Minutes, I shall put a Period to this hasty Scribble, being,

Good Madam,

Your unfeign'd humble Servant,

Athanasius.

Victoria to Athanasius.

S I R,

I Thank you for your obliging Letter, and am glad you have so great an Esteem for our Sex. I own I do think them much more agreeable than your Sex can possibly be, and some of them as Apprehensive, Contemplative, and Studious ; but that don't convince me that all their Endeavours can procure them
fo

so much Wisdom, Understanding and Knowledge as Men might be Masters of, did they not oppose those Natural Illuminations God has bestow'd on them.

As for the Author of the Book you was pleased to send me, I believe she is a virtuous Woman, as well as a celebrated Wit; but in my Opinion, too Positive, and too Satirical. Mrs. Burnet's Book, entituled, *A Method for Devotion*, I would recommend to the Perusal of my Friends; yet with this Restriction, viz. that her Prayers should only be us'd as Meditations; and indeed if I might advise them, not only Mrs. Burnet's, but all other Forms of Prayer, (except the Common Prayer) should be made use of as Meditations, and not otherwise. When your Business will permit, I should be very glad of the Favour of a Visit from you, being,

S I R,

Your most obliged humble Servant,

Victoria.

*Gloriana to Victoria, on the Death
of her Father.*

THE Concern I have for my dear Friend's Affliction, will not suffer her to be one Hour out of my Thoughts. I beg you not
to

to give too much way to your Grief; but summon to your Aid all the Assistances of Reason and Religion. You have indeed buried your Father, but the Loss of him has many Allays; he dy'd, after a long Life well spent, a Natural Death, and without any torturing Distemper. Death did not rudely snatch him from your full Hopes of many Years to come, but gently drew him from your Wishes. You have been exact in the Performance of your Duty to him, and you may consider, that as one Blessing is taken from you, so you have many left, which are not the less considerable for being common. The Cause of your Tears indeed is very great, and in a Soul so passionate and tender as yours, makes a very deep Impression; but the more sharp it is, the greater Reason you have to withstand its Force: You must struggle and contend, and not easily yield your self a Prey to that Tyrant, Melancholy. And then as you are a Christian, Patience under Sufferings, and Resignation to the Will of God, are as much Christian Duties as any other; and as every Grace and every Duty has its proper Season, so you shou'd now acquiesce in this Dispensation; for we are well assur'd that all Events are the Product of God's unerring Providence. We petition God as our Father, and as such we must be contented with his Choice for us: We daily pray that his Will may be done, therefore shou'd not murmur when it is done, tho' it run counter to

our own. When we part with one whose Happiness we have Reason to believe secure, the Consideration of the World they have left, and of that which they are gone to, is sufficient to quiet us. You see I take the Liberty of a Friend, and let me intreat you to admit of all Things which may tend to the removing your sad Thoughts. Pray be prevailed with to go Abroad, and willingly receive all Company that comes to you, which will insensibly be serviceable to you, if you don't oppose it. I will see you the first Opportunity, being

Yours ever,

Gloriana.

From Plymouth.

Hybernia to Victoria,

Dear Cousin,

THOU' it's Two a Clock Sunday Morning, I sit up in some Pain to tell you your Son is very well, and safe come hither, as mine is, God make us both thankful; and never young Man had a better Character than *Thirsis* has, for a sober ingenious Youth, that will certainly make his own Fortune by his close applying himself to Business. They came into *Plymouth-Sound* this Day at Four a Clock; and

and because he is not come Ashoar, I please my self in giving you this Pleasure first. I am,

Yours Affectionately.

Polycarp to Victoria, concerning Saramia.

Madam,

I Am very glad if any Good be likely to come of what passed in Discourse t'other Day. I perceive, as you well observe, besides the Prejudice the poor Gentlewoman has against the Church of *England*, she is almost perfectly ignorant of our Usages and Practices; and I am in some Hopes, the more she comes to know of it, her Aversion will be the less. Bishop *Beveridge's* Sermon will acquaint her with more of the Common-Prayer, than ever she knew before, I believe; and perhaps may raise a Curiosity in her to look into it herself. Possibly by the Benefit of your good Conversation, she may be gradually inform'd of Things that she knows little of now; and perhaps, in Time, dispos'd to hearken to reasonable Conviction; for the Success of which we must wait God's good Time, and depend upon his Grace to move her Heart. In the

mean while I cannot but approve your truly charitable Zeal, in endeavouring, (as you pray) to be an Instrument of bringing into the Way of Truth such as have err'd, and been deceiv'd. I am,

Madam,

Your very humble Servant,

Polycarp.

Polycarp to Victoria, concerning Myra.

Good Madam,

I Am obliged to *Philaster* and your self, for the kind Invitation you have given me; but some necessary Business will hinder me from waiting on you at the Time intended; and I am afraid if you should propose a Meeting at any other Time, we should be defeated still of the good End you propose to your self, for the Lady seems to have taken up a fix'd Resolution of continuing in a Practice so little defensible by Reason, that I much doubt whether any Reason will take Place against such a Resolution. We shall have at least the Disadvantage of arguing against strong Inclinations, which for the most

Part

Part prove an Over-match for any Arguments. However, if you still desire to have the Experiment made, on *Monday* I'll endeavour to wait on you, being,

Good Madam,

Your humble Servant,

Polycarp.

Gloriana to Victoria.

I Can't but smile at the Character you have given your self in your last. I can't contradict what you say, tho' I think, in the whole, it falls short of what you deserve. The Character you have given me would be too Courtly, if you had not given it considerable Allays. You always represent me to your self in Extrems, and always conclude either much too well, or much too ill of me: I know you think what you speak: I can't call your Truth in Question, but I must your Judgment. I must reason you out of this too exalted Opinion of me. I am very much oblig'd to my Friends, that they should love me with so much Passion, Tenderness, and Constancy, as on all Occasions I find they do. All that can be said is, that

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there

there is no Want of Goodness in them, tho' there is Want of Merit in me. As you desired, I have been searching my Heart, and I don't find that I am any Way wanting in Love and Kindness to your self; for tho' my Heart be divided, yet you have a considerable Share in it; but I find that I am much wanting in my Happiness, while you think the contrary. 'Tis something odd, my dear Friend, that I must at the same time defend my self both from the good and ill Opinion of the same Person. I am straitned for Time, but

Am yours ever,

Gloriana.

Basilio to Victoria.

Dear Madam,

TO answer your ingenious poetical Letter in dull Prose, would be an Argument either of my ill Breeding, or Want of Talent in that sublime Art. Tho' we have Naturally too much Pride to own our Imperfections, yet I had much rather be thought guilty of the latter than the former, because it is an Infirmary of Nature. However, as when one with a bad Voice and worse Skill is supposed

posed to know how to sing, by a Company that won't be perswaded but he can, the best way is to give them one formidable Screech, that they may be satisfied, so I'll give you a small Specimen of my Dogg'el; but it cannot be properly called mine, 'tis a Hash of Scraps pick'd out of a Heathen Author. The Occasion was this: I was one Day peevish with my ill Fortune, so that neither Company nor any Book that I had would divert me. I ask'd a Friend that was near me for some Book of his; he brought me *Dryden's Virgil*; *Tom Thumb* would have been as pleasing; what had I to do with the Romantick Sorrow of Lovers and Heroes, that had so many true Ones of my own. I flung it away, walk'd musing about, with recourse to Remedies beyond all worldly Applications; but being a little in the Flutter, and not easily fix'd on abstracted Thoughts, I took up the Book again. I dipt, and found this Advice and Prayer, at least I am oblig'd to the Heathen for good Part of it.

*Endure and conquer, God will soon dispose
To future Good thy past and present Woes.
Recount the Evils thou hast bravely born
In distant Regions, with what gen'rous Scorn,
And Height of Soul, did'st thou in Italy
Repel —————*

*What greater Ills canst thou hereafter bear?
Resume thy Courage, and dismiss thy Fear.*

The Hour will come with Pleasure to relate
 Thy Sorrows past, as Benefits of Fate.
 Thro' various Hazards and Events we move
 To Heaven, the blest Repose of Saints above.
 We must strive hard, if we will gain the Prize,
 The never failing Promise of the Skyes.
 Have Courage then, expose thy just Request,
 To th' all wise God, and to him leave the rest.
 Endure the Pressures of thy present State,
 Live, and reserve thy self to better Fate.

The Prayer.

O God, my Strength, whose mighty Power alone
 Controuls these Regions on thy awful Throne ;
 To thee thy much afflicted Servant cries,
 Who on thy Succour, and thy Word relies.
 Jesu, like us, thou once hast been distress'd,
 'Till re-assum'd to thy bright Seat of Rest.
 O pity then these Woes so like thy own,
 Help this poor Alien in a Land unknown;
 Who to thy Aid, and boundless Mercy flies,
 Injur'd by Fraud, oppress'd by Enemies:
 If Acts of Mercy touch thy Heavenly Mind,
 As thou to Goodness ever art inclin'd ;
 Let me at length my Life to thee return,
 Who in these desert Rocks in Exile mourn.
 Not of the World, of thee I beg Relief,
 'Tis thou alone canst truly ease my Grief.
 Save, or I sink, I strive, but can no more,
 O take the Shipwreck'd to thy friendly Shore :
 So thy great Name and Praise shall ever be
 Proclaim'd with Joy to all Eternity.

To

To find so much Matter for a Christian Prayer in a Heathen Romance, is a little Strange. A Prayer out of *Virgil* sounds oddly ; but the Attempt of reforming the Heathens Words is, I think, no worse a Crime, than 'twou'd be to reform the Heathen were he now alive. By this we may see how much Good is to be learn'd out of Evil.

I think it an Age since I saw my *London* Friends, a Happiness which I hope to enjoy next Month. I am, with mine and my Wife's hearty Service to *Philaster*, and all Friends,

Your most humble and

most Obedient Servant,

Bassillio;

Pamella to Victoria.

My dearest Niece,

MY Grief is too great for a Secret ; but I know not whether my dear *Orinda* has heard of my present Affliction. I beg of you to visit her, and to desire her from me to lay no more of my Sorrow to her Heart : she and you have ever born too great a Share in my Troubles. I hope I have a just and thankful

thankful Sense of all my Obligations to *Philaster*, and of my Happiness in such a dear and tender Friend as your self; you ever was, and are as dear to me as my own Soul, and I know will act in all Things towards me and mine to the utmost of your Power. Your last Letter, amidst my Sorrow, gave me more Comfort than I am able to express. I read it to *Emperia*; she commended it much, and said you was her Cousin. Dearest Niece, let me know the Result of all your Measures, as soon as possibly you can, and the Truth of all Things relating to the Comfort or Discomfort of your most perplexed, but most passionate Lover and true Friend,

Pamella.

Gloriana to Victoria.

AS to the remaining Part of those Letters of yours which are in my Hands, I desire you wou'd think no more of them, but remember how unmerciful you have already been with them. I have so often repented I ever put them into your Power, that I am not to be prevailed with now by your Request, nor dar'd by your Demand, to part with them any more. The Reasons I can give for keeping them, I think, are far more than

than you can give for destroying them. But that you may not think me inexorable, ill-natur'd, or unwilling to oblige you in any reasonable Thing, within my Power, I have found a Way whereby you may redeem them, *viz.* you shall burn all those Letters you have of mine, and you shall tear from your Book all that is copy'd from any thing of mine; in short, before I deliver any of yours, I will be thoroughly satisfy'd that there does not remain one Syllable of mine with you. I received both your Letters; *Sylvia's* I sent to the Post, and since you left 'em open, I did not deny my self the Pleasure of reading 'em; which is all at present from

Yours ever.

Urania to Victoria.

Dear Victoria,

I Have just receiv'd your Letter, which I look'd for with Impatience; having yesterday one by the Post, I can't express the Disappointment it was to me, when I perceived it was not your Hand. I have now some hopes of seeing you, and shall from this Day meet the Coach every Evening, expecting your welcome Visit. Since you approve my imperfect Lines, I am adding something to

to 'em while I stay here. I have against my Will destroy'd your Letter, and must say the Engagement you laid me under to burn it, gave me a real Disturbance. The Weeks seem very long, till I am at Liberty to spend all my spare time with her I so much love, and think continually upon, being

Constantly yours,

Urania.

Gloriana to Victoria.

Dear Friend,

YOUR kind Letter I was pleased to see, but did not expect. As to *Daphne's* Journey into the Country, I can be but an ill Judge of what Improvement she may make there, because I know none of those Persons who are to have the Management of her. I can't but think she wou'd have been as much a Gainer in *London* as there, with those that have not an absolute Power over her : At her Age I think Persons are more to be influenced by Precept than by Example; and in my Mind both are perfectly necessary. The Education of Children is a Thing of a very nice Nature, and there are but a very few who are fit for that Employ. There may
be

be those who have very good Qualities, and yet be very much wanting in the Knack of dealing with Youth; which requires much Pains, Patience, good Nature, Ingenuity, and many other Things, if one was to be particular. The Mind of Children, which shou'd be our greatest Care, is too often neglected by those that have not a right Value for the true Improvement of it. I am, without any reserve,

Your sincere constant Friend,

Gloriana,

Obio to Victoria.

Dear Madam,

I Must beg your favourable Censure of my Silence, till you know the Cause of it. Your pure Friendship wou'd make it criminal, was it occasion'd by a wilful Neglect. The next Day after I receiv'd your Letter, brought me my old Enemy the Gout, which depriv'd me of my Hands till this Time. I am, dear Madam, wonderfully pleased to read those Divine Aphorisms you was pleased to transcribe out of *Seneca*; who tho' a Heathen, was certainly inspir'd, and in many things a Practical Example to all Christians. — Both *Philaster* and you do me Justice in believing
that

that I retain a kind Remembrance of you ; it is most certainly true, every Day (when in my melancholy Dumps) I find a peculiar Relief by entertaining my Thoughts with the Happiness I enjoy in the Acquaintance of you two ; which Experience tells me are my most sincere Friends ; a Happiness I cannot find elsewhere, no, not in my own Relations : But must I be depriv'd in some Measure of what I reap such Advantage by, as one of the considerable Pleasures of my Life ; I mean *Victoria's* charitable and obliging Letters, and only because she does not fancy her own Writing ? The want of this will much disappoint me of my desir'd Happiness. Pray retract this Resolution ; I am sure your Hand to me is as legible as my own. I have no Conversation with any but your selves, and if this ceases, I must bid adieu to Writing—— My next must be to my faithful Friend your dear Spouse, who I hope will excuse my not directly Writing to him now, since in Writing to you or him I know no Difference, but that his Business allows him less spare Minutes for these Trifles. I have exceeded and tir'd you with this Harangue. I only add my very best Wishes, being in Sincerity

Your most affectionate

Obliged humble Servant,

Obio.

Glo.

Gloriana to Victoria.

Dear Friend,

YOU have vanquish'd and subdu'd me, and need add no more Fetters to her who is willing to wear your irresistible Chains. I am now convinc'd of an Error I pertinaciously held to my own Disadvantage many Years; for I experimentally find, that by loving you more, I don't love another the less. I see Love is a diffusive Thing, and like Patience, lies hid till Tryal comes. Your kind Reprehension of me did not in the least disoblige me, for I imputed it all to Love. There's nothing that you can write, or say, or do, that can give me a Thought amiss of you: Nothing but an ill Intention to me, can need a Pardon from me; as for all other Things, which may proceed from Error or Mistake, assure your self, my charming Friend, they shall always meet a favourable Construction. Not that I think you guilty of either, but so long as we are Humane, we must make the Supposition. I think your Expectations both just and reasonable, and design no Reserve to you; but I beg you never to impute any seeming Neglect to a Want of the most friendly Love or tenderest Respect: For if frequent Thinking of you, and often wishing my self with you, be Love; if being always pleas'd when

with

with you, and leaving you with Reluctancy, be Love ; if having a Concern for your Interest, and sharing in your Joys and Grievs ; if taking a Pleasure in hearing you prais'd, and not bearing a Reflection to your Disadvantage, be Love ; if delighting to talk of you, and so approving of you, as to wish my self like you, and to repose an entire Confidence in you, be Love, then you may conclude I love you. Yes, I do love dear *Victoria* sincerely and truly ; of Choice and Inclination : And my Friendship is grounded on right Reason and true Merit, and attended with Gratitude, Passion and Delight ; and I think an Affection so cemented, need not fear an Injury from any of those Grievances, mentioned in your Catalogue : Therefore don't think it possible I can forget you, being

So much yours ever,

Gloriana.

Sylvia to Victoria.

Dear Madam,

I Bless the Time that ever I was so happy as to be acquainted with you, having never before found a sincere Friend. I have

have experienc'd the unfair Pretensions of a great many, but Providence has now made me ample Amends. Believe me, Madam, if I were genteel enough to compliment, the Love I have for you, would keep me above it. But the only Thing I value my self for, is, because above all Things I hate Flattery. I have copy'd out *Gloriana's* ingenious Discourses on Friendship. Might I be allow'd to deliver my Sentiments, I cannot think those Persons ought to be excluded that great Blessing whose Ignorance is owing to their want of Education. It must be confess'd there are some Dispositions so fordid, that the most conspicuous Virtue can have no Influence upon them; but those as little merit the Title of Love as Friendship. I can't but observe, that notwithstanding the Affinity between Mrs *Phillips* and Mr *Cowley*, yet in his excellent Discourse on Friendship between *David* and *Jonathan*, he has not made two Definitions of Love and Friendship; for what comes short of the latter, he has branded with a far worse Name than that of Love.— If I could scribble by the Yard, I should still be unwilling to conclude; for tho' I want Words, I want not a Heart to evidence my self,

Dear Madam,

Your sincere and humble Servant,

Sylvia.

R

Strephon

Strephon to Victoria.

Madam,

I Trust in your Goodness to pardon me for not sending my Acknowledgments for your Favour on *Saturday* last till now: The Reason was, that some indispenfable Matters of Consequence engag'd all my Time till this Morning. I am not only to return you many Thanks for your Favour, but many more for the handsome Air it was expreffed with; on which I always fet infinite more Value than on the Thing it felf, which answers the Conceptions I always had of you. But I am forc'd with fome Pain to restrain my felf from giving thofe Epithets your Merits claim; for fear of offending your Modesty, which is always join'd with true Worth; and left my offering of Thanks, tho' a flight Retribution, fhould grow a Burden to fuch excellent Vertue, I will decline at prefent the Proceeding on that Subject, and answer *Gloriana's* Questions.

Question. Is Experience above Reason; or Reason above Experience?

Answer. Reason is to be prefer'd to Experience, as being by infinite Degrees more valuable. It is that which ftamps the Image of a Deity

Deity on us, and by which we understand God made Man in his Likeness. It's Rules are infallible; for when any prove otherwise, at that instant they cease to be Rules of Reason. Whereas if we depend on Experience we continually are deceiv'd. Such Remedies recover'd us from such a Disease; we apply the same again on the like Account, and are destroy'd from a Change in our Constitution. By such Methods such Persons rose in the World; we take the same, and are ruin'd from an Alteration in the State of Affairs. Yesterday we were diverted by Mimickry, Puns, and such low kind of Wit; we encounter the like to Day, when resign'd to more sublime Speculations, and they grow intollerable to us. The like Disappointments we shall meet, while we depend on Experience in all Circumstances of Life: Therefore we ought not once to depend thereon till we have first address'd to Reason for her Consent; for at most, Experience is but the Handmaid of Reason, to offer Matters to her Approbation or Rejection, before we enter upon 'em.

Quest. Is the Abjectness of Dependance, and the Insolence of Power, best endur'd by the Mean and Sordid, or by the Brave and Generous?

Ans. By the Brave and Generous, who never endure them but from Motives of Reason and Duty. Of Reason, when 'tis the only

Means of Self-Preservation. Of Duty, when from Injunctions of Religion. But the Mean and Sordid acting by no Principles, their Endurance is meerly from Constraint, so not properly their own Act.— But think not, Madam, that these Arguments are offer'd to a Person of *Gloriana's* Sense for Instruction; no, they are only to her Correction, by

Good Madam,

Your eternally obliged

and devoted Servant,

Strephon.

Cleopatria to Victoria.

YOUR Lines, dear Friend, have given me a perfect Calm. I had many Fears, lest some Accident should have happen'd to you in your Journey, and an Impatience to hear something of you made every Day tedious; but now I am easy. Let me know how the Child does, I hope you see her better, and enjoy that Comfort in Perfection, which, as yet, wants Confirmation to me. Upon your Character of *Sophia*, I intend to proceed; but must first see her my self, therefore desire it as soon as possible. I pray God
answer

answer our Endeavours to do her Good, according to our Desires, and then I shall be satisfied, and extreamly pleased to serve her. My Service to *Philaster*, and thank him for his Letter; and for his Help to my Servant. I believe she is in a much better Way to get her Money, than she was before she had his Opinion. She often talks how she intends to spend it, which makes us laugh. As we have small Occurrences here, every Thing serves for a Jest, I long to hear from you, being, with all Sincerity,

Your real Friend,

Cleopatria.

Strephon to Victoria.

Madam,

I Have perus'd what you favour'd me with last, with much Pleasure and Satisfaction. Your Friend *Frugalia* is a Riddle; for she endeavours to darken her self with Rays of Light. While every Thing she intends to her Disadvantage, lays a fresh Charm upon me. No wonder she can so rarely bear the Converse of Strangers a second time, when there are so very few to be met with, but

may be at once read through by a Lady of so perspicuous a Judgment. To be talkative, and given to News, are the Errors of your Sex; to be Silent on Conviction, is the clearest Demonstration of true Wisdom; to be so on being vex'd, shews an absolute Command of her Passions, the greatest Perfection Humane Nature can arrive at; and she makes the best Choice of Opportunities for Contemplation, which never can flow naturally, but when we are pleas'd.

I never met with above one or two of her Sex, whose Genius came near to hers; yet my Acquaintance with them has been of a pretty large Extent: For being very cautious to preserve my Behaviour from any Umbrage of Scandal, I've found Admission, where it has been deny'd to others of much greater Merit, and much greater Parts. I've near an hundred of *Savillia's* Letters by me, which I preserve as sacred Reliques. She is a Lady of a bright Turn of Thought, and something new on every Occasion which offers it self.

I never think on *Frugalia*, but she brightens my Thoughts; and will presume to say, I passionately love her; but 'tis with an Affection I dare own with my parting Breath. 'Tis that immortal Part of her I love, which is so far from grieving Virtue, that she commands it; a Passion which looks with low Contempt on all sensual Satisfaction.

Madam

Madam, be pleas'd to acquaint *Frugalia*, that what she pleases to have answered or reflected on, (she is so great a Mistress of Sense and good Language) I intreat her to draw it up her self; which will be receiv'd with the greatest Respect by,

Madam,

Your eternally obliged, and

As perpetually devoted Servant,

Strephon.

Parthenia to Victoria.

I Am extreamly oblig'd to you, dear Madam, for the Favour of your obliging Letters, and wou'd have done my self the Honour to have writ to you before now, but that in a few Days after you left us, I fell ill of a Fever. I lament the loss of your good Company, and hate my own Room ever since you left it. I hope you will Favour me with a Line sometimes, while I am in the Country, and with your good Company when I come to Town. I return you a thousand Thanks for the Caution you was so kind as to give me; but all your Actions answer the good Character of a Friend. I think my self hap-

py in your Acquaintance, and assure you, that neither Time nor Distance shall lessen the Value and Esteem I have for you, being

Your most humble Servant to Command,

Parthenia.

Basillio to Philaster.

Dear Friend,

I Am much concern'd that we shou'd mistake one another about the Letter I desir'd you to deliver. Indeed I was inclin'd to believe, that there might have been some Contrivance to get it to the Person, or the Person to it; and it being about an Affair of great Consequence, made me very peevish, for which I beg your Pardon. But you mistook me very much to think I was angry with you: The worst I cou'd imagine was, that your Invention was not then so quick as at other times; but I shall ever think you a sincere and hearty Friend, and shall ever esteem you as such, and serve you and yours to the utmost of my Capacity. I am sorry you have given your self any Uneasiness. I am a long while before I make a Friendship with any one; but when once I have made it, I can do or suffer any thing for him, as long as I find him true. The World is full of

of Enemies, and therefore good Friends shou'd make much of one another. I wish it was in my Power to shew you the true Value I have for you and yours. Don't let you and I dispute any more which loves best ; for that is so like Man and Wife, that it will make *Victoria* jealous. I am still detain'd from my Wife by bad Weather, but must set out to Morrow, tho' the Sky be very unpromising, and the Ways dangerous ; for Love, if sincere, is neither discourag'd with Difficulties, nor tir'd with Labour ; but like a strong Flame, forces its way through all Opposition. Do I Talk like an old married Man ? I am heartily glad you are safely deliver'd from the barb'rous Treatment you mention'd : You and I have no Luck in our Endeavours of doing good ; but I hope the greater Happiness is reserv'd for us hereafter, which will be more than a sufficient Compensation for all we suffer. I hope my God-daughter is grown a fine Child by this time, and I fancy *Daphny* an agreeable Woman. I doubt not but she over-tops her Mother ; in Stature I mean, not in Authority. If my good Friend *Victoria* has the *Apollo's* and *Tatlers*, I beg her to lend them me. My Wife and my self join in our hearty Service to her, and all your good Family, and I am,

S I R,

Your sincere Friend,

Basilio.

Sacharissa to Victoria.

THE right Opinion you express of my good Will to you and all yours, makes all I wou'd say of that Nature impertinent; only I wish you had been larger in what you call the complaining Part of your Letter; for if I have any Part of that Virtue I so much esteem, *viz.* Friendship, 'tis in sympathizing with my Friends in their Affliction, a School I've been so long exercis'd in. I wou'd fain hope I have attain'd an uncommon Degree of Tendernefs for such as bear any like Burdens. Your Pain in your Breast seems to resemble what I long endur'd; it proceeded in me from Hypochondriac Wind. You are in the right to apply to inward Medicines; for whatever sweetens the Blood and helps Digestion, and exhilarates the Spirits, must be highly advantageous to you, to which end riding Abroad wou'd much contribute. I have heard of many, that after long use of Physick, have found the desir'd Effect more by riding than by all they had taken; but it is my Thoughts, that Medicines ought to be acknowledged as necessary Preparatives to the finishing Work of Air and Exercise. Doubtless you take the most prudent Method for your Eldest Daughter, to put her into good Society; but I hope there is some one near her own Age, that
may

may at the same time render her Life pleasant; for Nature must be regal'd in some Degree, to make it receive the Advantages of good Precepts. If I have any Thing that is good in me, I owe it, next to God and my Parents, to my Cousin C——n. She was five Years older than my self, much approv'd and valued, and that stirr'd up Emulation, as well as the sweet Agreeableness of her Conversation, to imitate, as much as I cou'd, whatever she did. I wish *Daphny* as great a Treasure in a Friend. Let me still live in your Thoughts and Affections, as your own Goodness represents me. I am,

Dear Cousin,

Your faithful Friend,

Sacharissa.

Desharia to Victoria.

I Was very glad to see a Letter from dear *Victoria*, but I can't tell you how sorry I am for my Favourite *Thirsis's* Illness. I know you have a great Share of Trouble for him: I hope he will do well again. I intend to be in Town early in the Spring, and shou'd be glad to hear of a House some where
up

up the River, that I may at last rest my wearied Bones, and enjoy those few Friends I have left. If you will be so kind as to write to me, I shall be very glad to hear from you, being my old Friend, and one I ever had an Esteem for. Pray, my Service to good *Philaster*, from

Your assured Friend,

Desharia.

Sylvia to Victoria.

Dear Madam,

I Thank you again and again for the great Pains you have taken in your last kind Letter. I am troubled that I cannot sufficiently express the Sense I have of your real Kindness; you are my true Friend that loves my Soul, and I with Pleasure read the Beauties of your Mind. I do assure you, that the Sum of all my Desires on this side Heaven, is your Safety in your approaching Hour. Of all Earthly Passions, that of Loving you is the most pleasing that ever I felt; and I hope I shall never be so miserable as to lose your Favour. That Heaven will pay my Debts to you, is dear *Victoria*, the daily Prayers of

Your obliged humble Servant, And true Lover,

Sylvia.

Gloriana to Victoria.

Dear Friend,

I Have you continually in my Mind, and please my self with the Thoughts of being quickly with you. Your last gave me much Pleasure, only the Comparifon which you began with, makes me fear that your Expectation runs too high. I ihou'd be very unwilling to difappoint you; it won't be long now before you will fee your Errour. To your Partiality I fometimes excuse your Praifes, but I can't fo often difpenfe with 'em. I find I muft no longer indulge you in a Practice of this kind; 'tis the Bufinefs of a Friend rather to fupprefs than to give Temptation to Vanity. Wherein I am wanting I hope your Example will be of ufe to make me better: As to my Temper, I think it is with Reason that you defire a more particular Account of it; but I chufe to give it you by Word of Mouth. I defire you will infift no longer on the Subject you mention, for I have ingaged my felf to Secrecy. I hope this will find you in good Health, knowing you to be always the fame and fupposing no Poffibility of Change in my felf, I conclude my felf as ufual,

Yours ever,

Gloriana.

Rosania to Victoria.

Dear Victoria,

THE Pleasure your obliging Letter gave me, ought to have had a more grateful Return. I often read it with mighty Joy, but want Expressions suitable to its Value, and my kind Resentment; and must acknowledge, that your forgiving Temper deserves the most grateful Returns imaginable; and since you once more make me the advantageous Offer of the Return of your Friendship, I persuade my self for the future I shall better deserve it; but to compleat my Happiness, let all my past Neglects be forgotten, that like old Friends, we may meet again with fresh Pleasure. I long more to see you than ever I long'd for any Thing in this World.

*Good Angels be my dear Victoria's Guard;
May her just Worth still meet a just Reward.*

Rosania

Junioro

*Junioro to Victoria, concerning a
Relation of his.*

Madam,

THE Concern which you express in your obliging Letter, I look upon as a great Instance of your good Nature; and were it only to gratify the Desire of so good a Friend as you are, both to my Cousin and my self, I would do her all the Right, and shew her all the Kindness that can be expected from an injur'd Friend. But I do assure you this has already been done; for tho' the first gave the Offence, and consequently should have writ first, I insisted not on it, but writ to her; and that in so friendly a Manner, as to desire we might meet as firmly united as ever, if she could think well of me after all the Protestations I made her, that I had never entertain'd the least unkind Thought against her. I begg'd her to answer me, but she would not vouchsafe it. What Construction can I make of this, but that she cannot bring herself to think well of me. I could with all my Soul forget what is past, and love her as well as ever. You seem to think it is my Fault, that we are not better Friends; pray what can an honest Man do more than I have done? Her Silence is Proof enough, that she retains her Anger to me; if so, you can't desire me to
carefs

carefs her as a Friend, but I promise you not
• to use her as an Enemy ; and what can be de-
sired more of,

Dear Madam,

Your most sincere Friend,

And humble Servant,

Junioro.

Antoninus to Dr. J-----

S I R,

I Return you Thanks for the late Perfor-
mance of that most requisite and pious
Office towards our Infant-Daughter, which
was lately baptized by you ; and as we cha-
ritably hope, is accordingly regenerated, ju-
stified, redeemed, sanctified, and made a new
Creature, being so far prepared and fitted for a
better World on the Day she was born into
this. God grant that from that very Day,
(her first) she may begin, through Grace, to
lead a new Life, by dying daily to Sin, and
by growing in Grace and Piety ; by putting
off the Old Man, and being renewed in the
Image of her Mind, by weaning her Affecti-
ons from fallacious fading Vanities ; by keep-
ing

ing the Vows made in her Name by Sureties,
and bringing forth Fruits worthy of true
Repentance.

S I R,

Your humble Servant,

Antoninus.

Obio to Philaster.

Dear Friend,

I Hear my Brother is just recovered of a dangerous Fit of Sicknefs, scarcely escaping Death; and that the Dissenting Teachers have gain'd such an Ascendant over him, as to persuade him to settle his Estate upon the Poor; alledging, that if he gives it amongst his Relations, unless they be very Religious and Sober Persons, he makes himself guilty of their Sins and Extravagances. I think true Charity ought to respect Home, and to dispose of his Estate otherwise seems, in my Opinion, to favour too much of the Want of Natural Affection. The Almighty direct me, and if it please him, change the Mind of my Brother. God knows best what is fit and suitable for us his poor Creatures; therefore his
S
blessed

bleſſed Will be done. If Diſappointments and Afflictions did not attend us Mortals, we ſhould be too apt to ſay, It is good for us to be here. I muſt conclude for this Time, being,

Kind Friend,

Your ever obliged,

and affectionate Friend,

Obio.

Gloriana to Victoria.

Dear Victoria,

YOURS I received, which was as welcome as Peace, Health and Life. May our Friendſhip ever reſt kind and unextinguiſhable ; full of Tenderneſs and good Fruits, and may it never know Decay. As to your Requeſt of always letting you know my Mind, if it ſhould happen to be under a conſiderable Reſentment from you, this Reſolution is I think requiſite for all Friends ; and I beg of you to be always exact in the Performance of that to me ; for this will certainly defend us from all Miſunderſtandings, which have been fatal to many well-grounded Friendſhips ; and it will give us fair Opportunities

tunities of excusing or justifying our selves upon all such Occasions. As to a Promise to continue my Friendship, I know not whether I should approve or dislike it; for while you desire a further Security of my Affection, it shows that you question it. I don't say this, because I am unwilling to engage any deeper with you; no, that is far from me; but I think you will gain but little by the Grant; for when there is nothing left to cherish, maintain, and support an Affection, but the poor Remains of a Promise, I believe that will hardly be of Force enough to keep it from an utter Dissolution; for I question whether it be in my Power to love, only because it is my Duty so to do. However, if a Promise may tend to your better Assurance, I do (as far as it is possible for me to know my own Mind) formally promise you, that I do now, and for the future must, shall, and will faithfully love you, as long as I am capable of retaining any Notion of Love and Friendship. That I often fail in such Expressions of my Kindness, as you think necessary, may perhaps be imputed to the untuneableness of my Soul; but I have no Design of any Reserve to you.

*Then let us all Disputes decline,
Since I am yours, and you are mine,
Held in a Knot that is Divine.*

}

Strephon to Secretia.

Madam,

WITH Submission, I think *Liberia* is under the same Predicament, to which, in some Measure, we are all liable, *viz.* the most of our Misfortunes arise from our Selves, by sacrificing our Reason to our Passions and Affections, by not comparing Effects with their Causes, by being partial in our Constructions, by indulging our Imaginations, &c. I think *Liberia* may not only banish all Concern for her humble Servant, but also ought to do it, since he seems Negligent of her Favours. I presume her Affection was grounded on the Gentleman's Virtue, exhibited in his Faith, Constancy and Affection. Now if they cease, he is no longer the Person she lov'd; and the Cause vanishing, it is Natural for the Effect to follow, and by consequence for her to decline her Affections. I am, with the greatest Respect,

Madam,

Your devoted Servant,

Strephon.

Hibernia

Hibernia to Victoria,

Dear Cousin,

THERE is in *Gloriana's* Letters, so much Ingenuity and Wit, in her Stile and Manner of Writing ; so much Charm and Softness ; something in all her Composures so attracting, that if Reason do not curb, may too much ingross your Passions, and hinder them from centring on a higher Object. Pardon the Freedom I take in exciting the Tenderness of your Temper to some Reflections of a different Kind, where you will certainly meet with suitable Returns from him that is all Perfection, without Spot or Blemish. I would not confine so generous a Friendship, or offer Rules how far it ought to be extended ; but the many Disappointments and ungrateful Returns I have met with, has taught me, that Trouble rais'd by a tender Passion, sours the Blood, and creates Diseases. The transcendant Goodness of God shows Imperfections in every Creature, that we may apply our Gratitude, Love, and most exalted Thoughts to him that can infinitely satisfy all our Wants. 'Tis plain, there's nothing upon Earth really, truly, and thorowly Satisfactory. It would be Out-rivalling our Creator, could any one of us be able to answer all the Wishes and Desires of our Friend.

Then indeed, we should set our Staff on this side *Fourdan*, and never desire to see the blessed *Canaan*. I beg my dear Cousin to take her Friend in her own Way, and rest contented and easy, and mind not every Punctilio; for it is not in any one's Power to be exact in every Thing. My Notion of Friendship is, that it should compleat every Thing here below with a tranquil Spirit, free from all Suspensions and Jealousies. I confess my Friendships have been so abus'd, and my Temper so spoil'd, that my Fancy can't be so fir'd as heretofore; but may your Kindness to *Gloriana*, and hers to you, increase and flourish; and may no vile Interloper ever disturb your Happiness. So wishes,

Dear Victoria,

Your assured Friend,

Affectionate Cousin,

And humble Servant,

Hybernia.

Argulus

Argulus to Philaster,

S I R,

I Confess with Shame my long Silence, the Occasion I hope will find Excuse. My Family has been in an ill Disposition of Health this Year and a half; but are at length, thro' Mercy, all in a way of Recovery, without the Loss of one. I am sorry to hear of *Thirsis's* Illness; if God hath spar'd him you yet, and he be not perfectly recover'd, I shou'd be glad of his Company here. Here is one who with Lozenges and Red Cow's Milk, has wrought Miracles in weak Persons. I can furnish him with Red Cow's Milk, and help him to the Lozenges, and here is as good an Air as is perhaps in *England*. My humble Service will, I hope, be accepted by you and yours, which concludes me,

S I R,

*Your most humble,**And obedient Servant,*

Argulus.

Plotina to Victoria,

Dear Victoria,

I Am very sorry for the Trouble you are in for the Death of *Obio*. For me to offer at any Remedy for your Pain, wou'd be for the Fool to advise the Philosopher ; but I hope you will soon wear it off. You have been much experienc'd in Afflictions of this Kind, and I fancy the Custom of losing, makes one lose with more Patience. But here I condemn my self for an improper Word, Why do I call it Loss ? My Friends Soul and his Body had some Difference, and they two parted ; but with a Promise to meet again, and this we give the frightful Name of Death to. He is slipt out of the World, What then ? He is still in Being, and in the Hands of the best of Friends : I shall see him again soon ; how do I know but I may make him a surprizing Visit to Morrow. But what if it be some Years ? When I compare that with Eternity, methinks my Friends parting is no more than as if we bid good Night to meet again the next Morning. This is all at present from

Your assured Friend,

And humble Servant,

Plotina.

Antoninus to Thornea.

IF now, kind Friend, our Minds were to be made manifest, as we think one Day will make them at the last ; yet shou'd I not desire any Kind of Veil or other Palliation whatever, to cover the Imperfections of a truly sincere and unfeigned friendly Affection, which uncessantly I have born, and for ever shall bear unto you. Be pleased therefore to conclude for certain, that no Moth of Peevishness, nor Spot of any Distastfulness, has ever blemish'd the Purity belonging to that Robe, or Mantle of Love, which your Friendliness has ty'd upon me ; neither are you to imagine, dear Sir, that any Root of Bitterness (if I may so speak) or the least Weed of Unkindness, hath sprouted up among the good Seed you have sown of a far different Nature. Therefore since I may safely say it is known to the Searcher of all our Hearts, that my Silence has not proceeded from any such vile or unworthy Causes, and that in other Respects I have been all this while a Religious Observer of a true Amity ; I will endeavour to quiet my self now at last with a Kind of assur'd Hope, that you will not prove unwilling to excuse this Negligence. Such unhand-some Omission might, in the end, prove liable I suppos'd, to ill Construction, even with so good a Friend ; and it has greatly disquieted my

my Mind to think on't. So you can only remit the Fault itself, the Punishment thereof having been endur'd already.

Occultum quatiente animo tortore flagellum. Juv.

I Remain,

Your very affectionate Friend,

Antoninus.

Antoninus to Thornea.

Worthy Sir,

I Receiv'd the small square Box with the Things therein very safely, and do heartily return you Thanks for your Civility, in securing it for me. If you are pleased still to do me further Kindness, I shall now be bold to mention two Things, wherein I may request your Advice and Furtherance; the first of these respects the future Estate of my dear Wife; for I wou'd gladly know by a Line or two at your best Leisure, how I may make her a Jointure of that small real Estate I have; or rather by what means I may make her, together with my self, (and as fully) joint Tenant of the Fee Simple.

The

The next concerns the present Condition of us both; to wit, that (upon needful Occasion) I may be directed how to deal with such as will not pay their due Rents without Compulsion. I may crave your Instruction or Assistance in such Case, if it must needs be, tho' I wish it may not happen.

I wrote to Mr ——— about the taking in the 450 *l.* which he engag'd me to do in such a manner by attending his Worship at *York*, that I was forced to lay it out as fast almost as I took it in; for before I cou'd well get out of the Inn, it cost me near 10 *l.* and tho' he paid the Principal at last, yet he chaffer'd me first well nigh out of a Year's Interest: After this I must needs buy a Horse, forsooth, which cost near 10 *l.* I kept him almost a Year, at a high Charge you may think, for no Man's cou'd be kept better. Away rid I to *R. A——'s* at *Wooley*, who had been recommended formerly by *Sir S. W.* to the Office of gathering my poor Rents at *Potterton*; it's hard to say, whether he got more, Time for Time, &c. by being his Worship's Butler, or my Worship's Bailiff. At Length, taking a fair Opportunity of the next Rent Day, my Horse and I, together with *R. A.* arrives at *Potterton*; at which time we broke loose from him and his Wife (as I intended) and by means of *Sir T. S.* my Wife and I were bestowed with honest *Mr. Taylor* and his good Wife at *Aberford*; where we lik'd exceeding well, were very civilly used, and wanted nothing;

thing ; the Rate of Expence being likewise pretty moderate : So there I purposed to have spent my Days ; but that a necessary Occasion call'd me away to *London*, having first seen (during this time) most Places of Note in this Country. My Rate of Expence for the future shall never exceed the present Revenue. Excuse my Vanities, and the Relation of them : So I remain,

S I R,

Your oblig'd Friend,

And humble Servant,

Antoninus.

Cleopatria to Victoria;

Dear Friend,

I Am always well entertain'd when either your Conversation or your Concerns employ my Mind : We are in a very pleasant Place, where from the Top of a Hill, a small distance from our House, we can at once take a View of the Inclosures of *Kent*, and the open Lands of *Surrey*. In my Life I never saw a finer Prospect. At the Bottom of this Hill stands a pretty House surrounded with
Gardens

Gardens, well contriv'd and furnish'd, the Inhabitants enjoying every Thing necessary for Life: Had they liv'd in the *Antedeltavian* World, they cou'd not have desir'd a more pleasant *Eden*; for all that offers itself to view gives a Sacred Pleasure. Indeed all our Business here is Rural; we bake, we brew, we feed Chickens, and on *Saturday* take pleasant Walks to Market. We have Prayers twice a Week at the Church, besides Saints Days; and here are Matches from Town to Town at Cricket, which all the Gentry come to see. Pardon this little Salley, I cou'd not be pleas'd without communicating these Affairs to you. I doubt not but your Journey has answer'd your Desires, and your Company has more than answer'd your Friends Civility. I shall be impatient for a Letter from you, and am with all Sincerity,

Your affectionate Friend,

Cleopatria.

Sacharissa to Victoria.

Dear Cousin,

YOU ask me whether I love my Sister more as my Friend or as my Sister: I must confess, that which I'm able to apprehend

hend of Friendship, is beyond degree of Comparison above all Relation or Alliance; and I've always believ'd I had Scripture for it; because in Prohibitions of Idolatry, 'tis said, if such or such, or thy Friend which is as thine own Soul. Yet I had a Mother, an excellent Person, who wou'd argue for the Preferences of Blood; but I, thinking I saw a Byass upon her Mind thro' Partial Affection, (which the most Wise and Pious are not wholly exempt from) cou'd never, in that, resign to her much more exalted Understanding: Not that I esteem this as the Dues to Nature and Grace, (for such is true Friendship) but taking it with the Limits and Allays of Mortality, it may admit Definitions and Disputes in the lowest Capacity, to the best Shadow we have of the Divine Nature; and doubtless 'tis the unerring Wisdom that suffers us to be disappointed in the sensual Parts of his own Gifts, (if I may so express it) to the intent to exalt us to a more refin'd Sense of what, even in this Life, we might attain to, if the Gifts of God were rightly improv'd. I hope I shall not lose your Friendship whilst I am in Being, that is for ever; for after Death our Love will be exalted, refin'd, &c. but no Degree of it perish. I have Health (the chearful Blessing of Life) to a Wonder. Let me have as much of your Conversation as you can conveniently spare. I wou'd not incroach upon your Family, and other friendly Duties, nor any way impose on your obliging

liging Temper; for pray believe me, I count Freedom the Life of Friendship. But what Part of your Time can easily be spar'd to me, will, according to the utmost Life that remains in me, meet with the most grateful Returns. To communicate what you know of my dearest Friend *Maria's* Mind and Health, will extreamly alleviate my Separation from her. I have not Time to read over this Paper, or to make it more intelligible; I trust to the Sympathies and Power of Love, and am,

Dear Cousin,

Your sincere affectionate Friend,

And faithful Servant,

Sacharissa.

Gloriana to Victoria:

Dear Victoria,

I Had by the last Post three Letters, one from *Pamella*, one from your self, and one from *Urania*, who desires you will write to her. Pray don't think that I am such a Miser, as to rate the Postage of a Letter above the Letter itself. I pay for it willingly, and with Pleasure, and so I should do, if it was as much

much more. I am sorry for the Fall you had when you was acting for me. I fear the searching for those Blank Tickets is a very troublesome Thing; and since there is no great Necessity for it, I desire you will spare yourself that Fatigue. I heartily congratulate the Ship's Arrival. Pray tell *Philaster* from me, not to drink too much Punch for Joy; every little Disorder this hot Weather is apt to turn to a Fever. Charge him to regard his Health, and not to walk so far, nor fast so long as he sometimes does, nor sit without his Wig.

Your Proposal to *Urania* I very much approve of, and should be extreamly pleas'd to have two such Friends so near me; but I hardly dare indulge the Probability of it, least I should contribute to my own Disappointment.

I have read but little yet of the Book you sent me; but I perceive the Author to be one of great Insight into Humane Nature, which as he observes, is depraved in most of our Actions. I am with all Tenderness and Esteem,

Yours ever,

Gloriana.

Sylvia

Sylvia to Victoria.

Dear Madam,

YOUR late Reprimand has given me more Uneasiness than ever Pen did before. It is no small Trouble to me, that I have, and do still suffer in your Opinion, without knowing the true Cause. If, as you had observ'd my Behaviour, you had given me any particular Instance, I should have thought it very kind; but as my Indictment runs in general Terms, pardon me if I think some of the Expressions severe. I dare not justify my self, and hope I shall never be so harden'd, as not to bear Reproof. Go on then, Madam, with this nicest Point of Friendship, of discovering the Errors of your Friend; but let it be with such Strokes as I am able to bear: I mean by adding plain Conviction to plain Dealing, that I may be made sensible of my Faults. I never had the Curiosity to enquire into the Author of the Story. Let it be who it will, I had rather suffer in the Opinion of the whole World, than of your self; but if I must be so unhappy, there is but one Support left for me, which is, that we are not to be judg'd by our Fellow Creatures, who, tho' never so quick-sighted or Judicious, cannot discern the several Circumstances and Occasions of Things.

T

I most

I most heartily wish, that every Child of yours may be exact in their Duty to you, not only in obsequious Words, but in every Branch and Point of Duty. I dare not promise for my self, but hope your good Advice will make me more careful, it being firmly rivetted in my Heart. I hope you have Charity enough, tho' not to pity, yet to forgive what you see amiss in me; for if in this, or any thing else, I have offended you, I do assure you, Madam, it is Ignorance and not Design. I desire you will accept of my sincere Intentions and Desires of your Happiness, from

Your Servant,

The unhappy Sylvia.

Victoria to Sylvia.

I Find you are highly disgusted, good *Sylvia*, with my late Admonitions, and yet you mock me with Compliments; both which I think are unequitable Returns for my really kind Intentions to you. I see it is acting out of One's Sphere to offer Advice to any one; perhaps I might be as much displeased, if any of my Friends shou'd so freely deal with me. Believing you of a generous Temper, and a tender Conscience, I gave you a
Word

Word of Advice in Time ; if you did not want it, yet you had no Reason to resent it, for it can do you no Harm. I had no Design of making my self a Judge of your Actions, nor did you commit any Offence to me ; but I must once more aver that a disregardful Behaviour from Children to their Parents, cannot be justified, or excus'd on any Pretence or Occasion whatsoever : Which is all at present from

Your Well-wisher,

Victoria.

Antoninus to Thornea.

Dear Sir,

I Have now received your last, dated Feb. 13. and do further thank you for your wary Management of Mr. G. S's Business : Having oblig'd me and mine by such real Kindnesses, and receiving hitherto no other Return than Verbal Gratitude, it seems no better Requital than if you had given a fair House, having no more in Exchange for the same than a meer Sciographie or Picture of it ; wherefore since I can in no kind make any Amends agreeable to your Merit, or the Manner of your Engagements, yet to use the best and only Means I have, as I formerly devoted

devoted Fifty Pounds to the Use of your dear Wife, in token of real Thankfulness both to her and you ; so I earnestly desire again, that, all Denial laid aside, I may hear that it is accepted. But I protest, Sir, I do not at all intend that you shall rest so satisfy'd ; neither will I rest satisfy'd my self, unless you do also accept forthwith of another Fifty Pounds in like manner, or at least wise of such a sufficient Proportion thereof, as you may conceive to have been disbursed and expended by you upon all behoofeful emergent and accidental Occasions in any kind whatsoever, relating to my Concernment. And therefore, worthy Sir, defraud not your self in omitting that which tends to my better Satisfaction, no less than your own. I cease to give you further Trouble, and rest in haste,

Dear Sir,

Your ever obliged,

And humble Servant,

Antoninus.

Bethia

Bethia to Victoria.

Madam,

I Have receiv'd your Letter and Book which you sent me, which is so signal a Favour from you, that if I shou'd neglect thankfully to acknowledge it, you might tax me with Ingratitude; and tho' I can never hope to requite it, yet I will never cease to acknowledge it. I have bought a little House, and my Mother and I live together: She is Four-score and almost five Years old, and wanted Somebody to be with her. I shou'd be mightily transported to see you, or any of your Children or Family, and cannot but condole with you under so great a Loss as you have sustained in your dear Son; but yet, Madam, let us rejoyce that he is landed safe on the Celestial Shore, there to sing eternal Hallelujahs. I remain with my daily Prayers for you,

*Your most obliged**Humble Servant,*

Bethia.

Orrinda to Victoria.

Dear Cousin,

I Am heartily sorry for the sad Occasion of retaliating the kind Condolencies I have receiv'd from you in my Afflictions. I beg you will not let Sorrow overcome the Reason and Goodness God has been pleased to endow you with. You have tenderly discharged your Duty to the deceased. I hope you will humbly resign to the unerring Disposals of Providence. I wish I was at Liberty to retire with you from this ill-natur'd World ; I cou'd willingly be dead to other Conversation. I think it a great Happiness to have one Friend so good and kind as you are. My hearty Service, and best Affections attend you and yours.

Orrinda.

Hybernia to Victoria.

IT was not want of a true Sense of my dear Cousin's Affliction I have not been to see her. I am not able to venture Abroad. My sincere Sympathising with you in your Tryal you have nevertheless ; though my dear

dear Cousin is so good a Christian, I hope she has rather Comfort than Sorrow in her Son's innocent pious End. His Time of Illness was so tedious and mortifying to you to attend, with so many Hopes and Fears, you underwent about him ; you must have wean'd your Desires by an humble Submission to the wise Disposer and Giver of all Things ; and yield up contentedly what he only lent us, I would rejoyce, if I know my own Heart, to have my only Son in his Place, for sure I am he is happy. Ah woe is me ! an irreligious Life is much more to be lamented than a pious Death. Mine is an Affliction much beyond yours. Rejoyce, my dear Friend, you have not such a Sorrow to mourn. My Afflictions are endless to trouble you with ; and it's a Joy to me you have them not ; being,

Dear Victoria,

Your affectionate Kinswoman,

And humble Servant till Death,

Hybernia.

*The Reverend Mr. F----- to his
Son.*

Dear George,

I Very much wonder that I hear not from you ; inclose your Letter in my Cousin *W*'s, and let me know how you are in Health, for I had a sad Dream of you this Night, and could not rest till I got up to write this Note, before I could well see, that I fear you will have much to do to read it. I pray God bless you, that in your Station and Way God may have Glory by you, and your Friends Comfort. So prays

Your affectionate and loving Father,

W. F.

Gloriana to a very young Lady.

Madam,

EVERY Obligation and Favour from you, leaves a grateful Sense in my Mind, which is not only tenderly disposed, but strongly inclin'd to you. I know you and love you ; and as the Effect of my Regard for you, take now, dear Madam, those
Wishes

Wishes which I told you in my last I had in my Heart for you. They are neither Riches, Honours, nor Pleasures; nor need I wish you, for you already have, good Nature, Sincerity, Affability, a Propensity to oblige, and an unaffected Concern for the Sufferings of others; Constancy of Mind, Innocency of Intention, and flowing Wit. But all this, good as it is, is not yet sufficient; for these good Qualities are rather born with you than acquired by you. An excellent Person you may be with your own Endeavour, and to accomplish that Work the sooner, I wish you a large and early Share of that great Necessary, *viz.* Discretion; and may Want of Industry never prove a Bar to those Attainments which your Soul is capable of. I wish you a Mind duly prepar'd for Troubles and Disappointments; for come they will if you continue in this Life, whatever State you may be in; for there are Afflictions fitted for all Persons, and all Places. May you in all your Actions have Regard to your own Conscience, and to the Sentiments of the World; the first ever prefer'd, and the last never neglected; not forgetting your Secular Affairs: For how great soever you may be, you cannot be too great to inspect the minutest and most trivial of those Things which Providence shall put under your Care and Direction; for it often so happens, that a Neglect of small Matters spoils the Beauty and Order of great Ones. May you always express your Resentments
in

in few Words, and gentle as the real Intentions of your Heart ; and I wish you may forbear to indulge your Youth, Health, and Strength, with more Sleep than is needful ; and when Awake, may you apply your self to Things necessary ; and always decline being idly Busy. May you have no great Thirst after Pleasure ; for the World, Madam, will not only be tasteless, but troublesome to you, if nothing can satisfy that comes short of Delight. If any of these Hints may prove any Advantage to you, I have gained my Ends, and there remains no more than that I subscribe my self,

Dear Madam,

Your faithful Friend,

And most humble Servant,

Gloriana.

From the Hague.

Ignatius to Philaster.

Dear Philaster,

I Take this Opportunity of sending my sincerest Thanks and Acknowledgments for the Civilities I receiv'd at your Hands when in
London ;

London ; and though I am here furrounded with a great deal of Diversion, and Entertainments of all sorts, yet I should be very unmindful of former Blessings, did I not sometimes send my Thoughts to you, and bid them repeat in Contemplation, what was so delightful in the Enjoyment. The Beauties of this finest Village in the World, are beyond Description ; and the frquent Balls and Masquerades, which the young Prince of *Portugal* gives twice or thrice a Week, makes it a continual Carnival ; but here I can find no Philosophical Female, to joyn with me in the Works of Nature ; but Art assumes Nature's Place ; and whosoever can most agreeably add an artificial Gayety to a natural Pleasantness, is the Happiest Genius of the *Hague*.

Tours, &c.

Ignatius.

Orrinda to Victoria.

I Have defer'd writing to my dear Cousin, having nothing new to acquaint her with. I thank you for your kind Letter and good Advice, which I shall endeavour to practise, and beg you will as kindly take as give.
We

We ought not to let all our Happiness terminate in any one Object on Earth. I am sensible that is a sure Way to make us more miserable than otherwise we need to be. 'Tis better to let every proper Object have its due Proportion; and to love nothing in this World more than is necessary to the Discharge of our Duty. Let us, my dear Cousin, enjoy chearfully what God is pleas'd to give or spare to us. We shall follow in a little Time those which are gone before us. I hear from a Friend in Town, that my Brother Abroad is well; I can't but think he means in Heaven, or sure I should have heard something more of him by this time. I have learnt by sad Experience to expect nothing but Disappointments, but I strive to be chearful. I hope God will be pleas'd to continue to me the Necessaries of Life, and to give me Content; and if I had all the World, it could do no more. I every Day wish to see you, being

Your most Affectionate Friend till Death,

Orrinda.

From Mr. Howel's Letters.

As Keys do open Chests,
So Letters open Breasts.

An

An Observation by Thirlis, concerning the Succession of Bishops from Queen Mary's Time.

I. **T**HE 19th of *November*, Queen *Elizabeth* was met by the Bishops at *Highgate*.

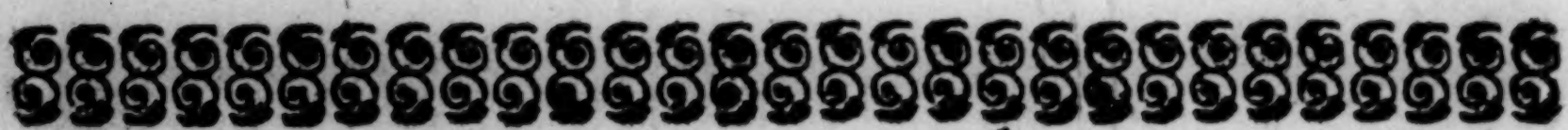
II. When she came to *London*, the Oath of Supremacy was administred.

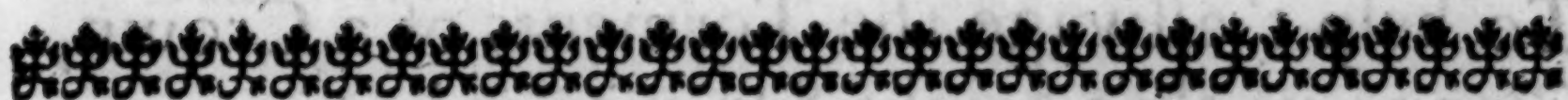
III. And on the 14th of *January*, (which was not two Months from her meeting the Bishops) She was Crown'd by the Bishop of *Carlisle*, who, no doubt, was a Protestant, (because he took the Oath of Supremacy to the Queen, instead of the Pope) and lawfully Ordain'd, because you find no Alteration.

The

The following Lines were translated from the Latin by a young Gentleman at School.

O The grateful Security of the lowest Condition! I think that Man born under a happy Planet, who leads a private and retired Life free from all Noise and Hurries. Honour, Victory, Triumph, Glory got in War, 'tis true, are Things famous to be spoken of: But alas! those Things which appear Pleasant at first Sight, if you examine them more narrowly, are bitter as Gall. There is no one that hath ever enjoyed such a continued Series of Prosperity, that he hath not experienced some Misfortunes. Prosperity succeeds to Adversity, and Adversity to Prosperity.





P O E M S

Never before printed.

*A POEM from a Gentleman to
the Honourable Supremia, on
her Knowledge in the Oriental
Languages.*

When out of vast Confusion Heaven's all
Made Earth, and fixt it on weak Air
(powerful Hand
(to stand ;
When each ungovern'd Creature weakly
(rowl'd,
Only by infant Nature's Laws controul'd,
Omniscience, knowing if no King were form'd
All must to former Chaos soon be turn'd,
Made Man, a Creature only to command,
And plac'd the mighty Scepter in his Hand.
But least the Toil of Government shou'd be
Too pressing ; to abate that Misery,

Did

Did place a Female with him on the Throne,
 To help t' assuage the Torments of a Crown,
 (For to us that bright Sex was only given
 To make us happy till we reach to Heaven)
 One that a perfect Symmetry must bear,
 Immediately shap'd by Heavens own Care.
 Bright she must be, whose only radiant Eyes
 Must chase what Cares from such an Empire

(rise.
 Wise she must be, since Heaven did think her fit,
 With the World's Monarch on his Throne to
 (sit.

Soft she must be, being made the noblest way,
 Excelling Man as he excell'd the Clay.

But to accomplish all did Heaven infuse,
 A Tongue, most proper for this Fair to use;
 A Tongue Heaven knew did bear the aptest
 (Phrase,

To Chant Elogiums to the Donor's Praise;
 Which must in just proportion'd Numbers
 (flow,

If an Almighty Thought cou'd make it so;
 Strong Sense to yield, since it alone was chose,
 Laws upon universal Nature to impose:

A smooth and pleasing Cadence it must bear,
 Which Heaven wou'd offer to so soft a Pair,
 As they two at their first Creation were. }

This was the mighty Tongue that brought
 (forth Light,

That had been hid in the Eternal Night;
 'Twas this whose powerful Actions cou'd

(afford,
 Majestick Mandates to Command a World;

('Twas

'Twas this that was the first that did express
 The Beauties, that did new made Nature dress.
 In this the World's first Regents, tir'd with
 (Sweat
 That does from Empire rise, in cool Retreat
 Where Springs and clasping Trees made plea-
 (sing Groves,
 Did tell their innocent and harmless Loves,
 And by its sweeter Dialect beguile,
 And ease, and drive away, and quite forget
 (their Toil.

You, Madam, then, whom Providence al-
 (lows
 An equal Symmetry, with equal Wit endows;
 To whom God's Hand does liberal Charms
 (dispense,
 Bright and unspotted as your Innocence;
 Since you, to all that is already given,
 Do add the beauteous charming Tongue of
 (Heaven;
 What wants there but an Immortality,
 (Which may you certainly, but lately see) }
 To make you fit for its Abodes to be. }

No more as far as *Pallas* need we roam
 To fetch Examples of wise Women home;
 Nor search Historians for poor Scraps of Fame,
 But may that Labour save,
 And use your greater Name.
 Nor any Modern Females shall we prize,
 Who leave their Works their Names to eter-
 (nize;
 U Or

Or please with feeble Rhimes ; your stronger }
 Does so destroy their Relish, that they must } (Gust
 Follow their Authors, and consume to Dust. }

When the smooth *Roman* Dialect does grace
 One of your Sex, it gives us just Amaze :
 But if one *Athens* copious Learning knows,
 Our wonder swells, and Ten times greater
 (grows :
 But to find one that *Salem's* Numbers bears,
 Heavens ! 'tis such News as scarce e'er blest
 (our Ears.

If each of these, by single Breasts possess'd,
 Is with eternal Records to be blest ;
 How does your triple Learning merit Praise !
 Who to your Worth shall a due Trophy raise ?
 Each conscious Pen must without pause retreat,
 And freely own how much the Task's too
 (great.

Those Female's Names that shine with
 (brightest Fire,
 Shall at your Presence like Dim Stars retire,
 And tarnish, and consume, and unperceiv'd
 (expire ;

Whilst others on Interpreters intent,
 Receive what Messages from Heaven are sent.
 You from 'ts Ambassadors your self may take
 What th' Almighty sends, and his own Lan-
 (guage speak,
 When in Devotion you send Answers back. }

For

For this, long may you live, and when fierce
 Who values none, shall snatch that Learned
 May you leave an everlasting Name below,
 Thither from whence this Tongue descend-
 And there its use in everlasting Hallelujahs
 show.

*Rules for our Thoughts, Words
 and Actions, by the Right Ho-
 nourable Generosia.*

IF risen with Christ, contemplate Things
 Th'eternal Wisdom, Justice, Power, and Love,
 His Will and Works; and him to please and
 Make it your Study: Ponder all your Ways.
 Contrive your Growth in Heavenly Charity,
 Sound Faith, firm Hope, with safe Humility;
 And strive industriously those Arts to gain,
 Which to your special Calling most pertain.

Thoughts impious, vain, impure, Pride,
 Passion, and all Desires inordinate,

Suppress in their first Rise ; and for your Fence,
 Attend the sacred Word with Diligence.
 Unfainting Prayer, and holy Duties use :
 The Holy Spirit by these does Grace infuse.
 And let no earthly Cares intrude upon
 Your Times of Rest, less of Devotion.

(Mind,
 Be your Words few, but from a knowing
 Season'd with Grace, sincere, discreet, and kind :
 Not many, rash, detracting, false or vain ;
 Nor boast, nor flatter, nor reproach again :
 And spare not to declare that you detest
 The prophane, wanton and abusive Jest.

From Charity Divine ever proceeds
 Justice and Mercy, these direct your Deeds.
 Plain Dealing add, with Affability,
 Advisedness, Diligence and Constancy :
 Beautiful Order, Modesty severe,
 Temp'ring your lawful Liberty with Fear ;
 And with your Virtue caring for your Name,
 Be your Companions of unspotted Fame.

ADVICE, *by* Antoninus.

(teach
SOME think by Moral Rules they can us
 To raise our selves quite out of Fortune's
 (Reach.
 But

But tho' in small Disturbances of Mind,
 By Moral Precepts, some Relief we find;
 Yet in tempestuous Storms we shall be drown'd,
 Unless we thence escape to higher Ground.
 If then the raging Floods and lofty Seas
 Will over-top such small Ascents as these;
 What shall we do, when seemingly undone,
 Not knowing where to stay, or where to run?
 Let us to Heaven look, and let us pray,
 That Help may come from thence without
 (Delay;
 Such Help, as none of us could ever find,
 Were it not sent from thence, and there design'd.
 Alas! the highest Reach of Human Skill,
 Involves us but in deeper Ruine still.

*To a Gentleman imprison'd on a
 Publick Account, by a young
 Lady.*

AS a poor Bird, just scap'd the Fowler's Gin,
 Flies round the Net, and mourns his Mate
 (within :
 So I, who yet my self am scarce secure,
 Grieve the hard Fate which you, my Friend,
 (endure,
 And as the healthy still the Sick advise,
 Or as Men preach, when they would fain seem
 (wise;
 So

So I, your Thread-bare Patience will abuse
 With Counsel from my moralizing Muse.
 Then let not Sorrow come too near your Heart;
 Encourag'd once, 'twill not with Ease depart:
 'Tis a bold Guest, still elbowing for Room,
 And bidden once, 'twill uninvited come.
 Mourn not the Fortune which you cannot
 (mend,
 In vain we Mortals with the Power contend,
 But be Philosopher enough to know,
 Opinion only makes us blest'd below,
 And he alone's a Wretch that thinks he's so. }
 And where'soe'er you're born by Fates you'll find,
 Thus arm'd, a true Tranquillity of Mind;
 And tho' your Corpse in Durance still remain,
 Your Soul, unlimited, will feel no Chain.

On the Death of the Right Honourable the Lord H---, who dy'd about the Year 1650. Translated by Carolo in 1716. from a Latin Copy composed by Antoninus.

[proclaim,
BEGIN, my Muse, in mournful Sounds
 Thy pungent Grief, as great as is the
 Theme.
 With

With *Cyprus* sad thy gloomy Temple's crown,
 And Floods of Tears let *Helicon* pour down.
 Let now, instead of Feasts and jocund Mirth,
 Deep Sighs and Sobs take their untimely Birth:
 Sadness alone becomes that just Concern
 We should express, when we approach his Urn.
 In lasting Streams let liquid Sorrows flow,
 Whilst mournful Paleness sits upon each Brow.
 To this let's add our deepest Sighs and Cries,
 When we attend his fun'ral Obsequies.

Oh ! how severe is rigid Fate's Decree,
 So soon to snatch so sweet a Youth as he !
 Pious and Wise, in Martial Prowess skill'd,
 His budding Name Fame's loudest Trumpet
 (fill'd.

What Hopes could not his Parent's justly place
 On such a Youth, endu'd with so much Grace ?
 Or what Addition wants he to adorn
 One blest of Gods as well as highly born ?
 But ah ! while he his Hymens Torch prepares
 To grace his Nuptials, free from anxious Cares,
 His Urn the Room of Bridal Bed supplies,
 And turns the Scene to mournful Obsequies.
 Thus, as an unripe hopeful Harvest dies,
 And falls by Blights a fruitless Sacrifice,
 The youthful Hasting's snatch'd by sudden
 (Death,

Too soon consum'd resign'd his pious Breath.
 But why, since he was worthy to survive
 To *Nestor's* Age, shou'd he no longer live ?
 So soon, alas ! oblig'd to undergo
 The fatal Sisters Destiny below ?

Or was't because they saw the lovely Boy
 Blooming in Youth fit for *Elisian* Joy?
 In Hopes that then his Beauty they might see,
 Free from Decay, springing eternally.
 Or cou'd the Small-Pox find no other Food,
 Than in its Prime to crop this tender Bud?
 And stain his snowy Skin with ruddy Spot,
 Envious to see such Beauty one Man's Lot.
 The boiling Fever raging like a Flood,
 Dispers'd itself thro' his whole Mass of Blood;
 Increasing still, as the Infection ran,
 As monstrous *Itho* in *Lernean* Plain;
 And Partial Death joys at his dainty Feast,
 Learning at Length to chuse what's only best.

*Ardelia to Cordelia, advising her
 not to marry.*

IF once you let that Gordian Knot be tyed,
 Which turns the Name of Virgin into
 (Bride,
 Your Life's best Scene you in that act forego,
 And run into a Labyrinth of Woe; (bout,
 Whose strange Meanders you may search a-
 But never find a Clue to lead you out.
 A married Life affords but little Ease,
 The best of Husbands are so hard to please.
 This in Wives careful Faces we may spell,
 Tho' they dissemble their Misfortunes well.

If ought can make the Ills of Marriage less,
 Certainly 'tis the Husband's Worthyness:
 For he must needs prove a tormenting Prize,
 Who is not truly Virtuous, Kind and Wise.
 In short, no Plague so great as an ill Head,
 Yet 'tis a Fate which few young Ladies dread:
 For Love's insinuating Fire they fan
 With the Idea of a God-like Man:
 For if we love a Friend, that Love's so blind,
 We think he's like the Image in our Mind.
Cloris and *Phillis* gloried in their Swains,
 And sung their Praises to the Neighb'ring
 (Plains.
 O! they were fine accomplish'd Saint-like Men;
 Nay Gods till married, but prov'd Devils then.
 Yet there are some brave worthy Men 'tis true,
 But they are hard to find they are so few,
 And shaded so in the dissembling Croud,
 That they are like *Æneas* in a Cloud,

*On Heaven, suppos'd to be written
 by a Nobleman.*

IF coarse terrestrial Pleasures court the Sense,
 With such strong Charms that none can
 (make Defence,
 What are the nobler Pleasures that transport
 The Blest, that reign in Heaven's Celestial
 (Court;
 Which

Which no Decay or Intermiſſion know ;
 Debas'd when liken'd to the beſt below ?
 Here our Delights are mix'd with much Allay,
 We have at beſt but a tempeſtuous Day.
 Our Sweets are ſtill attended with a Sting,
 And great Enjoyments greater Sorrows bring.
 Here tempting Joys our fond Embraces fly,
 Choice foreign Flowers, they only blow and
 (dye.

But thoſe above ſee no unlovely Day,
 Their Joys no Mixture know, nor fear Decay.
 They no ſad Fears of future Sorrow know,
 Compleatly happy and for ever ſo.

Time has quite finiſh'd and gone thro' its
 (round ;
 It did their Grief, but can't their Pleaſures
 (bound.

No more the Scoffer mocks their pious Care,
 As native Dulneſs, and ungrounded Fear.
 They've chang'd the Deſart's dry and barren
 (Sand,

For all the Riches of a fruitful Land ;
 Where with immortal Food they're ever fed,
 And drink pure Pleaſures at the Fountain
 (Head.

On lofty Thrones the heavenly Princes ſit,
 In Robes more white than new fallen Snow, and
 (writ
 In Golden Characters ; their Foreheads bear
 Their Saviour's Name ; their Breasts his Image
 (wear.

Immortal Vigour ſhines on every Face,
 They look with mild, but with majeſtick Grace ;
 Safe

Safe on the Shore, what Pleasures they behold !
 How thick the Waves are on each other roll'd.
 What Dangers of a strange amazing Shape ;
 What fatal Rocks they scarcely did escape ?
 Viewing those Rocks themselves did once en-
 (dure,

They stand amaz'd as if not yet secure ;
 Surpris'd at all the Glory they possess,
 Wonder almost suspends their Happiness.
 They on so sweet, and rich a Climate thrown,
 Forget their Dangers, now for ever gone.

Th' Almighty they possess, at whose Right
 (Hand
 Fulness of Joy, and Life eternal stand.

Down from his Throne, as Light does from
 (the Sun,

Rivers of fresh Delights for ever run ;
 With ravish'd Eyes, they drink in heavenly
 (Beams,
 Which from his Face flow down in glorious
 (Streams.

Transports ineffable their Minds employ,
 Delug'd in Glory, lost in Tides of Joy ;
 So quick they feel the mighty Influx come,
 The most capacious thirsty Souls want Room ;
 They widen, and extend themselves to hold
 Those Floods of Joy, which to their Thoughts
 (are roll'd.

Such is the vast unmeasur'd Bliss above,
 Where perfect Knowledge kindles perfect Love,

*A fit Governour for a Child, by
Victoria.*

NO Papist, Non-juror, Dissenter or Whig ;
No pedantick, imperious, self-humour-
(ing Prig :
But an Orthodox Student, with Temper and
(Sense,
Ingenious and Learn'd, without much Pretence;
Of singular Eloquence, courteous and mild,
Is the only fit Person to govern a Child.

*Four Lines on Philosophy, by
Thirsis.*

IF all be true that I am told,
Those who did practise thee of old,
Could thereby turn the greatest Harms,
Into the most delightful Charms.

Gloriana on Friendship.

NOtion, or Fancy never yet could frame
 A just Idea of true Friendship's Flame.
 'Tis Love's Elixir; Antidote of Woe;
 'Scarcest, and best of Blessings here below.
 But think not that this Treasure's to be found,
 Like Silver, Gold or Jewels, under-Ground.
 No, 'tis the proper Gift of bounteous Heaven,
 That's sometimes to their Favourite Mortals
 (given.

As Souls are unto Body's fitly join'd,
 So Friend to Friend, too, strictly is combin'd;
 And then they grow those glorious matchless
 (Things,
 Which must compleat the Happiness of Kings.
 And thus possess'd of those sublimest Joys,
 It gives them what cannot be found in Toys.
 No mercenary Thing can there be found;
 But all is pure, as Springs rise under Ground.
 Yes, this Triumphant Vertue was design'd,
 To ease the Care, and elevate the Mind }
 Of those bless'd few who do the Secret find. }
 It's Property is such, it makes two one;
 And tho' their Fortune may decline, they can-
 (not be undone.

Apollo

*Apollo to Frugalia, in Answer to
Advice ask'd of him.*

CAN fair *Frugalia* ask *Apollo's* Aid,
For what is brighter in her self display'd?
Or Motives seek, her Passion to improve,
Whose Mind's compos'd of Harmony and Love?
Shall she, whose equal Soul disdains all Wrong,
Enquire for Justice of an Artless Song?
Or, fear declining from her radiant Sphere,
When Fate's resolv'd Decree has fix'd her there?
No: Nature's self must first (revers'd) disclaim
Each Circumstance which joyns her beauteous
(Frame,
'Ere she stoop to disguise with subtil Art,
The Native Innocence adorns her Heart;
Kind, Constant, Just, are Attributes unite
With Wit and Sense, to make her Soul so bright.
Since blended with her Being, on that Score,
To miss her Option, were to be no more.

A Poem, by Antoninus.

SINCE *Adam*, all are gone astray,
And wander still in such a Way,
As will not lead to Rest.
We do no Good without a Bribe,
And can be counted but a Tribe
Of Hypocrites at best.

We

We walk like Children of the Night,
And loving Darkneſs more than Light,
We err, and loſe our Way.
We favour not the Things above,
But tranſitory Toys we love,
That periſh and decay,

We turn our Back on Things Divine,
Chuſing to wallow like the Swine
In every Sink we find.
Rich Pearls we prodigally flight,
And do in Huſks alone delight,
Such Fools are we, and blind.

Like Flies we play about the Flame,
Until we periſh in the ſame.
Like Children in a Froſt ;
We ſmoothly ſlide along the Ice,
Until it break, and in a Trice
Our ſporting Life is loſt.

As in the merry Feaſting Night,
Belſhazzar ſpy'd a Hand to write
His Sentence on the Wall :
So Laughter quickly ends in Tears,
Mirth and Delight in Grief and Fears,
And Honey turns to Gall.

Oh ! that we could but run the Race
That leads unto our Reſting Place,
And from our Folly ceaſe.
Oh ! that we could take up our Croſs,
And count all Things but Dung and Droſs,
That tend not to our Peace.

Let's

Let's not be like the Cock that found
 A costly Jewel on the Ground,
 And fondly did dispise it ;
 But let's be like the Merchant wise,
 Who having found a heavenly Prize,
 Sells all he has and buys it.

Let's freely give our fading Dust,
 For Treasure that can never rust,
 Where nothing will annoy it.
 Let's purchase an Estate elsewhere,
 For Pilgrim like we sojourn here,
 And must not long enjoy it.

Let's not be like the Horse and Mule,
 Nor, like the rich and wealthy Fool,
 Think now to take our Ease :
 But let's employ this Day of Grace,
 In seeking out a better Place,
 And better Things than these.

The transitory Life of Man
 Is like a Shadow, or a Span,
 Like Grass, or like a Bubble :
 Then let us soon reform our Ways,
 And not persist to spend our Days
 In Vanity and Trouble.

Can Apples grow upon a Thorn ?
 Are Figs upon a Bramble born ?
 No Man has such a Thought.
 It is as much, without Dispute,
 That we produce a bitter Fruit,
 Which, like our selves, is nought.

We

We all deserve a greater Curse,
 And most of us I doubt are worse
 Than was the fruitless Tree.
 Some Leaves or Berries we may show,
 But no good Fruit at all does grow
 From such ill Plants as we.

He that made *Aaron's* Rod to bud,
 Can, by Transplanting, make us good,
 And save us from the Ax:
 The Lamb that for our Sins did bleed
 Will neither break a bruised Reed,
 Nor quench the smoking Flax.

He will not ever hide his Face,
 But give true Faith, and Saving Grace,
 To Penitents distress'd:
 And that we may our Sins bemoan,
 The Dove will help us with a Groan,
 That cannot be express'd.

Cleopatra on a Friend.

OH bright *Cynthia*, in whose gentle Breast
 That Charity resides, St *Paul* express'd;
 Thy shining Virtue may Example be
 To Youth, to Age, and all Posterity.
 What would I give, could I thy Peace acquire?
 To practise thee shall be my chief Desire.

A Health, by Thirsis.

WHILE some drink to one Party
 Some to another,
 Which carries to Discontent,
 Quarrels, and Pother,
 With Wrangling,
 And Jangling,
 And Swearing,
 And Tearing,
 Which often creates
 Such bloody Debates,
 As People do send
 T'an untimely End.
 I'll take such a Cup,
 As freely may pass,
 And he that won't pledge it, is
 A Fool and an Ass.

2.

It is to our selves,
 Who together are met,
 To talk and be merry,
 While drinking we sit;
 W'thout Wrangling,
 Or Jangling,
 Or Swearing,
 Or Tearing ;

While

While Joy takes its Round,
 And Mirth does abound,
 In our happy Souls,
 Inspir'd with full Bowls.
 Then long may we live
 In Peace and Content,
 Till in an old Age,
 Death to fetch us is sent.

On the Death of Ucledia, by Antoninus.

AFFECTION bids me now to weep,
 For *Ucledia* faln Asleep,
 And stooping down a Tear to shed,
 For other Friends as lately dead.
 If guilty Conscience will give Leave,
 Dejected Eyes, and Heart to heave,
 A little Time must be bestow'd
 In looking tow'ards our last Abode :
 For all Men shew, whose Life is spent,
 That here we cannot fix our Tent.
 Then, at an Inn, as does the Guest
 Still think upon his Home and Rest ;
 Or as from *Pisgah* *Moses* ey'd
 The Promis'd Land before he dy'd ;
 So from the Heaps of Graves should we,
 Our Heavenly *Canaan* learn to see.

If others had not this declar'd,
That Dove which to the Ark repair'd,
When no where else she found a Nest,
May teach us where to seek for Rest.

Victoria to Urania in the Country.
To the Tune of Dear Love re-
gard my Grief.

SINCE dear *Urania's* fled,
We mourn our Destiny :
Let us be credited,
We want your Company.

We murmur in our Mind,
And to our selves complain,
Urania is unkind
Till she return again.

Our Converse, and our Time
We pass unpleasantly ;
Our Joys are not sublime
Without your Company.

At every Interview,
We miss your quick Allarms;
Our Senses lie perdue
Till you exert your Charms.

For

For tho' we have more Friends,
 What does it signify,
 When so much Bliss depends
 On your good Company.

You fly from those you love,
 And cause their Discontent ;
 We highly disapprove
 Of such Divertisement.

No longer thus divide,
 Nor plead for Liberty ;
 We are not satisfied
 Without your Company.

On Job, by Armedia.

JOB unto none in all the *East* gave place,
 So rich in Substance, richer still in Grace :
 His Piety attested by his God,
 None like him in the Earth ; yet felt the Rod.
 His Substance lost at once ; his Children slain ;
 Fell down to worship, nor did once complain.
 Learn you Submission under greatest Crosses,
 You may, like him, prove Gainer by your Losses.

A New-Years Gift from a Gentleman to his Children, written about the Year 1600.

Serve the Lord with perfect Heart,
 And Purity of Mind:
 Observe his Laws with all your Powers,
 As Duty does you bind:
 And seek to him for Grace,
 No Wealth I have to leave you;
 Your honest Pains must be your Means,
 And God will still relieve you.
 Let Uncles your Examples be,
 No wandring Lives to lead,
 Amongst your Friends and Kindred here,
 When I in Grave am dead;
 But carry gen'rous Spirits,
 And frame your Lives thereafter,
 So shall you Merit Praise on Earth,
 Avoid all Mocks and Laughter.
 Such Gentlemen as Beggars be,
 Are plagued for their Sin:
 But such as Labour in their Youth,
 In Age a Guerdon win
 Such Sins you hear do abound in me,
 The same as Serpents see you flee.
 Let not my Life your Lantern be,
 But walk in pure Integrity.

Shun Cards and Dice, strong Drink, and Drabs,
 The Authors of all Evil;
 They Syrenes are that sing most sweet,
 Yet bring Men to the Devil.
 This is my Will and Testament,
 This New-Years Gift I send you:
 Imprint the same still in your Mind,
 No Foes can then offend you.
 You need not strive about my Goods,
 Nor Lawyers fare the better:
 These Lessons practise in your Lives,
 And look you keep this Letter:
 And let it be your Looking Glass:
 Mispend not youthful Time,
 For Time a precious Jewel is,
 Of earthly Treasures prime.
 God bless you all with all my Heart,
 Protect all your good Ways,
 And grant you Heaven at the last,
 When Death shall end your Days.

Gloriana on Frugalia:

F*rugalia's* Charms are far above
 What e'er Men praise when they're in
 (Love,
 Ah! who can all her Goodness see,
 And not desire like her to be?
 As well I might attempt to tell,
 What Brightness in the Sun does dwell,

As to recount her Virtues o'er
That has a vast and boundless Store.

*Victoria to the Right Honourable
Venturana, on Rosania's Sore
Throat.*

HONOUR'd with *Venturana's* Converse,
I'll see if I can compass one Verse.
Yet I have now no News to lend ye,
Nor any pretty Book to lend ye;
Till *Rosania's* Cragg is better
I'll excuse her from a Letter:
Tho' I'm as angry as a Stranger,
When Friends expose themselves to Danger.
She might have had more Wit and ta'en more
(Care,
Than thus to bring her Neck into a Snare.
If Warmth and good hot Supping fail to Cure,
She Bleeding, Blistering, and Cupping must
(endure.

On Friends deceased, by Antoninus

IF Friends deceas'd can mind us still,
We ought the more to mind their Will,
And

And never that to perpetrate
 Which may their Kindness alienate :
 Or if departed Friends shou'd know,
 Nothing at all of Things below,
 Yet Conscience will rise up in Arms,
 To conquer such whom friendly Charms
 Did not subdue ; that shall chastize
 Their Fault that do a Friend despise.
 This Lash will drive, this Worm will gnaw
 Those whom no Cords of Love cou'd draw.

*Thirsis at Hampstead, to a Youth
 at Ghent.*

Good Mr. *Ware*,
 I vow and swear,
 Your Company
 Wou'd welcome be,
 If you wou'd come
 Unto my Room,
 Which (by the by)
 'S one Story high ;
 But you must know,
 Tho' 'tis so low,
 That I've a Sight,
 If I think right,
 Of much more Land
 Than you command.
 But if you will
 Not mount the Hill,

For

For it is one
 I live upon,
 Then *Alle vous*
 To you know who:

*Dr. B. to Frugalia, who sent him
 a Book without a Key.*

I Have the Key ; I've read the Book ;
 The Author's known by every Look,
 Every Line, and every Grace,
 Shows the good *Frugalia's* Face :
 Add to this the curious Art,
 Which runs thro' all, you have her Heart ;
 I want no Name to say who writes,
 Whose e'ers the Pen, 'tis she indites.

*Civilia to Unanima, her Sister,
 having made her Angry with
 opening a Letter of hers, which
 lay unsealed.*

AT length my dear Cracker, I hope you
 The Gun-powder which in your Bosom
 (have spent
 (was pent :
 Tho'

Tho' I am unwilling again to provoke,
 Yet hoping e'er this 'tis all vanish'd like Smoak,
 I once more will dare,
 To you to declare,
 All opening of Letters I mean to forswear :
 If that's not sufficient to make you forgive,
 Consider 'twas done by a Daughter of *Eve*.
 Perhaps you will say, that no Tempter was
 (nigh;
 But what you affirm, I as boldly deny ;
 Tho' he in no visible Form did appear,
 Yet I have some Cause to believe he was near,
 Suspect him we may,
 We know 'tis his Way,
 By guilded Temptations, and Snares to betray.
 Your Letter he laid in my Sight to delude,
 I catch'd at the Bait, and you know what en-
 (su'd.

Unanima to her Brother at Cam-
bridge.

S'upposing your College
 The Fountain of Knowledge, (learn'd.
 Yet 'tis not the Place where good Nature is
 I blame not your Tutor,
 Yet this for the future
 Will be my Opinion where you are concern'd,
 Unless

I (hope,
 Unless you convince me, which scarce I dare
 And yet a kind Letter or two's all my Scope,
 Which neither is Charge, nor Trouble to you;
 For once then I'll try,
 And if you deny,
 My Words are confirm'd, and so Parson adieu.

Tho' neither your Mother,
 Your Sister, or Brother,
 Can gain a Line from you in the vulgar Way;
 Yet Sir as a Poet,
 I hope for to do it,
 At least 'tis no Harm, if I make an Essay.
 Tho' plain *English* Prose no Acceptance can find,
 Yet may be some Doggrel may alter your Mind;
 What-e'er else it wants, I am sure it is new;
 For once then I'll try,
 And if you deny,
 My Mule is affronted; so Parson adieu.

For by them of old, Sir,
 You know we've been told, Sir,
 Of *Orpheus*, and some other Musical Folks;
 That they in their Days,
 With their Verses and Lays, (and Oaks;
 Had the Power to move Savages, Crab-trees
 And tho' to compare with them I shan't pretend,
 Yet sure, my dear Parson, you'r easier to bend
 Than Lyons and Bears, and the rest of the Crew.
 However I'll try,
 And if you deny, (adieu.
 Then I'm sure that good Nature has bid you

Far

Far more, Sir, you know,
 That to'th Shades below, (Hand;
 This same *Orpheus* descended with Harp in his
 Whose sorrowful Ditty
 In *Pluto* mov'd Pitty; (stand:
 The Wheel and the Millstone were then at a
 The rest of his Story 'tis needless to tell;
 'Tis sufficient a Poet mov'd Pity in Hell.
 For once then I'll try,
 And if you deny,
 Why you'r worse than a Fury, so Parson adieu.

Yet when all is said,
 I'm something afraid, (prevail:
 That you'l say 'twas his Musick, not Verse did
 Well granting that so,
 Which may for ought I know;
 Tho' I've neither Art, I've as mournful a Tale:
Euridice's Loss was the Cause of his Grief;
 And mine is a Friend that denies all Relief:
 Then urge not too far, lest revenge should ensue;
 A Female am I,
 So if you deny,
 Remember his Fate, and so Parson adieu.

On

*On Hell: suppos'd to be written by
a Nobleman.*

NEAR the wild Deep, where Restless A-
And near the unfrequented Shades of
(Night,
There stands the vast unbottom'd Gulph of Hell,
Where Sin and Death, and all their Terrors
(dwell.
A fiery Sea burns fiercely from beneath,
Blown up, and blazing, with th' Almighty's
(Breath.

In flaming Heaps the livid Ocean rowls,
And scalding Waves involve despairing Souls.
The troubl'd Whirlpool belches Burnings out,
And throws red Seas of Sulphur round about.
All Hope, for ever banish'd, shuns this Place;
And fix'd Despair sits pale on every Face.
Here hateful Sin throws off its flatt'ring Charms
And shows a Monster in the Sinner's Arms;
Who, to th' infernal Pit did sporting glide,
Born on enchanting Pleasure's wanton Tide.
In Darkness chain'd, on flaming Billows tost,
Too late, they find themselves for ever lost.
Transfix'd on unextinguish'd Fire they lye;
Burn without Waste, without expiring dye.
Those Agonies, those Horrors here they know,
Which from a Self-revenging Conscience flow.

With

With deadly Stings th' Almighty wounds their
 (Hearts,
 And, in their Breasts stick fast, the fiery Darts,
 Who can with everlasting Burnings dwell,
 And bear the Guilt and Punishment of Hell?

A LAMPOON, by a young Spark.

A Vintner's Daughter and an Upholsterer's Daughter, being Friends, and at the Bath together, a Nobleman approving their Friendship, writ a Poem on them; but a young Spark made a Lampoon on the Nobleman.

The LAMPOON.

HAVE you not heard how great Alcides (toild,
 What Fame he purchas'd, and what Alcides
 (Foes he foil'd;
 Yet after all his Signal Conquests won,
 The glorious Heroe dropt his Arms, and spun.
 Look on his Image in a M—— here;
 Nor does he now less meanly lost appear.
 This mighty Man who rose so high in Spain,
 Descends to write, and get a lasting Fame;
 The Pen as graceful as the Spindle seems,
 Employ'd on such inglorious trifling Themes.

The

Th'*Herculean* Weakness more deserves Excuse,
 'Twas with a Queen he did the Distaff use.
 But for a Vintner's and House Taylor's Breed,
 Our P—— acts the foible Deed.

Gloriana on sight of the Lampoon.

MOST haughty Sir, I do believe
 'Tis only your Conceit,
 That nothing can deserve our Praise
 But what like you is great.
 If this brave Man saw real Worth
 In Persons humbly born,
 Why shou'd he shut his Eyes for fear
 His Tongue the Truth shou'd own.
 To fix Reproach for praising those
 Whom only you despise,
 Is to proclaim your Want of Brains
 As well as want of Eyes.
 I'll make a Judge of all the World
 Who on this Cause will sit,
 Who most deserves the Poet's Lash,
 And is for Censure fit?
 He who with innocent intent
 Sung of the happy Pair,
 Or you that with audacious Pride
 Durst thus affront a Peer.

Anto.

Antoninus, on his Daughter's Marriage with Philaster.

I Much do rejoyce in your married State,
 And find it was done by a prosperous Fate.
 His Person and Qualities whom you did chuse,
 Were fitter for you to accept than refuse.
 Perceiving he valu'd you more than his Life,
 And cou'd not be happy till you was his Wife;
 Why shou'd he be cross'd in his honest Intent,
 By all the hard Usage that Furies invent?

Thirsis to Gloriana, on her wishing him an Admiral.

TO my well-wishing Friend
 My Service I send,
 And wish she may be
 Great as she wishes me.
 And one Wish I'll add;
 To make all compleat,
 That if e'er this be had
 We may be content wi't.

*Urania to Gloriana, on some small
Disagreement.*

THOU' various Scenes appear to View,
 I think of little else but you.
 Such pleasant Thoughts command my Pen,
 Therefore I'll think, and think agen.
 May Passion never Rule our Breast,
 Nor sudden Thoughts our Peace molest:
 But may we ever even be,
 Calm, and sedate, good natur'd, free;
 And never, never more pretend
 To disoblige an, ablent Friend:
 For by our Folly we both find
 A Load too heavy on our Mind;
 But now enough. For to repeat
 Our Quarrel, is to aggravate.
 As ne'er before, so ne'er agen,
 Expect such Motions from my Pen.

*Gloriana to Urania, on Reception
of her Paper of Rhimes.*

SUrpriz'd, delighted, and amaz'd,
 I on your pleasing Verses gaz'd;
 Transported with the welcome Guest,
 I held it to my grateful Breast.

Such

Such kind Endearments surely may
 Charm all my Discontent away.
 Your Rhimes to me give more Delight
 Than those which best of Poets write.
 Theirs are to all the World design'd,
 Yours are to me alone confin'd.
 'Tis you that write, and I that read,
 You cannot therefore ill succeed.

Victoria on Reservedness in Friendship.

I Still the same unalt'rably, contend
 For Tendernefs and Fondnefs in a Friend.
 My Humour is of fuch expreffive Make,
 I never can Referve for Kindnefs take.
 Your doubting Friend you do not rightly love,
 Till all Sufpicions clearly you remove:
 A Friend in Masquerade is Death to me:
 What Solace can a hidden Treasure be?
 Let me have Love, with Life and Warmth
 (exprefs'd;
 For Union without Fervour is a Jest.

*Victoria to the Right Honourable
Venturana, on unnecessary Ex-
pence of Time.*

MY dear *Venturana* give Ear to my Rhime:
I cannot afford you so much of my
(Time.

For tho' you'r all Charm, and endear Conver-

(sation,
I must save some Minutes to spend in my Sta-
(tion.

My Business is much, and my Fabrick is brittle,
Then good *Venturana* excuse me a little.

Yet if I cou'd do you a visible Good,
I'd certainly serve you almost with my Blood.
But to run it, and risque it for fiddle de diddle,
Expectation's a Jest, and Reason's a Riddle.

*Two Lines from Victoria to
Thirsis.*

Remember your Creator in the Days of
(your Youth,
And God give you Chastity, Knowledge, and
(Truth.

Eliz

Eliza to Gloriana from the Country, design'd to be sent with a Ballad.

ONE restless Hour when Sleep was fled,
 I made this Ballad in my Bed.
 The Subject new, the Meaning kind,
 May Pardon and Acceptance find.
 Consider in what Soil it grew;
 A Ground which Dressing never knew;
 Barren and wild, that Flowers produce,
 Not fragrant, tho' they serve for use;
 Like *Jonah's* Gourd, spring in a Night,
Extempore, but not Polite.
 I blush to send these rough hewn Lines,
 To you who dig in Golden Mines.
 Expose me not now I this Freedom use,
 Since you command, I hope you will excuse }
 The Faults of my uncultivated Muse.

*On Philaster and Victoria, by
 Antoninus.*

IN *Solon's* Time a Question did arise, (Skies.
 Who was the happiest Man beneath the
 It pos'd the Sage to know who that might be,
 But now 'tis thought *Philaster* must be He, }
 And that *Victoria* is the happiest She,

*A SONG made by Cleopatra, for
Realia to send to her unconstant
Lover. To the Tune of, For-
give me if your Looks, &c.*

THere was a Time when once your Look
Did Love for me discover,
And my poor Heart the Poison took
From such a cunning Lover :
But Int'rest now I plainly see
Is your prevailing Passion,
And all those Raptures shewn for me
Was but the Love in Fashion.
Ah ! *Strephon*, - how can you thus grieve
A Heart that truly loves you ?
For poorer Gold your Freedom give ?
Such Dealing misbehoves you.
My Days to ruin are design'd,
I feel it too feverely :
The Time will come when you will find
None loves you so sincerely.

Victoria

Victoria to Gloriana, on a
Mistake.

(such,

CAN you conceive my willing Friendship
As to account a trivial Favour much?
Sure *Gloriana* cannot once suspect
Her Friend, of such a Criminal Neglect.
To disoblige when I my Service meant,
Was accidental, and without Consent:
Your self is dubious, and your Case is nice,
Which will require some positive Advice.
Nor had my Caution any other End,
Than to refer you to some abler Friend.

Unanima to her Brother in Ire-
land.

SINCE *Ireland* does so Charming prove,
That nothing here your Heart can move;
To please you I'll sing *Oh hoden oh,*
To please you I'll sing *Oh hoden oh,*
Oh hoden, oh hoden, hod'n, hod'n oh,
Oh hod'n o————h, o————h hod'n oh.

To be like what's with you in vogue,
 My Pen you see has got the Brogue,
 And tells my Grief in *Oh hod'n oh* ;
 And tells my Grief in *Oh hod'n oh* ;
Oh hod'n, oh hod'n, hod'n, hod'n oh,
Oh hod'n o ————— h, o ————— h hod'n oh.

You see, dear Joy, what Love can do ;
 My Muse is turn'd a Teague for you.
 To please you she sings *Oh hod'n oh* ;
 To please you she sings *Oh hod'n oh* ;
Oh hod'n, oh hod'n, hod'n, hod'n oh,
Oh hod'n o ————— h, o ————— h hod'n oh.

In *Ireland* is a famous Well,
 I wish it be not near *Clonmel*,
 Least you have washt in't, *Oh hod'n oh* ;
 Least you have washt in't, *Oh hod'n oh* ;
Oh hod'n, oh hod'n, hod'n, hod'n oh,
Oh hod'n o ————— h, o ————— h hod'n oh.

Fame, who tells Truth as well as Lyes,
 Says, this same Water petrifies
 What-e'er comes into't ; *Oh hod'n oh*,
 What-e'er comes into't ; *Oh hod'n oh*,
Oh hod'n, oh hod'n, hod'n, hod'n oh,
Oh hod'n o ————— h, o ————— h hod'n oh.

Now should I write unto a Stone,
 If my poor Parson's made a Hone ;
 I well may cry out *Oh hod'n oh* ;
 I well may cry out *Oh hod'n oh* ;
Oh hod'n, oh hod'n, hod'n, hod'n oh,
Oh hod'n o ————— h, o ————— h hod'n oh.

Perhaps you'll say this cannot be:
 But since you'r hard as Flint to me,
 I can't but fear it, *Oh hod'n oh;*
 I can't but fear it, *Oh hod'n oh;*
Oh hod'n, oh hod'n, oh hod'n, hod'n oh,
Oh hod'n o ————— h, o — h hod'n oh.

'Ere this, dear Joy, you think me long:
 You soon may change my mournful Song;
 Write, and I'll cease my *Oh hod'n oh,*
 Write, and I'll cease my *Oh hod'n oh;*
Oh hod'n, oh hod'n, hod'n, hod'n oh,
Oh hod'n o ————— h, a — h hod'n oh.

But if you this refuse to do,
 Expect a second *Whiloloo*,
 More dismal than my *Oh hod'n oh;*
 More dismal than my *Oh hod'n oh;*
Oh hod'n, oh hod'n, hod'n, hod'n oh,
Oh hod'n o ————— h, o — h hod'n oh.

By Antoninus.

OF every one whose Vertue makes 'em } (rare,
 Providence always secretly takes Care, }
 As it at last will openly declare.

On

*On three ingenious Sisters, by
Antoninus.*

ONly of one old World the Ancients knew,
But latter Ages have found out a new.
Believe not then the false Reports of such,
Who only of one Phenix talk so much :
For whatsoe'er they thought in former Days,
Yet to my Knowledge now 'tis otherways.
Ther's more than one, the Phenixes are three,
Lovers of Arts and Sciences they be.
And all their precious Time is wisely spent,
In what is Virtuous, Graceful, Excellent.
With noble Birth they have a Soul refin'd,
To Prudence, and to Piety inclin'd.
They captivate more Troops by Virtue's
(Charms,
Than e'er the *Amazons* subdu'd by Arms.

Victoria to Dr R-----

A Hopeful Youth, to honest Maxims true,
Immediately requires Advice from you.
A hoarse and dang'rous Cough his Health
(invades,
Immoveable by Syrups, Snails, or Shades.
Pity a Mother's too oppressive Load,
Quickly restore my Son; so help you God.
Glori-

Gloriana to Victoria, *supposing*
her to be going to live at a great
Distance from her.

WHERE e'er you are, I shall be there,
 For Love you know is every where.
 Every Desire to you does bend,
 And all my Mind is with my Friend.
 But when you mourn me left behind,
 Conclude my Pleasures all resign'd.
 Your Absence but to Thought endur'd,
 Lets me see my Grief secur'd.
 How hardly will my Patience stretch,
 To suffer thus out of my Reach
 The kind Possessor of my Soul ;
 That there must reign without Controul ;
 The dear Engager of my Heart,
 That softly does invade each Part,
 With her Love, and her Desert. }

Victoria

*Victoria on Gloriana's Residence
with her.*

A GREED at last! the blissful Day appears,
Which Fate has hid from View six lin-
(gring Years.

May we with equal Joy our Lot possess,
And all Exceptions utterly repress.
Obliging and endearing may we prove
In every various Circumstance of Love:
To Concord and Civility inclin'd,
Precisely grateful, and profusely kind.

*A Journey from Carlton to Ox-
ford, by Victoria.*

WHEN nine Years of my Days were spent
In sweet Repose, and true Content,
It was ordain'd by Heaven's Decree,
My first Essay at Toil should be.
My Father did a House provide,
Where he advertiz'd did reside ;
Distant from my Native Place,
More than four Days Journey's space.
When th'unwelcome Day appear'd,
And all Conveniencies prepar'd,
Our Neighbours from the Town attend us,
Praying Heaven to defend us ;

Our

Our Friends their Sorrow to exprefs,
 Wept, as they wish'd us good Succes.
 Thus, by Providence conducted,
 And a Parent's Care instructed,
 We our Journey did begin,
 And came safely to our Inn.
 Each Morning by the Break of Day,
 Our Guides did hurry us away,
 Which, to my In-experiency,
 Seem'd a barb'rous Cruelty.
 Every Day I did complain,
 Both of Weariness and Pain;
 Which my indulgent Mother hears,
 And can scarce refrain from Tears.
 Health and good Humour to repair,
 She no Cost, nor Pains did spare.
 Thus with tend'rest Care I rode
 To the Place of our Abode;
 Where the courteous Strangers meet us,
 And with friendly Welcomes greet us;
 Each endeavouring to exceed,
 Their Neighbour's past officious Deed,
 And what their Kindness could invent,
 Was brought for our Divertisement.

When tir'd with each new Delight,
 My Fancy did my Eyes invite,
 To view the Beauty of the Place,
 Which the Inhabitants did grace.
 I had not seen in other Towns,
 Such corner'd Caps, and long black Gowns.

One of another ask'd my Name;
 Who I was, and whence I came.
 I heard, but did no Notice take,
 'Till the fine *Rosania* spake;
 Who, with a sweet obliging Smile,
 Procured my Retreat a while.

When half an Hour was expir'd,
 T'her Appartment we retir'd;
 Where to gain my longer Stay,
 She fung, to pass the Time away;
 And that we might Acquaintance bring,
 I must dance, as she did sing.
 My Curt'sies, and my too quick Gate,
 She undertook to regulate,
 And when-foe'er I did amiss,
 She inform'd me with a Kiss.

Then with a kind obliging Air,
 She cut, and curl'd my shaded Hair;
 Did all my Faults of Dress survey,
 And fashion to the *Oxford* way;
 Embrac'd, and took me to her Knee,
 And said, I should her Sister be;
 And if I did to Love incline,
 I should be hers, she would be mine.
 Discoursing thus of heavenly Loves,
 My infant Soul to Friendship moves,
 And pleas'd with all her conquering Charms,
 I liv'd transported in her Arms.
 Allur'd by this illustrious Show,
 All other Pleasures useles grow:

Her

Her Eye my Rule, her Word my Law,
I acted with regardful Awe.
So lost we, won we, in one Hour,
I Freedom, she Despotick Power.
But now I will shut up my tedious Scene,
For fair *Rosania* has unfaithful been.

Victoria to Cleopatra:

FOR Company and good Agreement's sake,
I strive to keep my slumbring Soul awake;
But I am lost to Conversation now,
Regardless to approve, or disallow.
News and Diversions are to me a Dream;
And all my List Intenfeness to extream.
To what a sad Declension am I brought,
Never to have the least reviving Thought?
What Pangs of Sorrow must that Mind endure,
For which not Thought, nor Time can find a
(Cure?

Each Sov'reign Remedy must lye congeal'd,
And every tortur'd Part remain unheal'd.
For no Expedient can transmit Relief
To Hearts infected with invet'rate Grief.

From

*From the Country.**Victoria to Tempelia.*

WITH desp'rate Pain and secret Woe
 My restless Spirits faint ;
 Self Preservation bids me go
 And give my Sorrow Vent :

But Silence and Retirement add
 Such Pressure to my Mind,
 That they wou'd sooner drive me Mad,
 Than leave me more resign'd.

The growing Evil to remove
 My watchful Genius flies,
 And to melodious Airs of Love
 My mournful Soul applies.

To *Gloriana's* kind Advice
 My Memory gives way,
 So for some Moments I grow wise,
 And Reason's Force obey.

From *Gloriana's* faithful Vows
 I always find Relief,
 When my impetuous Heart allows
 No Medium to my Grief.

By

By her Reflections I am taught
 To raise my Notions higher,
 And by her Influence I am brought
 To mod'rate my Desire.

Thus Providence does not disdain
 To sooth my Discontent,
 And since my Life must still remain,
 A Gust of Joy hath sent.

In this regaling Interval
 The Prospect I pursue,
 And with a Love reciprocal,
Tempelia, Greet I you.

Your Sense, your Humour, and Address,
 Does my Esteem secure,
 And to proceed as you profess,
 Will make my Flame endure.

Reserve is Error in disguise,
 And scarce to be forgiven,
 But when our Virtues Sympathise,
 They much resemble Heaven.

I value not a Nicety
 That's limited by Schools :
 It hinders my Felicity
 To love my Friend by Rules.

When Freedom and Sincerity
 by needless Forms are cross'd,
 We wander to Indifferency
 Till Love and Life is lost.

Victoria to Urania.

LET not *Urania* think she has mistook,
 In viewing the Conclusion of this Book :
 For out of the Abundance of the Heart
 Our selves we do unbosom and impart.
 In vain I try, (induc'd by your Request)
 To reconcile my labour'ng Thoughts to Rest.
 Each Cogitation on each Sense does grate,
 And starts at my inconsolable Fate.
 Depriv'd of *Thirsis* in his Twenty one !
 The gallant, bright, deserving Youth is gone,
 And I a wretched Life drag slowly on !
 For early Merit, and for Worth sublime ;
 For Honour's Blossom, and good Nature's
 (Prime ;
 Praise is excusable, and Tears no Crime:
 In Sorrow's Deluge I his Name convey !
 While Hopes extinguish'd on my Vitals prey !
 (Expiring *Thirsis* is immortal Ray.)



F I N I S.




ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Mistakes in the First Part of the Book, especially in the first eight Sheets, and the Want of Exactness in placing some of the Poetry, the Reader is humbly desired to excuse.

The first Error is acknowledg'd to be an over-sight in the Publisher; all the rest are Faults of the Press.

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